

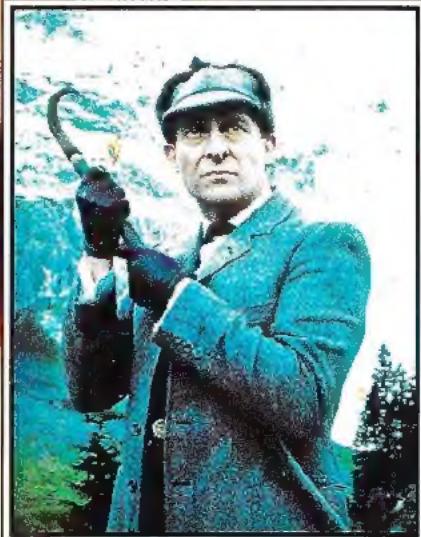
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Jessie Liley
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Richard Valley
MANAGING EDITOR
Tom Amorosi
ADVERTISING INFORMATION
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ART DIRECTOR
John E. Payne

COPY EDITOR
Alvin H. Marill

ASSOCIATE EDITOR
Sean Farrell

SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION
(201) 346-9225 / Fax (201) 346-9226

E-mail—reditor@aol.com

STAFF WRITERS

John Brunas, Michael Brunas, Ross Care, David Stuart Davies, Tony Earnshaw, Ronald Dale Garmon, Lelia Loban, Bob Madison, John J. Mathews (The News Hound), Richard Scrivani, Kevin G. Shinnick, Drew Sullivan

CONTRIBUTING WRITERS

Jack Larson, Michael Mallory, Randy Vest

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS

Mary Payne

EDITORIAL ASSISTANTS

Joyce Erickson, Chester A. Fasulo, Vickie M. Feldman, Amy R. Pratico

EDITORIAL SECRETARY

Elinor Bernstein

RESEARCH CONSULTANTS

Lukas Kendall, Bernard O'Heir, Deborah Okoniewski, John Parnum, Tom Weaver

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COVER: Grace Kelly and James Stewart in REAR WINDOW (1954),
Jeremy Brett as Sherlock Holmes

Scarlet Letters

Just a note to say thank you for sending me your magazine (*Scarlet Street* #20). The article about Ronnie [the late Ronald Stein] was super, and I appreciated so much being part of it.

Harlene Stein
Chatsworth, CA

We're happy to report that the CD NOT OF THIS EARTH: THE FILM MUSIC OF RONALD STEIN has been so successful that a second compilation is in the works from Varèse Sarabande.

Alan Warren's interview with Elizabeth Russell (SS #20) is extraordinary, and certainly a subject for discussion. First and foremost, there is her recollection of Boris Karloff on the set of *BEDLAM*, which is unique in being the first time that anyone who knew this wonderful actor and human being ever voiced an unkind word about him.

Since Ms. Russell clearly demonstrates her Anglophobia throughout the interview, it is probably not surprising that she was more taken with Bela Lugosi during *THE CORPSE VANISHES*, because he was Hungarian and no doubt lavished more personal attention on her; however, that does not excuse such patently absurd statements about Boris Karloff as "he had a lisp and he seemed so old." The former is irrelevant; the latter was, at the time, inaccurate.

I knew Boris and Evie Karloff during a period of five years, during which we made two films together. I never met an actor before or since who was kinder and more generous in giving of himself during the inevitable problems of low-budget production. He was beloved by cast and crew and ready to offer everyone a helping hand. To say, in connection with *BEDLAM*, that "he was the star of the picture and didn't let you forget it" is a deliberate libel. Boris Karloff was known throughout his career for his gentle disposition and his total commitment towards any project with which he became associated.

Ms. Russell's account of her relationship with George Sanders

also becomes suspect because of its various inaccuracies. Sanders was born in Russia and spent most of his young life before Hollywood in England. To separate him from her Anglophobia, Ms. Russell magically places him in the Argentine. She also tells us that this explained his ability to do the tango. The whole world was dancing the tango in the period between the two world wars.

We are told that Ms. Russell was very friendly with Maria Montez, with whom she and Sanders went out, but that she broke up with Sanders when he picked up a girl who moved in with him during the making of *LLOYDS OF LONDON*.

LLOYDS OF LONDON was made in 1936, the same year that Ms. Russell was given a screen test and signed by Paramount. It was one of Sanders' first pictures in Hollywood. In 1936, Maria Montez was 17 years old and she did not appear on the Hollywood scene until about five years later. Evidently, Ms. Russell was also a time traveler!

Richard Valley's interview with David Wayne is certainly a more re-



warding article, although I regret that he did not ask the actor to elaborate on his appearance as the child killer in *M*. This extraordinary Hollywood remake by Joseph Losey of Fritz Lang's German classic with Peter Lorre should be reexamined and deserves an entire article.

A tribute to Jeremy Brett is well deserved, but now that his *Sherlock Holmes* series has come to such an unfortunate end, I would like to suggest that *Scarlet Street* make an equally detailed study of Hercule Poirot and of David Suchet, who has become the definitive Belgian detective in the superb TV series still running on PBS. In fact, the first two stories in the new season, *MURDER ON THE LINKS* and *HICKORY DICKORY DOCK*, are each told in two episodes and are among the best of Agatha Christie's Poirot stories to be filmed. Interestingly, a strong cameo appearance in *HICKORY DICKORY DOCK* is made by David Burke, who was one of Jeremy Brett's Dr. Watsons.

How many readers, I wonder, will remember that Jeremy Brett made a powerful appearance on the big screen in 1963 as a psychopathic criminal who assaults a pregnant woman during an attempted burglary, in the Raymond Stross production of *THE VERY EDGE*?

Richard Gordon
Gordon Films, Inc.
New York, NY

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The Fall 1995 issue was an excellent production, containing all of the things I've come to enjoy about *Scarlet Street*. The articles and interviews surrounding *THE HAUNTING* and *THE INNOCENTS* were insightful and entertaining. While I certainly think some of the so-called "B" horror movies deserve a second look, it's also good to see films

Continued on page 8

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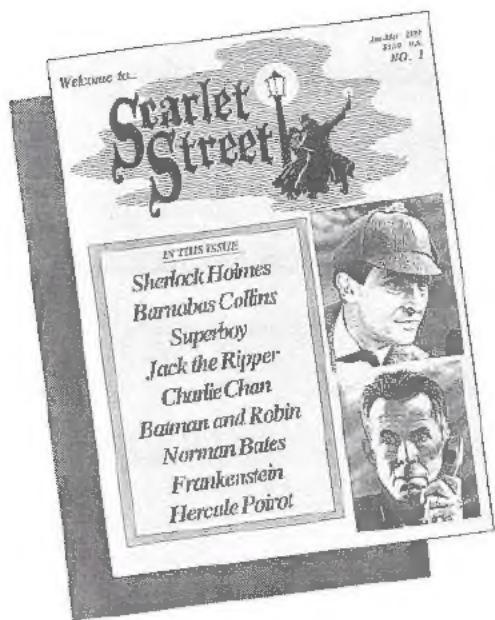
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SCARLET LETTERS

Continued from page 4

with less gore and somewhat more pretentious (in the best sense of that word) aspirations get such fine coverage.

But I was particularly pleased with the issue's coverage of Jeremy Brett's passing. Richard Valley's comments were direct and touching, the interview with Mr. Brett by David Stuart Davies and Jessie Lilley really wonderful. As one who feels Mr. Brett has come as close as possible to bringing Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's creation to life, I applaud these efforts and eagerly await the tribute in the next issue.

Thanks for a great job.

Fat Ward

The Sherlock Holmes Review
Bloomington, Indiana



I have been following *Scarlet Street* since Issue 14, and reading it is fast becoming one of life's simple pleasures. Although I find most of your covers initially discouraging (I care not a hang for the latest Batman, James Dean's legacy, or Tom Cruise in any incarnation), there is always so much of value in each issue that my grumblings are soon smothered

by a chorus of contented "oohs" and not a few pronounced "ahhs."

Lelia Loban's essay on the psychological horrors of *THE HAUNTING* and *THE INNOCENTS* was insightful and crisply written. It's rare that a writer can delight as well as inform, and be able to infuse such levity into so serious a topic without destroying the mood.

It was great hearing from Russ Tamblyn, Martin Stephens, and Deborah Kerr, and bully to John Hall for spilling some ink in favor of the unjustly neglected Shirley Jackson. Too much time and space have been afforded the likes of Clive Barker and Stephen King; unlike these pretenders to the throne, Shirley Jackson was the real thing. Without summoning so much as a single giant spider or flesh-eating zombie, Jackson still terrifies, a generation after her untimely death.

THE NEWS HOUND has unfortunately become my least favorite department. There is something deadening about reading of remake after pointless remake, and the idiot (but marketable) celebrities lined up to star in them. A live-action 101 DALMATIANS? Leslie Nielsen as Count Dracula? Wes Craven directing the

remake of *THE HAUNTING*? These are just bad ideas.

Am I the only one fed up with has-been Hollywood directors shooting down the classics? Francis Ford Coppola claimed he took liberties with the novel *Dracula* because it was "unreadable," while John Carpenter considers *Wolf Rilla's VILLAGE OF THE DAMNED* "good, but not great"—that's a fair bit of hubris for a director whose films are mostly "bad, but not good." Do either of these Ur-auteurs imagine that anyone will be watching their unnecessary interpretations 30 years from now?

Lastly, a defense of the much-maligned *EYE OF THE DEVIL*. Seeing the film for the first time this year, I found it considerably better than its reputation. It's genuinely eerie and understated, and I'm convinced that the sequence in which Deborah Kerr is menaced in the forest by mysterious horsemen was at least a partial inspiration for Amando Ossorio's *Blind Dead* series.

Richard Harland Smith
New York, NY



Continued on page 10

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Frankly Scarlet

Well, those lazy, hazy, crazy childhood days are gone! *Scarlet Street* reaches 21 with this issue—not that we've been in the magazine biz for one score plus one years (my bones creak at the thought), but this is *Scarlet Street* #21!

Yes, today we are a man... and a woman... and maybe a duck! (As Moses said when he waved that pole over the Red Sea, "It's a versatile staff.")

Now, don't fret—we haven't lost our pink cheeks and youthful enthusiasm. There will always be that little kid inside us, struggling to get out. (When he gets especially noisy, I simply pass him off as indigestion.) Yes, gang, *Scarlet Street* will remain as bright and bouncy as ever, climbing to even greater and greater heights—but it is an important anniversary, after all, so, as the Tin Woodsman said after receiving that swell buffing, "Allow me some time to reflect."

We grew to maturity in our first 20 issues, and a great many of the articles and interviews we printed filled me with pride.

I remember the excitement when we began to get interviews with the stars of our favorite movies and TV shows, stars such as Peter Cushing, Christopher Lee, Vincent Price, Jeremy Brett, Edward Hardwicke, Barbara Hale, Jack Larson, Noel Neill, Beverly Garland, Yvette Vickers, Tommy Kirk, Tim Considine, Shelley Winters, Ida Lupino, Michael Gough, Ann Doran, Dabbs Greer, Barbara Shelley, Zacherley, Forry Ackerman, David Nelson, Ruth Roman, Ann Blyth, Robert Quarry, Darren McGavin, Gary Conway, Elizabeth Russell, Acquanetta, and Johnny Sheffield. Boy!

I remember the thrill when Madame Publisher (Jessie Lilley) and I broke the startling true story behind *TEENAGERS FROM OUTER SPACE*, when we resurrected the far-too-long-forgotten *WHO KILLED TEDDY*

BEAR?, when we were the first genre mag to give lengthy coverage to *THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES*, *BATMAN: THE ANIMATED SERIES*, *TALES OF THE CITY*, and *THE X-FILES*.

I remember the sigh of relief when Jill Clarvit took over as advertising director and managed to keep us afloat in that shaky first year.

I remember the pride with which we printed articles by some of the best writers in the business, writers such as John and Michael Brunas, Lelia Loban, Tom Weaver, Michael Mallory, Greg Mank, David Stuart Davies, and a host of others.



The Cool Ghoul himself, Zacherley, was one of the first horror heroes to be interviewed by *Scarlet Street*. Zach has been a staunch (some might say embalmed) supporter of our monstrous mag ever since.

I remember the elation we felt when *Scarlet Street* Video and Books, the brainstorm of managing editor Tom Amorosi, became a highly-successful offshoot of our magazine.

And I remember when my dad, terminally ill when we went to press with only our second issue, told me to keep at it, that he knew *Scarlet Street* was going to make it.

Well, he was right. We have made it. Not only that, but the best is yet to come!

So stick around till the next time we hit 21, gang—that'll be in 2012, when we'll be 21 years old! Ah, to be 21 again! I like the sound of that!

Well, we thought we had permission to do it, but the people from whom we had permission to do it didn't have permission to give us permission to do it.

No, no, that's not an Abbott and Costello routine, gang, it's an explanation of what happened last issue with two photographs (one of them on our cover) of Boris Karloff on the set of *SON OF FRANKENSTEIN* (1939). The pictures were taken from home-movies belonging to Sara Karloff, the late Boris' daughter. As far as anyone knows, the film is the only existing color footage of Karloff the Uncanny as the Frankenstein Monster, and Sara contracted with A&E to present it as part of the company's *BIOGRAPHY* series.

Naturally, *Scarlet Street* contacted A&E in the hope that we'd be able to reproduce a frame of the home movies for use on our full-color cover, and another frame (in black and white) to accompany a mention of the show in this column. A great cover for us, great publicity for *BIOGRAPHY*, and everyone's happy. Right? Wrong!

The fact is, Sara Karloff retains full rights to the home movies in question. No one can reproduce them in any form without her express permission.

In other words, A&E did not have the right to give us permission to reproduce those two film frames. Although we certainly didn't know that, and acted appropriately in our endeavors to obtain permission, we are sorry for any misunderstanding and inconvenience caused to Sara Karloff by our actions.

Finally, just a brief word of thanks to the many fantastic advertisers who help make *Scarlet Street* the full-service Magazine of Mystery and Horror. When you're finished reading *Scarlet Street* and want to view a video of the film you've just read about, or read a book for further information about your faves, or find your favorite star on a fabulous watch or T-shirt, well, you know where to look!

That's all for the nonce, *Scarlet Streeters*! See you next issue, when we'll treat you to original "face in the misty light"—LAURA! Or as Clifton Webb said . . .

Richard Valley



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SCARLET STREET

Continued from page 8

Issue #20 turned out terrific! I loved the interview with Martin Stephens. He sounds like a nice guy who figured out his priorities early in life. Also thought John Brunas did a fine job on the Russ Tamblyn interview. Both the "Bruni" in one ish—I enjoyed Michael Brunas' piece on Val Lewton, one of my favorite producers. John Hall's bio on Shirley Jackson impressed me, too. I read Judy Oppenheimer's *Private Demons* as part of my own research and hoped that someone else would do an article about Jackson. What a fascinating woman! Hall had good insights about *THE HAUNTING*, among them his comment about that weird smile of Mrs. Dudley's whenever she scores points off the guests. Nice acting by Rosalie Crutchley.

Glad you could publish a final Jeremy Brett interview. His Holmes is my favorite, a work-in-progress that I'm sorry he couldn't finish.

I was delighted with the photo selections from *THE HAUNTING* and *THE INNOCENTS*, especially a still (with the Russ Tamblyn interview) that showed the "chain jerking" scene between Tamblyn and Claire Bloom. This year another media magazine ran a long article about

THE HAUNTING and another film in which the author (the magazine's editor, no less) made many goofs, including the misidentification of Bloom's jewelry as a "brooch." I didn't nitpick that stuff in my article, but if readers happen to make comparisons, *Scarlet Street*'s photos back up my descriptions of several scenes, in contradiction to what the other author said. Another photo shows unmistakably that Eleanor has jumped into Theo's bed, not the other way around—something a lot of critics get backwards. The stills of the spiral staircase show exactly what I wanted to say about it. The photo on page 111 of the governess and Miles captures that relationship, too, with the smug, jaded look on Miles' face and the slightly predatory adoration in her expression.

Also thought that editing to name Miss Giddens was a good decision. I felt so strongly that Henry James was right not to name her that I followed him in the article, but since the story was about the film, not the novel, I made the wrong choice. Once again, *Scarlet Street* saves me from myself.

Lelia Loban
Falls Church, VA

*With words of praise pouring in about last issue's pairing of *THE HAUNTING* and *THE INNOCENTS*, Lelia needs*

very little saving. It was fine work that we were proud to publish.

I am a first-time writer but not reader, as I joined *Scarlet Street* at #10. Anyhow, I've got a miserable cold at this time of writing you, so I stopped after work to pick up #19 to cheer myself up. I hit the letter section first (an old *FM* of *Filmland* habit) and a frown crossed my face like a lipstick smear from a David Bowie video.

Being gay and a horror fan since childhood, I was saddened by the anti-gay comments from the mean Mr. J. J. Janis.

I've always felt that my attraction to and sympathy for monsters was the shared affection that they/I are a bit different and misunderstood.

I was more than pleased that you stood up for your inclusion of gay-related articles and with your guts for bashing the right-wing extremists who don't approve of monster fanzines in the first place.

Let Mr. Janis shop elsewhere if he chooses. I will always support your wonderful magazine, gay-related articles or not.

My hat is also off to Mr. and Mrs. Stephen McBride for appreciating the banquet of difference that life offers up.

Scarlet Street has the best writers in the business . . . and the best writers write the best McFarland books!

Fearing the Dark

Edmund G. Bansk

Here it is! Val Lewton's career, lovingly discussed. Includes interviews with Lewton's wife and son.

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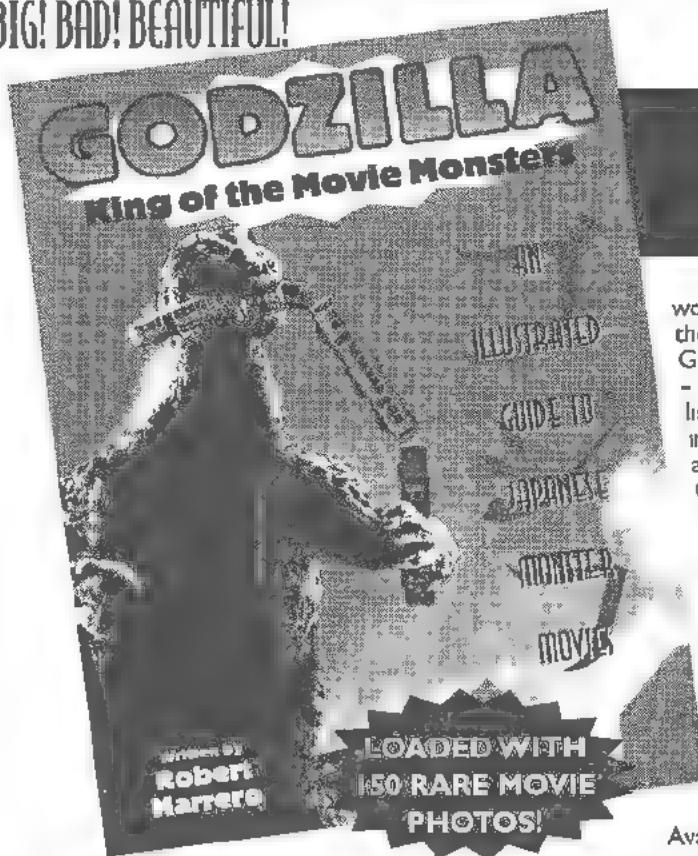
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On a less "soap box" note—loved the interview with the muscle bound Teenage Frankenstein Gary Conway. I had a super crush on Gary and his fabulous arms when I first saw him. I'm sure he appreciates his fans, gay and straight, much like super-hunk Jean Claude Van Damme.

In closing—thanks again for having the balls to print the ignorant letters of Mr. Janis and Dave Henderson. I'm sure they don't complain when they see buxom babes in your fine magazine.

Hugo Hernandez
Chicago, IL

Thanks for the words of praise, Hugo. It's always a pleasure to have one's balls acknowledged.

I was surprised to see my letter printed in Issue #19. Even while writing it, I fully expected to be dismissed as a racist-sexist-antisemitic-homophobic-eurocentric-fascist thug, with the letter finding its way to the trash receptacle. But printed? And fairly edited? Much credit to *Scarlet Street*'s willingness to be so admirably un-PC.

However, I am irked by the response to my missive. As a cursory glance at my letter shows, I am far more concerned with the defense and appreciation of the Golden Age

classic horror film than with gay politics. Of my letter's seven paragraphs, only two dealt with SS's gay slant, yet (Mr. Valley excepted) that seems to be the only thing anyone felt worthy of response. This would only seem to underscore my point about where all these so-called horror/mystery fans' true priorities lie.

This whole dispute, I believe, can be boiled down to Mr. Valley's justification for the politicizing of Golden Age films. To wit; "everything is political." No, Mr. Valley. When everything produced in Hollywood today seems to come out of Political Indoctrination 101, it is more proper to say that everything is political now.

This was not always the case. After all, how political is *GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN*, *TERROR BY NIGHT*, *ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET THE MUMMY*, or even *TOP HAT*? Even *MR. SMITH GOES TO WASHINGTON* does not mention any particular political party by name. With exceptions, of course, politics used to be kept in its place and was not allowed to intrude on the content of the classic Hollywood film. Perhaps this was so because so many of the European refugees involved had experienced first hand that totalitarian ideologies always seek complete control by politiciz-

ing every strata of society, be it the sciences or the arts. They must have known how dangerous to a democracy are the words "everything is political."

After all, does Mr. Valley truly believe that his nemesis Newt Gingrich would even bother with PBS if it had not allowed itself to become a propaganda arm of the left? If "everything is political," then everything can become a target and PBS made itself a viable target by being political. Fair is fair.

"Everything is political" is an oppressive and dangerous world. One I don't want to live in. I'm amazed Mr. Valley or anyone else would ever want to. If Mr. Valley lights a cigarette, it is a political act. And I? Well, I just want to smoke.

James J. Janis
Malverne, NY

Richard Valley replies: To which many of our readers might reply, "I don't care if you burn." Hopefully they'll forgive Scarlet Street for printing so . . . well, so political a letter.

Hi, there! Well, I was browsing through the shelves of my local bookstore when I came across your magazine. Nothing unusual about that, I hear you say. But when you live in Brazil, the northeast of Brazil,

a place that is as out of the way as you can get, then it is a bit of an event when you discover a genre magazine where there ought not to be one, amongst the *Scientific Americans*, *Newsweeks*, and *Times*.

What a discovery! I read your magazine from cover to cover in record time and found something interesting on every page. I like your style, I like your philosophy, in fact I like everything about *Scarlet Street*, from the cover to the advertising. I've lived in Brazil now for two years and things were getting a bit dry on the genre front, so your magazine came as a lifeline to this fan. If finances allow, a subscription will be on its way.

I expect that you already know by now that the estimable Jeremy Brett has died. For me, he was the one and only Sherlock Holmes, giving the closest portrayal to Conan Doyle's "Great Detective" that there has ever been. The world is a poorer place without him. Thanks to satellite TV, I am able to watch Brett's performances here and have them taped so I have a permanent reminder of this great actor.

Something else I would like to say: why don't you have a fiction section? Not only the review of new fiction in the mystery/horror field, but also

publishing original fiction. Even today there are few places where a budding new writer can try out his/her talents on the rest of the world. You have the perfect opportunity to do this; why not use it?

Anyway, that's about it for now. I would just like to say that I'm English. I teach at a private English school here in Recife and am almost totally cut off from the genres I love. If anyone would like to donate books, comics, or magazines so that I can disseminate mystery/horror amongst my students, get in touch with me through my internet address, or even (more importantly) just to shoot the breeze, I would be more than happy.

Alistair Robb

Alistair.Robb@culting.anpe.br

We've considered it now and again, but we're not too keen on publishing fiction in *Scarlet Street*. (We come too close to that, now, when we quote from press releases.) Of course, if enough readers want it . . .

I was pleased to see the tribute to Brett in your fall number (SS #20). I was equally pleased to see the interview with David Wayne. I thought he was especially fine in the Ellery Queen mystery series, a series that could have built a MURDER SHE

WROTE-sized audience had it been kept on the air one more year. Ah, well, the monkeys who control programming at the networks know best, I suppose.

Ray Betzner, BSI

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SKY RACKET (1937) Herman Brix, Joan Barclay, Jack Mullan. An extremely rare crime thriller with definite sci-fi elements. Brix plays an undercover agent out to capture a gang of airmail bandits who use a death ray device to blow airplanes out of the sky. **Minister to AIR HAWKS** From Sam Katzman's Victory Pictures. From 16mm. \$198.

THE LOST MISSILE* (1958) Robert Loggia, Ellen Parker, Larry Ken. A strange and deadly missile from outer space circles the Earth at low altitude, destroying everything in its path. The city of Ottawa is wiped out and the flaming radioactive manace is headed toward New York. An interesting and very obscure '50s sci-fi thriller. From 16mm. \$195.



THE SLIME PEOPLE* (1963) Susan Hart, Robert Hutton, Les Tremayne. Monstrous prehistoric creatures, disturbed by nuclear tests, take over Los Angeles under cover of a wall of strange mist. A small group of people do battle with them. From 35mm. \$198.

2+6 MISSION HYDRA (1968) Kirk Morris, Gordon Mitchell, Leontine Snell. One of the nastiest of all '60s sci-fi films. An alien spaceship from the planet Hydra lands on Earth and kidnaps a group of humans. Hibernating robots, aliens with incinerating rays, photon showers, a planet of ape-monsters, and a spaceship of skeletons are all featured. Color from 16mm. \$197.

KING OF KONG ISLAND (1968) Brad Harris, Merc Lawrence. A group of mad scientists journey to Kong island where they implant receptors into the brains of gorillas. They plan to control the world with an army of Kongos. The scientists are challenged by the mighty ape "King", an actual descendant of King Kong. Color, 16mm. \$198.

IT'S ALIVE (1968) Tommy Kirk, Shirley Bonne, Bill Thurman. A real gagger that's soon much fun to watch. A maniacal farmer kidnaps local passersby and feeds them to his cave-dwelling lizard man that lives in a cave beneath his farm. The ping pong ball-eyed monster is a scream. Amazing. Directed by Jerry Buchanan. From 16mm. \$198.

SUPERSONIC MAN (1979) Michael Coby, Cameron Mitchell, Diana Polakay. An obscure Italian sci-fi adventure complete with a superhero from a distant galaxy. Mitchell is great as the evil mad scientist. Watch for the rocket-shooting robot. Color 16mm. \$200.

HORROR

TORTURE SHIP (1939) Irving Pichel, Lyle Talbot, Jacqueline Wells. A crazy scientist is conducting crazy experiments pertaining to "The criminal mind" on board his private ship. His guinea pigs are real criminals. Subduced horror elements but still interesting. 16mm. \$230.

MURDER IN THE MIRROR (1960) Lon Chaney, directed by Curt Siodmak. FIRST TIME ON VIDEO! Here's something you probably never thought you'd see: a fast episode of the Chaney TV series, 13 DEMON STREET. Lon (in spooky makeup) plays the ghastly host for this suspenseful ghost story about a man who sees a vision of an ages-old murder within a mysterious mirror. Very creepy and an absolute must for any collector of rare horror oddities. (Our thanks to Mike McHenry for finding this gem for us!) Please! Also thrown in is a full reel of ultra-rare BELIEVE IT OR NOT vignettes—also first time on video. This tape is highly recommended. From 35mm. \$231.

BLANCHVILLE MONSTER* (1963, aka HORROR) Gerard Tichy, Leo Anchitz, Joan Mills, Richard Davis, Helga Lind. A beautiful young girl—daughter of a half-mad count—fears that her life will be sacrificed to fulfill an ancient family legend. She later finds herself buried prematurely by her disfigured father. From 16mm. \$217.

HONEYMOON OF HORROR (1964) Robert Parsons, Abbey Heller. An incredible rarity! The new bride of a strange sculptor finds her new life filled with horror. It seems many of her husband's friends want her dead. But why? And what is the mysterious connection with a series of unusual statuettes? Color from 16mm. \$218.

FORTESS OF THE DEAD (1965) John Hackell, Connell Parkham, Ana Cortes. An incredibly rare ghost thriller. The lone survivor of a blown out WWII bunker at Corregidor returns to the Philippines twenty years later. There he finds himself haunted by the ghosts of his former battalion. Very eerie. From 16mm. \$219.



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SCIENCE FICTION



MAD DOCTOR OF BLOOD ISLAND* (1968) John Ashley Ronald Remy, Angelique Pettyjohn. Great '60s drive-in fun show: a mad scientist who conducts strange experiments dealing with eternal youth. A hideous green monster eventually causes the doctor's laboratory to go up in flames. Eddie Romero. Color 16mm. \$220.

BEAST OF BLOOD* (1970 aka BEAST OF THE DEAD) John Ashley Celeste Yarnall Eddie Garcia. Sequel to MAD DOCTOR OF BLOOD ISLAND. The maniacal Dr. Lorce kidnaps a female reporter for use in his experiments. He eventually brings a hideous monster (with green blood, no less) back to life. Color, from 16mm. \$221.

CURSE OF THE VAMPIRES* (1970 aka CREATURES OF EVIL) Amalia Fuentes, Eddie Garcia, Romeo Vazquez. A brother and sister search all their father's estate only to find their mother has become a bloodthirsty vampire. Her son eventually feels her fangs on his neck. Similar to VAMPIRE PEOPLE. Color from 16mm. \$222.

DECAY FOR TERROR (1965 aka PLAYGIRL KILLER) Neil Sedaka William Kirwin. A real graveyard shift favorite. Kirwin plays a looney-tunes artist who murders his models, then stores their bodies in a meat locker. Cheap and sleazy, yet engrossing. Not released here until around 1971. Color, from 16mm. \$223.

KISS OF THE TARANTULA* (1972) Eric Mason, Suzanne Ling, Pat Landen, Herman Wallner. Good old fashioned '70s drive-in schlock. A wacky teenage girl unleashes her pet tarantulas against her bitchy stepmother and other "enemies". Over the top, but fun. Color. \$224.

RETURN OF THE ZOMBIES (1972 aka THE HANGING WOMAN) Paul Naschy, Stan Cooper, Vickie Nestell. A man finds the corpse of a young woman hanging in a cemetery. As he investigates, he uncovers a local doctor's plans to zombies the entire world. Quite chilling once the zombies are out in force. Rated R. Color from 35mm. \$225.

SON OF HERCULES IN THE LAND OF DARKNESS (1963) Dan Vadis, Car Brown, Argolis, son of Hercules, rescues peasants held in slavery by the evil Queen of Dem. He also loosens a sea of molten lava that destroys her ancient city. Color, from 16mm. \$226.

WING BROTHERS MAGISTER (1965) Richard Leyard, Tony Freeman, Claudia Lange. A mysterious underground queen orders her hordes of leopard-men to kidnap the fiancee of a prince—whom she actually loves—hoping to draw him to her underground kingdom. The Magister brothers come to the rescue. Color, from 16mm. \$223.

KNIVES OF THE AVENGER (1967) Cameron Mitchell, Eissa Mitchell, Fausto Tozzi. Directed by Mario Bava. Vikings battle each other, plague the countryside, and decapitate their enemies. Bava's follow-up to ERIK THE CONQUEROR. Color from 16mm. \$224.

ARABAN ADVENTURE* (1979) Christopher Lee, Peter Cushing, Mickey Rooney. Lee plays an evil magician who seeks to become all powerful by obtaining a magical robe. This wonderful sword and sorcery fantasy features flying carpets, a malignant genie, dragon monsters, etc. Very entertaining. In color and from 16mm. \$225.



HOUSE OF EXORCISM (1972) Elka Sommer, Tally Savalas, Robert Alda. Directed by Mario Bava. Elka finds herself in an eerie mansion filled with weird characters (including Savalas as a butler who resembles a painting of the devil) and putrefying corpses. Alda is the priest who tries to exorcise her. Rated R. Color, from 16mm. \$226.

THE DEVIL'S POSSESSED (1974) Paul Naschy, Norma Sebre. A middle ages tyrant commits unpeakable acts of evil and torture against his subjects. They eventually rise up and fulfill a horrific revenge against him. Beautiful color from 35mm. \$227.

EXORCISM (1974) Paul Naschy, Maria Perschy, Maria Kost Graca Mills. A strange satanic cult is on the loose in the English countryside. They commit a series of gruesome crimes that leave the local authorities baffled. Rated R. Color from 16mm. \$228.

INQUISITION (1978) Paul Naschy, Daniela Giordano, Juan Gallardo. Naschy is a 16th century witch hunting Judge. He falls in love with the daughter of a warlock whom he sentenced to death. She makes a pact with Satan and soon Naschy finds himself accused of witchcraft. This is a violent film with many brutal torture scenes. Not recommended for children. Definitely rated R. Color 35mm. \$229.

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GOL GOTH (1935) Jean Gabin, Edwige Feuillerat, Harry Baur. This highly heralded spectacle film from France centers around the period of Jesus of Nazareth. Extremely well done for its time and highly recommended. Dubbed and from 16mm. \$579.

THE WHITE WARRIOR (1961) Steve Reeves, Giorgia Moll, Renato Baldini. One of the most sought after sword and sandal spectacles is now on video! The setting is Russia during the 1800s. Reeves plays a courageous Irbal chieftain who defies the Czar and leads his men against the monarch's advancing hordes. An absolute must for all Steve Reeves fans. Directed by cult Italian director, Renato Festa. Color from a beautiful 16mm print. \$586.

ROMULUS AND REMUS (961) Steve Reeves, Gordon Scott, Virna Lisi. Two brothers, raised by a wolf, grow up and fight side by side until they both come to desire the daughter of the King of the Sabines. The climax features the brother's duel to the death, with the rest of the Roman Empire serving as an epilog. Highly recommended. From a stunning color 16mm print. Fully letterboxed in cinemascope. \$586.

VULCAN, SON OF JUPITER (1962) Rod Flash, Luisa Correia, Gordon Mitchell. Lots of horror and farce elements here! The Great gods of Mt. Olympus, lizard-like monster men, and strange underground creatures are featured in this incredibly rare sword and sandal spectacular. Color from 16mm. \$581.



SON OF HERCULES IN THE LAND OF DARKNESS (1963) Dan Vadis, Car Brown, Argolis, son of Hercules, rescues peasants held in slavery by the evil Queen of Dem. He also loosens a sea of molten lava that destroys her ancient city. Color, from 16mm. \$582.

WING BROTHERS MAGISTER (1965) Richard Leyard, Tony Freeman, Claudia Lange. A mysterious underground queen orders her hordes of leopard-men to kidnap the fiancee of a prince—whom she actually loves—hoping to draw him to her underground kingdom. The Magister brothers come to the rescue. Color, from 16mm. \$583.

KNIVES OF THE AVENGER (1967) Cameron Mitchell, Eissa Mitchell, Fausto Tozzi. Directed by Mario Bava. Vikings battle each other, plague the countryside, and decapitate their enemies. Bava's follow-up to ERIK THE CONQUEROR. Color from 16mm. \$584.

ARABAN ADVENTURE* (1979) Christopher Lee, Peter Cushing, Mickey Rooney. Lee plays an evil magician who seeks to become all powerful by obtaining a magical robe. This wonderful sword and sorcery fantasy features flying carpets, a malignant genie, dragon monsters, etc. Very entertaining. In color and from 16mm. \$585.

EXPLOITATION

DAMAGED LIVES* (1933) Diana Sinclair, Llyman Williams, George Irving, Jason Robards. A guy breaks a date with his fiancee and finds himself having an affair with another woman. The next day he confesses everything to his beloved. There's just one problem: the woman he slept with had V.D. A camp classic. From 16mm. \$686.

GAMBLING WITH SOULS (1936) Martha Chapin, Wheeler Oakman, Bryan Washburn, Gay Sheridan, Robert Frazer. Innocent girls are "sucked" into a gambling and prostitution house in this extremely campy exploitation classic. From 16mm. \$687.

REBELLIOUS DAUGHTERS (1938) Marlene Reynolds, Verna Hillie, Dennis Moore, Monte Blue. A small town girl—ignored by her parents—moves out and takes a job at a dress shop. Unknown to her, her boss is taking compromising pictures of rich women in dressing rooms, doctoring them, then using them for blackmail. From 16mm. \$688.

NO GREATER SIN (1942) Leon Ames, Leora Winters, John Gallaudet, Guy Cotten, Tis Coffin. Another lost exploration baddie has finally crept to the surface. A concerned health official does everything he can to stop the spread of venereal disease by the town's prostitutes. Will he succeed? A campy morsel. From 16mm. X085

A PIG-LEAF FOR EVE (1944 aka DESIRABLE LADY) Jan Wiley, Phil Warren, Betty Blythe. An exotic dancer is thrown in the slammer for performing a risqué dance in public. Later she discovers her boss set up the raid for publicity. First time on video. From 16mm. X090

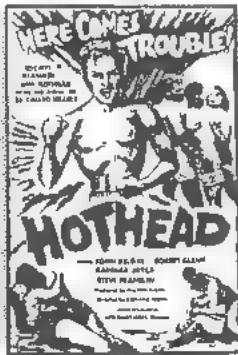


JUVENILE SCHLOCK

MICKEY (1948) Luis Buñuel, Bill Goodwin, Irene Hervey, John Sillar, Rose Hobart. Skip Homeier. Early somberly humorous early teenage movie about a young teenager who's a source of constant embarrassment to her widowed father. She eventually straightens out and becomes a gorgeous young gal, helping Dad along the way. Kind of a '40s version of GIDGET. Color 16mm. J536

SO EVIL, SO YOUNG (1957) Jill Ireland, John Charlesworth, Ellen Pollock, John Longden. A juvenile girl is framed as an accomplice in a robbery. She's sent to a reform school for girls where she falls victim to the cruel temperament of the sadistic chief warden. A real J.D. rarity that's first time on video. Color from 16mm. J537

IVY LEAGUE KILLERS (1962) Don Borsenik, Barbara Bricker. A totally forgotten minor J.D. gem. A group of rich teenagers find themselves up against a ruthless motorcycle gang. One thing leads to another, finally culminating in robbery and murder. Grilly yet sincere. Try finding this in any J.D. reference book. From 16mm. J538



HOTHEAD (1963) John Dehner, Robert Gremm, Barbara Joyce. A must-see for all J.D. collectors! A young teenage punk is fired from his job for stealing. A gorgeous young hooker gets involved with a runaway husband. Ultimately, they all cross paths in this very unusual and very engrossing film. Prostitution, alcoholism, cool cars, body builders, dancing teenage girls, fist-fights, and even madness are all part of this incredible J.D. rarity. A real find. From 16mm. J539

JUNGLE THRILLS

KING OF THE WILD (1931) Boris Karloff, Walter Miller, Ned Latimore, Dorothy Christy. Boris plays a villainous shark in this exciting Mutoscope serial thriller that's filled with man-eating tigers, volcanoes, and other jungle thrills. From 16mm. 12 chapter serial, two tapes, \$24.95 plus \$2.05 for packaging, handling, and postage. J049

BRIDES OF SULU (1934) Adelina Moreno, Eduardo Casero, Gregorio Tiemann. Two island lovers—both of opposing religions—fall in love and flee to a remote island. Warriors from the girl's tribe track them down and trouble follows. From 16mm. J050

PERILS OF THE JUNGLE (1951) Clyda Beatty, Stanley Ridges, Phyllis Coates. This good old fashioned "B" jungle thriller has fanned African heartbreak. Beatty tracking down Nubian lions in the Congo jungle. Plenty of hair-raising back-bush excitement. From 16mm. J051

WALK INTO HELL (1957) Chips Rafferty, Francois Christopher, Reginald Dwyer. An Australian official of New Guinea is ordered to investigate an oil discovery in the wild jungle interior. When he and his party are captured by savages, he effects their freedom by having a lady doctor cure the jungle cheetah's children. Color 16mm. J052

KILMA, QUEEN OF THE JUNGLE (1975) Eva Miller, Frank Brana, Claudia Gray. A shipwrecked sailor witnesses a battle between natives and female Amazon warriors. Later, the sailor befriends the Amazon queen of the after saving her from a bad conchster. Lots of jungle thrills and scantily clad Amazon girls. Color from 16mm. J053

EDGAR & BRYAN WALLACE



MYSTERY-SUSPENSE-FILM NOIR

PLEASE NOTE: All titles in this section are just \$12.95, plus \$2.05 per title for packaging, handling, and postage.

NEVER TOO LATE (1935) Richard Talmadge, Thelma White, Robert Frazer, Mildred Harris. A wild Talmadge action film involving a stolen necklace and a gang of ruthless jewel thieves. Watch for the rooftop race with the crooks at the film's harrowing climax. Plenty of bruises and abrasions. A Reliable Pictures release. 16mm. M242

STEP ON IT (1936) Richard Talmadge, Lois Wicks, Roger Williams. An action packed Talmadge vehicle with Richard playing a cap-fired from the force—who then solves a series of truck holdups. Tons of Institute. Released by Reliable Pictures. From 16mm. M243

IT COULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED, BUT IT DID (1936) Reginald Denby, Jack La Rue, Evelyn Brent, James Courtney. Murder mystery playright tries to solve the puzzling case of his murdered producer. A well-done little Chesterfield whodunit. From 16mm. M244

THE DRAG-NET (1936) Rod La Rocque, Marian Nixon, Betty Compson, Jack Adler. A very rare and very intriguing crime drama produced by Edgar Rice Burroughs. La Rocque plays a young playboy who takes a job as an assistant D.A. He then finds himself up against a tough crime boss and his gang, as well as being at odds with the local newspaper. Recommended. From 16mm. M245

THE AVENGING HAND (1936) Noah Berry, Kathleen Kelly, Louis Bell, James Harcourt. Berry was abroad to star in this very rare British thriller. A number of "guests" in a hotel are actually criminals searching for a stash of hidden loot. From 16mm. M247

FLYING FISTS (1937) Herman Brix, Jeanne Moreau, Fuzzy Knight, J Farrell Mac Donald, Gunn Williams, Dickie Jones. This is a nifty little action thriller with Brix as a lumberjack who becomes the heavyweight champ. He's brought into the fight game where he's publicized as the most ruthless fighter in the game. Is a good fight in the making? Yep. Made by Sam Katzman's Victory Pictures. From 16mm. M248



DESPERATE CARGO (1941) Ralph Byrd, Carol Hughes, Jack Muhill. A gang of criminals hijack a giant clipper on which two girls are trying to return to the United States. Byrd comes to the rescue in this exciting little PRC thriller. From 16mm. M249

THEY MADE ME A KILLER (1946) Robert Lowery, Barbara Britton, Frank Albertson, Lois Lane, James Bush, Edmund MacDonald. In this action-melodrama from Paramount's Pine-Thomas factory, an innocent man (Lowery) is accused of robbery and murder charges. To the rescue comes a determined young girl. From 16mm. M250

MAN ON THE LEDGE (1956) Cameron Mitchell, William Gargan, Sylvia Sidney, Vera Miles. A mentally and emotionally disturbed young man, determined to end his life, contemplates suicide for fourteen hours on a high ledge. A suspenseful and exciting film. 16mm. M251

TIMELOCK (1957) Robert Beatty, Betty McDonnell, Lee Patterson. A banker's son is accidentally locked in an air-tight vault that's not set to open again for over 60 hours. It's a life-and-death race against time to save the boy's life in this great British thriller. From 16mm. M252

SCHOOL FOR SCOUNDRELS (1960) Terri-Thomas, Alester Sims, Ian Carmichael, Janette Scott. This movie's a scream. Carmichael is a total nerd, a complete loser. He's scorned by his employees, cheated by waiters and cab drivers, swindled by crooked car salesmen, and—ever worse—totally humiliates at tennis in front of the lady he loves by a smooth-talking ladies man. Then he finds the solution: a school for scoundrels. It's a school to sharpen up men who consistently find themselves lowest on the totem-pole of life. What follows after he "graduates" is a riot. British comedies don't get any better. While only marginally in the Sinitre Cinema spectrum, we just couldn't resist releasing this great title. Recommended. \$12.95 plus \$2.05 for packaging, handling, and postage. 16mm. M256

MARTIAL ARTS THRILLERS

TNT JACKSON (1974) Jeannie Bell, Stan Shaw, Pat Anderson, Ken McCall. A well-made Filipino martial arts thriller with a lot of kick. Former playmate Bell plays a karate expert who kicks the hell out of anyone who tries to prevent her from finding her lost brother. One eye-opening scene has her taking on a room full of thugs while dressed only in panties (very small panties). Definitely rated "R" for nudity, violence and language. Color from 16mm. KF07

BRUCE LEE: THE MAN, THE MYTH (1977) Bruce Lee. This action bio concerns the saga of Bruce Lee, starting with his humble beginnings in Hong Kong. It follows his life to America and to his eventual stardom as a martial arts superstar. Color, 16mm. KF08

KUNG FU OF EIGHT DRINKARDS (1977) Lam Yang. A very unusual Kung Fu movie. A group of battling Chung dynasty warriors use an unusual martial arts technique that gives them the appearance of being drunk. Color from 35mm. KF09

THE TONG FATHER (1978) Sammo Hung. The title character is a merciless oriental crime boss who heads a Chinese opium ring. A martial arts expert acts out to bring him in. Color, from 35mm. KF09



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Hollywood's Rear Window

Scarlet Street's staff has always had a weakness for those great old newspaper comedies LIBELED LADY (1936) and HIS GIRL FRIDAY (1940) spring to mind—and Hollywood exposés, such as THE BAD AND THE BEAUTIFUL (1952) and THE LEGEND OF LYLAH CLARE (1968), and even (as pictured below) ABBOTT AND COSTELLO IN HOLLYWOOD (1945).

We're proud to say that we've dug up the dirt behind a few Tinseltown mysteries ourselves, including the true identity of Tom Graeff, the man who made the extraordinary TEENAGERS FROM OUTER SPACE (1959); the behind-the-scenes story of the homosexual scandal that resulted in Tommy Kirk's dismissal by Walt Disney; the real reason Darren McGavin will never make another NIGHT STALKER movie; Veronica Carlson's "ravishment" by Peter Cushing on the set of FRANKENSTEIN MUST BE DESTROYED (1970); Don Johnson's experiences as Sal Mineo's costar and room mate; Russ Tamblyn's run-in with the spirit world on location for THE HAUNTING (1963); Gale Sondergaard's career-destroying experience with blacklisting; David Nelson's preference for playing a psychotic killer over playing David Nelson; Tarzan pal Cheeta's near-fatal encounter with comic Jan Murray; the race to put factually inaccurate biographies of James Dean on screen; and the War of the Lois Lanes (Noel Neill and Phyllis Coates).

Admittedly (and, we hope, happily), these aren't the stories you'll find in today's supermarket tabloids.

Michael Jackson, O. J. Simpson, and Madonna are unlikely candidates for coverage in our crimson pages. (Then again, you will find out why directors John Waters and Joel Schumacher delighted in filming Johnny Depp in his undies and Val Kilmer in black rubber, whether X-FILES star Gillian Anderson really thinks the truth is "out there," and why Brad Pitt will appear in the sequel to *INTERVIEW WITH THE VAMPIRE*.)

For the most part, though, we're inclined to take a look back, through Hollywood's *Rear Window*, as it were, to uncover some bypassed facts about such icons of the mystery and horror genres as Alfred Hitchcock; his daughter, Patricia; Farley Granger, Raymond Burr, Hillary Brooke, Al Adamson, and Cornell Woolrich.

In keeping with those newspapers glorified in the movies mentioned above, we're not above wild speculation, as you'll find in this issue's unbelievable scoop concerning the murder of John Barrymore. (And when we say *unbelievable*, we mean *unbelievable!*) But much of what you'll find in this issue of *Scarlet Street*—in fact, just about everything except the murder of John Barrymore—is Hollywood as it was in its heyday. The secret lives! The covert deals! The murders! The rapes!

And the lies . . .

—Richard Valley



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The Murder of John Barrymore

by Jack Larson



Hollywood directors, New York publishers, and TV scandal shows have shown that no one in the history of the world ever died of suicide or of a natural death—except for Abraham Lincoln, who we now know died of boredom that night in the Ford Theater, after which Mary Todd Lincoln in a fit of pique threw that actor from the box onto the stage to add a little drama to the event. What Booth with his broken leg cried out was "Sic semper femininus," not "tyrannus."

Then, of course, Mary Todd turned her spite against poor Mary Surrat, with whom she shared a seamstress, and who had been seen dusting her boarding house in the identical dress Mary Todd Lincoln had worn to the Inaugural Ball!

Now we know that Cleopatra was murdered by a disgruntled gay librarian from the burned-out library at Alexandria, who held her responsible for the ashes. The Anthony and asp story are pure Hollywood. Now we know that Hitler was really mauled to death by his German shepherd, Blondie. (No one could keep that dog in the bunker that night.) The suicide story was concocted by Goebbels to give a little dignity to der Führer's end. And, of course, both Kennedy brothers were really murdered due to the late Marilyn Monroe, who in vengeance at their rejection of her put out a posthumous contract on them. (Those weren't added gunshots assas-

sination witnesses heard, they were the cracks of a baseball bat.)

The story no one has publicized is the 1942 murder of the great American actor, John Barrymore. The omission is puzzling since it's well past the 50th anniversary of that event, and over 100 years since his birth in 1892. Since Barrymore was as famous as Monroe and the most acclaimed Hamlet of this century, is there a continuing conspiracy regarding his demise? Is there something more "rotten in the state of Denmark?"

At the time, doctors claimed the Great Profile died of failing kidneys, congestive heart failure, hardened arteries, an ulcerated esophagus, and bronchitis. Because he was known to be a heavy drinker, the public believed it. As there wasn't a coroner's report for a subsequent L.A. coroner to reject at the first chance he saw to get his name in the newspapers, generations have accepted the doctors' cover-up. But Barrymore himself, a week before he died, told his employer Rudy Vallee (the "Vagabond Lover" of radio) that he was in "top form." And his last Shakespearean speech broadcast to his American fans began "He jests at scars who never felt a wound." Was this a fearful warning of his fate to the nation? The following line of that speech is "What light from yonder window breaks." Was this an allusion to the recent Japanese sunrise attack on Pearl Harbor?

The events are mighty and the possible villains many surrounding the great thespian's death. Barrymore's Japanese gardener had been interned in a camp for enemy aliens. Had the actor unearthed secret plans for a Japanese submarine attack on Santa Barbara? Wallace Beery's gardener, along with all other Japanese, was also interned as an enemy alien. The gardeners might have plotted when the two actors worked together in *GRAND HOTEL*. Did Barrymore overhear something? Did he know too much?

Then there was Sadakichi Hartman, half German, half Japanese, a walking Axis—described by everyone as disreputable, but who had insinuated himself into the star's life as a drinking buddy. Why?

The swashbuckling Errol Flynn followed in Barrymore's footsteps everywhere. Flynn has been exposed by an author exposé as having possibly been a Nazi spy. We know that when Flynn was kept busy making World War II films, the Germans began to lose the war (i.e. OBJECTIVE BURMA = Rommel's defeat in North Africa.) Barrymore's corpse is said to have been taken from a mortuary and held for one hour in Flynn's house, then returned. Suspicious? John Barrymore was a known patriot who said publicly that he "loved Franklin Roosevelt."

On a more domestic level, the possible murder suspects are numerous: ex-wives, relatives, movie executives, other actors, and an old nurse he attempted to seduce. Before his end in the hospital, there was a re-



The Great Profile

ported medical crisis caused, it was claimed, by his drinking a large bottle of perfume when he was deprived of alcohol. Who can believe that? Yes, there were heirs and a life insurance policy, but his estranged children worshipped him from afar and, in any case, two out of three were too young and small to be able to force a bottle of perfume down their father's throat.

His numerous creditors wanted him alive, as he was doing anything, including performing with dummies (Charlie McCarthy) to pay off his debts. The most likely suspect here is a rival actor, Monty Woolley. Barrymore had been screen-tested to star in the film version of Woolley's Broadway stage success *THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER*. After Barrymore's death, Woolley got the part in a film, *TONIGHT AT 8.30*, de-

signed for John Barrymore. There's no record of Monty Woolley visiting John Barrymore in the hospital, but anyone able to have a success as *THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER* is capable of pouring a large bottle of perfume down anyone's throat.

Won't some distinguished publisher finance some investigative author in a sure-fire literary enterprise that will expose this injustice, so that "flights of angels" may at last sing this great Hamlet to his rest?



Jack Larson is a promising cub reporter for the Metropolis Daily Planet.

It is, perhaps, nostalgia for that mysterious bygone era, so eloquently described by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, which has helped perpetuate the fascination with the world of Victorian crime in foggy, gas-lit London. He takes the reader into a world before computers and forensic science, a world in which Sherlock Holmes stands head and shoulders above all other heroes of detective fiction.

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the NEWS



HOUND

The Hound bounds from his fetid foxhole for the festive fifth anniversary issue of *Scarlet Street*, and in his paw is a provocative passel of press releases. Please read on . . .

Saints, Bats, Hornets, and Wondrous Women

Paramount Pictures finally has a face to go with the name of suave Simon Templar for their long-in-the-works feature film version of *THE SAINT* . . . and it's none other than the Caped Crusader himself, Val Kilmer! Paramount hopes to develop a franchise around Kilmer (and the Leslie Charteris "Saint" novels), just as the Brothers Warner have continued to do with Mr. K as its current Bat actor.

This makes Virile Val quite valuable, and quite busy. Kilmer starts Russian locations for *THE SAINT* in March, and then begins shooting *BATMAN AND ROBIN* this fall. Greasing the Batpole once again with Val will be Chris O'Donnell as the rapidly aging Boy Wonder. Rumors still abound that Patrick Stewart will play Mr. Freeze, and that Demi Moore and Julia Roberts are vying for the role of Pamela Isley, better known as Poison Ivy. Other rumors have director Joel Schumacher trying to convince Roberts to play Batgirl in the new chapter, with a possible spin-off movie series of her own to follow. (Good golly, can Paul Williams as Bat-mite be far behind?) Warners really seems to be on a superhero spree, with a planned *WONDER WOMAN* feature from producer Ivan Reitman (*GHOSTBUSTERS*), and a new *SUPERMAN* film that Jon Peters may produce this year. Oh, to be a cape manufacturer in Burbank!

Uncaped, but still a crusader, *THE GREEN HORNET* returns in a new Universal feature starring George Clooney of TV's *ER*. Clooney, fresh from fighting Mexican vampires in *FROM DUSK TIL DAWN*, will star

as Britt Reid, *The Hornet*'s stinging alter ego. His possible costar as companion-in-kicks Kato: Jason Scott Lee, in the role played on TV in the '60s by Bruce Lee (whom Jason portrayed so effectively in *DRAGON: THE BRUCE LEE STORY*). Production is scheduled to begin in March, when George hangs up his hospital whites for summer hiatus

lows Ian Malcolm—played previously by Jeff Goldblum—as he returns six years later to the scene of the Cretaceous crime. Malcolm and his scientist buddies run afoul of ruthless rich guys who want to clone the remaining dinosaurs for big-game-hunting purposes. Then Ricki Lake stages a sit-in to protest it all. Watch for it in the summer of '97.

Meanwhile, the noxious nostalgia for the 1970s hasn't limited itself to the return of disco and chukka boots. Big-budget disaster films of the Irwin Allen variety are once again looming on the horizon. First up is *TWISTER*, the effects-laden cyclone saga from Warners that's due this summer. James Cameron has seemingly sent his *PLANET ICE* project into deep freeze to begin *TITANIC* for Fox this March. The writer/producer/director (*T2, THE ABYSS*, describes it as "an epic romance" set against one of the century's most terrible disasters. Can a love theme by Maureen McGovern be far off? Seemingly undaunted by popular reaction to *JOE VS. THE VOLCANO*, Hollywood will bring us more disastrous volcanic activity. Coming soon are Universal's *DANTE'S PEAK* from director Roger Donaldson (*SPECIES*); Tony Scott's subterranean nuclear nightmare *RING OF FIRE*, for Touchstone Pictures; and the cryptically titled *VOLCANO* from Fox, which is due to bubble up next summer.

The Vampire Strikes Back

Now that Dracula is dead, and loved it, other vampires are hurtling our way like bats out of . . . well, like bats out of Hollywood. The Largo Entertainment action/fantasy, *VAMPIRES*, from director Russell Mulcahy (*HIGHLANDER*), concerns a hit squad dispatched by the Vatican to kill off vampires who have been roaming the earth for centuries, killing innocent Catholics and disrupting



Even after costarring with King Kong, Harvey Fierstein, and Roseanne, Brian Kerwin wasn't quite prepared when *IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE II*!

Dead Dinosaurs and Other Disasters

Having made a few billion less than they hoped, Universal Pictures and Steven Spielberg have got the sequel to *JURASSIC PARK* ready to start this September. Based on Michael Crichton's follow-up novel, *The Lost World* (now where have we heard that title before?), the screenplay (to be written by David Koepp, who co-wrote the first film as well as the upcoming *MISSION: IMPOSSIBLE*) fol-



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A Sweetheart in a Million

She was indeed "a sweetheart in a million," as she sang with her sisters at the conclusion of her third and last motion picture with Bud Abbott and Lou Costello. The song was "Aurora," inspired by Aurora Miranda, the real-life sister of the celebrated Carmen. The movie was *HOLD THAT GHOST* (1941), considered by many to be the very best of the Abbott and Costello comedies for Universal. And she was Maxene Andrews, who, with her sisters Patti and Laverne, formed the most popular singing trio of the late 1930s and 1940s.

The Andrews Sisters banished the grimness of the World War II years and defined America's commitment to the fight with their harmonic melodies. "Apple Blossom Time," "Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy" (both from 1941's *BUCK PRIVATES*, their first film with Bud and Lou), and "Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree" are just four of the toe-tapping tunes that kept the home fires hopping.



On a personal note, I met Maxene in the 1970s, when she starred in a stock production of her Broadway hit, *OVER HERE!*, at the regional theater at which I worked (On Broadway, she'd appeared with sister Patti, but for the Playhouse on the Mall in Paramus, New Jersey, she was teamed with another '40s icon: Margaret Whiting.) Being a devoted Andrews Sisters fan, I volunteered to be Maxene's driver during the run, and we soon became friends.

One night, on the ride back to Manhattan after the performance, I mentioned that "Aurora" was my favorite Andrews Sisters song, and Maxene started to sing it. She was a bit rusty on the lyrics, so I joined in, as did Maxene's friend and manager, Linda Welles. It's an evening that I will never forget; nor will I ever forget Maxene's warm disposition, her lovely voice, and her many kindnesses.

Maxene Andrews died on October 22, 1995.
—Richard Valley



Bill (THE ROCKETEER) Campbell recently rocketed back to the small screen in the Showtime production of *OUT THERE*, a zany takeoff on the *X-FILES*-inspired UFO craze.

NEWS HOUND

Continued from page 20

ing bingo nights. Other fanged features soon to rise: *THE VAMPYRE WAR*, waged by Chris Sarandon (who cut his teeth over a decade ago on *FRIGHT NIGHT*), Maximilian Schell, and Robert (Freddy Krueger) Englund; indie productions *CURSE OF THE VAMPIRE* from writer/director D. Kerry Prior and *THE INSTRUCTOR: A VAMPIRE STORY* from producer/director Leslie Redden; and *VAMPIRE CULT QUEENS FROM HELL* starring a sultry trio of

veteran B-movie femmes fatale: Martine Beswick, Mary Woronov, and Barbara Steele.

Even more new horrors to shake our bones: *SKELTONS*, from everyone's favorite over-the-top director Ken Russell, is a Stephen King-like terror tale about a journalist who uncovers a small town's scary secrets... *THE RELIC* headlines Tom Sizemore (*THE USUAL SUSPECTS*) and Penelope Ann Miller (*THE SHADOW*) fighting a monstrous prehistoric organism that's loose in a

museum. Amy Holden Jones (*SLUMBER PARTY MASSACRE*) wrote the script for this Paramount thriller... *INTIMATE RELATIONS*, a bizarre black comedy from London's Hand-Made Films, stars Julie Walters and Rupert Graves in the story of a true-life fatal attraction... *THE KILLER TONGUE* (no cracks, now) is currently shooting in Spain with Robert Englund, Bruce Campbell (*EVIL DEAD*), and Doug Bradley (Pinhead of *HELLRAISER* movies). This sci-fi comedy will be released simultaneously as a video game entitled

POINT AND LICK. We know it's impolite to point, but....

Updates Plenty

THE AVENGERS feature film from Warner Bros. has a new director, Jeremiah (*DIABOLIQUE*) Chechik (replacing Nicholas Meyer); a new start date (February); and as of this writing still no John Steed or Emma Peel... New Line Cinema's upcoming Saucy Jack story also has a new start date (Fall) as well as a new title. *MRS. MAYBRICK: THE DIARY OF JACK THE RIPPER*. Jodie Foster is being sought to star along with Sir Anthony Hopkins... Speaking of Jodie, her sci-fi drama *CONTACT* has just begun lensing under the direction of Robert (*CUMP*) Zemeckis... Paramount's comic strip adventure *THE PHANTOM* adds two British favorites to the cast: Samantha Eggar and Patrick Macnee... Wes Craven's needless remake of *THE HAUNTING* will "probably" roll in March... The Nelvana animated production of Clive Barker's *THE THIEF OF ALWAYS* has been shut down by Paramount; reasons remain unclear. Production had started back in July of 1994... Other

Continued on page 26

ZACHERLEY HOSTS THE DEAD MAN'S BALL!

by Richard Scrivani

Ring the bell in the watchtower! Tap a keg of the best blood-red wine, and hang up the banners in the village square! What's the occasion? Has the torch-bearing posse tracked down that pesky werewolf at last? Has the Monster been permanently destroyed? No, nothing so ordinary. This is a real reason to party, particularly for fans of television's legendary "Cool Ghoul," a.k.a. Zacherley! DEAD MAN'S BALL (Tristique Ltd.), a brand-new CD with a priceless collection of newly-recorded tunes by Mr. John Zacherle at his evil best, has recently been released!

Along with an assortment of monstrous madrigals on which Zach (in fine voice) is accompanied by maestro Michael Gilks' "Evi. Cleavers" (for whom Mike plays a wicked lead guitar), DEAD MAN'S BALL contains songs previously available on cassette only, among them "Zach Is Back," "Eternal Polyester," and "Formaldehyde." Added to the mix is a modern remake of Zach's 1958 hit "Dinner With Drac," and a few tasty restylings of tunes from eons ago, including "Coolest Little Monster" and "Spiderman Lullaby," the latter arranged for acoustic guitar and piano.

What could have been a standard attempt to toss off a novelty product employing the talents of the legendary horror host is instead an obvious labor of love, created by people who know and understand the quirky humor that made Zach such a smash in the first place. Mike and Richard Gilks have assembled a group of fine musicians and selected a savory array of songs and patter that succeed in capturing the flavor of the old, late-night TV days. A prime example is "Grave Robbing Tonight," a mix of heavy metal and boogie-woogie that imparts the sense of mischief that we have come to associate with the best of Zach's musical excursions.

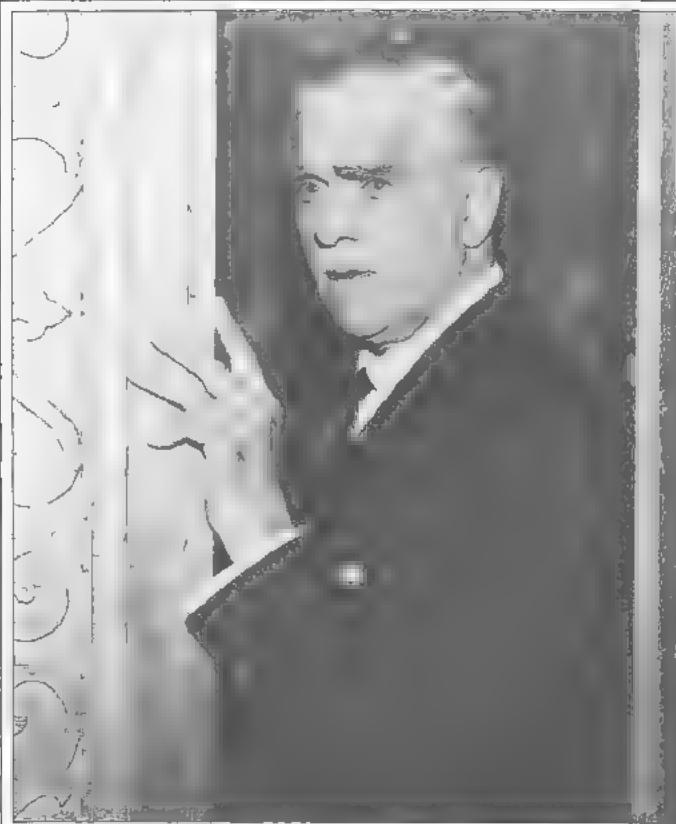
On funky tunes such as "Come With Me to Transylvania" and "Werewolf Bite Me," acoustic guitar and violins dredge up memories of the Transylvania Gypsy Band, the arias for a group of WABC-TV studio musicians who oftentimes accompanied Zach-penned operettas on

New York's SHOCK THEATER. "Doc Frankenstein," a charming takeoff on the old folk tune "Sweet Betsy From Pike," was actually sung by Zacherley in those early days. (A verse can be seen being performed on Goodtimes' HORRIBLE HORROR video, in a clip from THE PAT BOONE SHOW!)

To sweeten a pot already bubbling over with goodies, actual audio clips from the old show have been peppered throughout the CD, further adding to the nostalgic flavor. The sound quality is stunning throughout, and surprisingly sharp even during the old television audio tracks.

But have no fear. DEAD MAN'S BALL also rocks, rocks, rocks, and is worth every penny of its reasonable (\$10 plus \$2 shipping) price tag. Any self-respecting Zacherley fan owes it to him/her/itself to grab this one. Look for it in your favorite record store—or any little village gift shop, right next to the canes with silver wolf's heads.





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It's a Thriller!

by Sean Farrell

need a place to stay until they can get back on their feet. Markesan reluctantly invites them in, with one condition: Fred and Molly must stay in their bedroom all night. Of course, Fred eventually slips out and discovers that his uncle is raising the dead. Ah, well—zombies shouldn't be any trouble to Dick York, who went on to star as Elizabeth Montgomery's hexed hubby Darren in *BEWITCHED*.

Ironically, the episode's director, Robert Florey, was originally slated to direct *FRANKENSTEIN* (1931), until he was replaced by James Whale. As compensation, Florey directed Bela Lugosi in *MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE* (1932).

"The Terror in Teakwood" refers to the grisly contents of a teakwood chest: the amputated hands of famed concert pianist Karnovich, which were removed by his bitter rival, Vlad (Guy Rolfe), upon his death. Vlad plans to upstage his deceased rival by playing the master's own legendary Seventh Sonata—an impossible feat since Karnovich wrote the sonata especially for his own unusually large hands.

Horror queen Hazel Court and Charles Aidman co-star, and Reggie Nalder puts in a memorable appearance as a grave digger. (Nalder is best known for two roles: the assassin in Alfred Hitchcock's 1956 remake of *THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH*, and the vampire Barlow in the 1979 TV adaptation of Stephen King's *SALEM'S LOT*.)

Karloff stars again in "The Prediction" as Mace the Mentalist, a phony psychic who starts making some unnervingly true predictions. This is hardly a new idea, but it's very well handled by director John Brahm. Audrey Dalton, who had an equally rough time in *THE MONSTER THAT CHALLENGED THE WORLD* (1957), plays Karloff's lovely assistant.

In "Masquerade," Elizabeth Montgomery herself pops up. The bewitching actress plays wife to Tom Poston, as a couple on their second honeymoon who stop at a decrepit old house for the night. We can tell right away that they're in deep trouble: it's the Bates House from Hitchcock's *PSYCHO* (1960). Not only that: the one and only John Carradine shows up as the creepy owner! It gets to be a little too cute, but the banter about haunted houses and vampires is very funny, and the stars have great onscreen chemistry. The climax is a scream, though, and about as close as we'll ever get to

Continued on page 26

MCA/Universal recently released what is hopefully the first volume of episodes from Boris Karloff's memorable 1960s TV series, *THRILLER*. As Karloff's alter ego, the Frankenstein Monster, would say, it's "Gooood!" Six shows are presented on three discs, all in the CLV format. And Karloff has never looked—or sounded—better. The quality of the picture and audio on all six episodes is so clean and crisp that they appear to be recently made, belying their true age of some 30-plus years.

With Mr. Monster on hand as the congenial host, *THRILLER* first premiered on September 13, 1960, and ran for two seasons, 67 episodes in all. *THRILLER*, like the *TWILIGHT ZONE* and *THE OUTER LIMITS*, was an anthology series concerning ordinary people caught up in extraordinary events. In addition to his hosting duties, Karloff also appeared in several shows, three of which are in this collection.

Karloff's, however, is not the only familiar face that turns up. "The Grim Reaper" stars *STAR TREK*'s William Shatner as the nephew of Bea Graves (*GILLIGAN'S ISLAND*'s Natalie Schafer), a famous mystery writer. As a way of enhancing her spooky reputation, Graves buys a morbid painting that has a nasty rep of its own: It's a terrifying portrait of Death itself, whose scythe drips with blood as a supernatural sign that its owner is about to die. Of course, Graves pays no heed to her nephew's warnings about the grisly deaths of the previous owners of the painting. This is a genuinely scary show, written by Robert Bloch.

Dear Boris stars in "The Incredible Doktor Markesan" as the title character, a strange, intense old gent who lives in a ramshackle mansion. His nephew Fred (Dick York) and Fred's wife Molly (Caroline Kearney) arrive on the scene. The young couple is flat broke and

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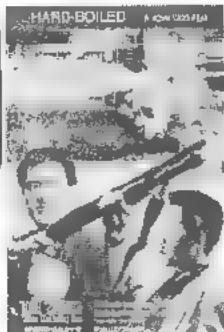
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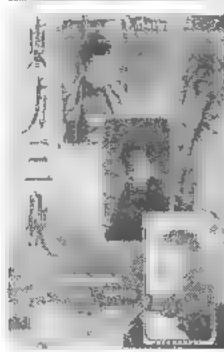
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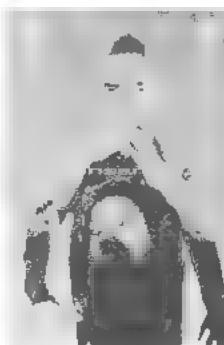


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沈祖先生



PAGE 24: Boris Karloff was his own charming self as the host of *THRILLER*, one of TV's best anthology series, but he took on a far more sinister edge when he starred in several of the show's episodes. LEFT: Karloff stole the show as *THE INCREDIBLE DOKTOR MARKESAN*, one of the King of Horror's rare "monster" roles in the latter years of his career.

IT'S A THRILLER

Continued from page 24

knowing what *The Thin Man* would have been like had it been written by Bram Stoker instead of Dashiell Hammett!

Karloff appears in the final show of this collection, an adaptation of Edgar Allan Poe's "The Premature Burial." Set in 1861, it has Karloff as a doctor whose best friend, the wealthy Edward Stapleton (Sidney Blackmer), has died of mysterious causes. When Karloff performs a discreet examination after the funeral, he discovers that Edward is very much alive, a victim of a cataleptic seizure. Great news—but not to his two-timing wife Victorine (Patricia Medina), who is all set to spend hubby's wealth on her young lover (Scott Marlowe).

If you're a Boris Karloff fan, this set is a must. The great horror star had to do a lot of dreck, especially in his later years, but *THRILLER* offered Karloff the chance to give some sterling performances in a respectable project, thus adding yet another glorious accomplishment to an already illustrious career.



NEWS HOUND

Continued from page 22

projects currently at a dead stop include Quentin Tarantino's *MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E.*, Tim Burton's *THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER*, *THE FUGITIVE 2* (which is currently called *U. S. MARSHALS*), and *INDIANA JONES 4*.

Hyde and Shriek

Oops! The Hound apologizes for his premature announcement that TriStar's *MARY REILLY* would actually be released in December. But then, everything about this Stephen Frears film has been delayed, including a decision about which of three filmed endings to use. It's currently scheduled for February, but consider the release date to be as changeable as the good Dr. Jekyll. Perhaps there will be smoother sailing for *THE STRANGE CASE OF JEKYLL & HYDE—THE ROCK AND ROLL MUSICAL*, which is just starting to roll (and rock) under the direction of the festively-monickered Andre Champagne. Cheers! Also set for January starts are two truly terrifying TeeVee escapees: *THE BRADY BUNCH 2* and *LOVE BOAT: THE MOVIE*. (Is there any way we can get the latter to play on a double bill with the new *TITANIC*?)

Television Terrors

Someone's at the door! *AMERICAN GOTHIC*, the creepy favorite that went on hiatus last November has returned to CBS on Wednesday nights. Caleb, Merly's Ghost, and Sheriff Lucas Buck are back to complete a full 22-episode run. Also back to finish out a full season of paranoia is *NOWHERE MAN* starring Bruce Greenwood, which airs on the UPN network on Mondays, right after *STAR TREK: VOYAGER*. On somewhat shakier ground is Fox's *STRANGE LUCK*, another of the Hound's (and his editor's) top faves. The astounding, stylish adventures of Chance Harper (D. B. Sweeney) are back with four more installments—after that, it could use some of Mr. Harper's own luck.

The final page of PBS's irreplaceable *MYSTERY!* anthology series may not have turned quite yet—the production office at Boston's WGBH is still hopeful that a corporate funder will be secured for next season. *THE MEMOIRS OF SHERLOCK HOLMES*, Jeremy Brett's last bow as the Great Detective, recently aired. *A MIND TO MURDER*, a new feature-length P. D. James adaptation, is on view in February; John Thaw will then return in his "final" four *IN-*

SPECTOR MORSE programs, plus six encore episodes (but both Thaw and Kevin Whately will be back in a two-hour Morse telefilm *THE WAY THROUGH THE WOODS*). In April, *MYSTERY!* presents four episodes of the new series *CHANDLER AND COMPANY*, about a pair of sisters-in-law who open a detective agency. Catherine Russell and Barbara Flynn (*CRACKER*'s wife) are the stars.

New television series on the flickering blue horizon: *THE OSIRIS CHRONICLES* is a new telefeature/series pilot for CBS from director and *Scarlet Street* reader Joe Dante (*THE HOWLING*). John Corbett ("Chris in the Morning" from *NORTHERN EXPOSURE*) stars as "Justin Thorpe, renegade warrior living in the new dark age of the 24th century." Created by historian/novelist Caleb Carr, it presents a slightly less optimistic view of the future than *STAR TREK*. Watch for it in March... *THE SENTINEL*, a new UPN mid-season series from producers Danny Bilson and Paul DeMeo (*THE FLASH*), is about "a Seattle police detective with extraordinary powers." Let's hope he's got a raincoat, at least... The Fox vampire series *KINDRED: THE FMBRACED* is already being seen all over Europe and Latin America, but not here. Perhaps by the time you

Zombies Off-Broadway

by John J. Mathews

The state of Wisconsin is usually associated with cheese... but cheesy science fiction? *ZOMBIES FROM THE BEYOND* has landed on the stage of the Players Theatre in New York's Greenwich Village, by way of Milwaukee's Skylight Opera Theatre. It's in this heartland capitol of Monterey Jack and Miller High Life that producer Colin Cabot and author/composer/lyricist James Valcq first concocted this tuneful send-up of cheap sci-fi flicks and treacly B-movie musicals of the 1950s.

The time: May 1955. The place: the famed Milwaukee Space Center. The characters: Major Malone (Michael Shelle), stalwart Space Center commander (imagine Morris Ankrum); Rick Jones (Robert Boles), his somewhat unctuous aide (imagine Richard Denning); Mary Malone (Claire Morkin), the commander's sweet and brilliant daughter (imagine Lori Nelson); Trenton Corbett (Matt McClanahan), square-jawed scientist and inventor (imagine John Agar); Charlene "Charlie" Osmanski, man-hungry Space Center secretary (imagine Betty Garrett); and Billy Krutzik (Jeremy Czernuak), plucky tap-dancing delivery boy (imagine Bobby Van).

The space-age status quo of our chipper crew is thrown into disarray by a few unexpected events. First, there's Mary's growing attraction to the nerdy, somewhat aloof Trenton, which doesn't sit well with Rick, who happens to be sweet on Mary himself. Then there's that pesky Russian spy who may be trying to gain access to the center's top-secret high-tech space station. And, of course, there's that big-haired alien, who lands



in her space ship, bent on turning human males into zombies and carting them back to her planet for breeding purposes. All in all, it's just your average awkward day in the fabulous, futuristic '50s.

And, naturally, everybody sings about it. The toe-tapping tunes include "The Sky's the Limit" (the cast's cockeyed, optimistic opener), "The Rocket Roll," "Blast Off Baby," "The Second Planet on the Right," and the

Major's final warble of warning, "Keep Watch-

ing the Skies." Outer-space villainess Zombina (Susan Gottschalk in a performance lovingly and hilarious composed of equal parts Zsa Zsa Gabor and Totie Fields) does her share of singing, too—in fact, her shattering soprano is the "Secret Weapon" that turns men's minds into zombified mush. Soon she is joined by the luscious Zombettes to implement her nefarious scheme... and to sing the show's title number at the end of the first act. (The Zombettes are strangely familiar; could they be the rest of the cast, the male members in drag? Could Ed Wood spell "angora"?)

Since its supersonic blast-off last November, *ZOMBIES* has captured more than its share of enthusiastic reviews. The *New York Times* called it "a dead-on musical spoof with keen-eyed skill to spare."

Howard Kissel of the *New York Daily News* said its "zippy book and score... goes above and beyond the call of hilarity" and calls the cast "uniformly superb."

ZOMBIES FROM THE BEYOND is directed and choreographed by Pam Kriger, who, along with actresses Morkin, Graff, and Gottschalk is a veteran of the original Milwaukee production. The campy costumes and kitchen-sink sets were designed by James Schuette of NBC's *SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE*.

read this, Fox will be airing it... Next fall watch for the syndicated Warner Bros. series *MAD MAX: THE ROAD WARRIOR* (based on you-know-what, but without you-know-who, and with all the violence removed).

Congratulations to all you cable viewers across the pond: the London-based Sci-Fi Channel Europe is up and running. Now, if only The Hound could get the damn thing. Recently aired on the stateside version was a premiere telefeature: *IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE 2*, starring Brian Kerwin and Elizabeth Peña. The 1953 Universal original was on view a day later. Sci-Fi has also begun telecasting original episodes of Boris Karloff's *THRILLER* in the wee hours of Tuesday, Wednesday, and

Thursday nights. (For hot news of *THRILLER* on laserdisc, turn back to page 25.)

Home Video Thrills

Four episodes of the *CRACKER* mysteries starring Robbie Coltrane are now available from A&E Home Videos... Kino On Video has released the 1952 suspense-noir *SUDDEN FEAR*, starring Joan Crawford at her most florid, for the first time on video. Jack Palance and Gloria Grahame costar... Other new video releases include Clive Barker's *LORD OF ILLUSIONS* (from MGM), *JADE* (Paramount), zombie thriller *VOODOO* (A-Pix), and the sequel you've been waiting for, *BEASTMASTER III: THE EYE OF BRAKUS* (MCA), with perennial hunk Marc Singer. Ar-

riving in video stores in February are *VIRTUOSITY* (Paramount), *THE USUAL SUSPECTS* (PolyGram), *HACKERS* (MGM), and *WATERWORLD* (MCA), and vampire gem *NADJA* (Hallmark). February also brings bargain prices for *THE LANGOLIERS* (\$19.99) and Paramount's *STAR TREK GENERATIONS* (\$14.99, or roughly twice what they must have paid the screenwriters).

Fearsome Flotsam

ED WOOD star Johnny Depp just can't let go of a role; he recently purchased Bela Lugosi's former home near Los Angeles' Sunset Strip. The house, known as "The Castle," was owned by Lugosi during his *DRACULA* heyday in the 1930s. Sleep well, Johnny. Beware

Collect the Cards of Dracula!

by John J. Mathews

Trading card collecting has become a hobby of a much higher order since the 1960s, when I was buying bubble-gum packs of BATMAN, THE OUTER LIMITS, and PLANET OF THE APES cards at the corner store. Baseball cards were fun, too... although I usually drew scary monster faces on them. (Even scarier was my recent discovery that I had turned Nolan Ryan into a vampire on a rookie card that would otherwise have been worth over a thousand bucks!)

Nowadays, specialty magazines announce new releases of shiny, UV-coated, crayon-resistant card sets depicting anything from superheroes to supermodels. These high-tech collections often include limited-edition, prismatic, holographic, or autographed cards scattered randomly among individual foil-wrapped packs. No bubble gum, though.

Cornerstone Communications, who three years ago began releasing its handsome series of trading cards from THE AVENGERS, has brought back a little card collecting nostalgia with Hammer Horror. This glossy 81 card set features photos and poster art from horror favorites of Britain's Hammer Films. Seven fright flicks are depicted in all their gory glory: THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN (1957), THE BRIDES OF DRACULA (1960), THE CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF (1961), DRACULA—PRINCE OF DARKNESS (1966), FRANKENSTEIN CREATED WOMAN (1967), SCARS OF DRACULA (1970), and TWINS OF EVIL (1972). Each film has its own nine-card subset, consisting of a full-color movie poster reproduction followed by eight photo cards in color or tinted monochrome. The plot of each movie is serialized on the card backs, which also assemble into a colorful nine-piece poster puzzle. A blast from the trading card past!

Eleven other Hammer horrors get single-card coverage in this set, with a color poster on the front, and a credit list, photo, and synopsis on the back: THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN (1957), HORROR OF DRACULA (1958), REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN (1958), THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA (1962), EVIL OF FRANKENSTEIN (1964), THE GORGON (1964), DRACULA HAS RISEN FROM THE GRAVE (1968), FRANKENSTEIN MUST BE DESTROYED! (1970), TASTE THE BLOOD OF DRACULA (1970), COUNTESS DRACULA (1972), and DRACULA A.D. 1972 (1972).

Rounding out the set are a variety of photo cards, some featuring the "Hammer Glamour" girls, and a pair of cards profiling Hammer superstars Peter Cushing and Christopher Lee. Also available in randomly-selected packs are six additional limited-run artwork cards which, when pieced together, create two Hammer-inspired triptychs by fantasy illustrator Paul Campbell. Even more collectably rare is a special card featuring FRANKENSTEIN AND THE MONSTER FROM HELL (1974), which can only be obtained if you become a subscriber to Cornerstone's "Inside Trader" club newsletter.

Cornerstone Communications has the marketing license to produce cards from approximately half of all the Hammer titles (Hammer Films itself only owns the rights to about half its horror output; Lumière Pictures Ltd. owns roughly the other half.) A second set of cards will be available this spring.

Shrink-wrapped factory sets of 81 Hammer cards are available direct from the manufacturer by calling 1-800-846-7225 (E-mail: Cornercard@aol.com). Individual card packs are available at your local collectors' specialty shop. Bubble gum sold separately.



LEFT to RIGHT: BRIDES OF DRACULA (1960), FRANKENSTEIN CREATED WOMAN (1967), TASTE THE BLOOD OF DRACULA (1970), and TWINS OF EVIL (1972).



Take care... "Sci-Fi Talk," a New Jersey-based audiocassette magazine, has their third edition of interviews available. Featured are chats with Howard Gordon, coexecutive producer of THE X-FILES; David (Darth Vader) Prowse; and the publisher (known online as Scarlet-pub) and the editor-in-chief (that's

Reditor in computerland) of this very magazine, Jessie Lilley and Richard Valley. Call 201 661-1753 for information, or just send along an E-mail to scifitalk@aol.com.

Gone but never forgotten on Scarlet Street are directors Louis Malle, Harry Hurwitz, Robert Parrish, and Arthur Lubin; mystery writer Ellis

Peters, screenwriter Terry Southern, singers Maxene Andrews and Dean Martin, and actors Patric Knowles, Sir Robert Stephens, Paul Eddington, Butterfly McQueen, Rosalind Cash, Viveca Lindfors, Vivian Blaine, Jeffrey Lynn, and Mary Wickes.



It sounds like the plot of a lost Robert Bloch story. The body of a veteran horror-film director, missing for weeks, is found hidden under the floor of his secluded home, the victim of a grisly murder. But it is not fiction. It was the mysterious and tragic fate of Al Adamson, best known as the director of such no-budget "classics" as *DRACULA VS. FRANKENSTEIN* (1971, pictured below), *BLOOD OF DRACULA'S CASTLE* (1969), and the biker film, *SATAN'S SADISTS* (1970). The 66-year-old filmmaker's body was discovered hidden in his Indio, California home, which had been undergoing renovation, on August 2, 1995.

The son of Western actor and filmmaker Denver Dixon (also known as Art Mix), Adamson (inset) started directing and producing in the mid-'60s, turning out product chiefly for the drive-in market. His pictures were marked by incredibly nonlinear plots that wandered through any number of genres (sometimes the result of two separate films being edited together), and casts filled with such Hollywood veterans as Russ Tamblyn, Kent Taylor, J. Carroll Naish, Lon Chaney Jr., John Carradine, Bob Livingston, Alex D'Arcy, and even the Ritz Brothers.

"What makes his films stand out are the disparate elements of rock 'n' roll music with veterans of B-movies, some kind of exploitable element ripped from today's headlines, and the total disregard for any kind of continuity in editing," says bad-film aficionado Harry Medved, who adds: "For me, there are two kinds of bad movies, entertainingly bad films and the depressingly bad films. As a whole, Adamson's films are entertainingly bad."

Photo courtesy of Sam Sherman



The Mystery of the Missing Director Al Adamson by Michael Mallory

Still, Adamson's partner at Independent-International Pictures, Sam Sherman, maintains that the films should be viewed within the context of the market at the time. "People are not aware of what the competition was," he says. "They're looking at pictures costing six times the budget, like some of the Poe pictures that Roger Corman did. But compared to the pictures the exhibitors were screening for drive-in theaters and independent indoor theaters, *DRACULA VS. FRANKENSTEIN* was a great movie."

Largely inactive for several years, tragedy struck Adamson in the late 1980s with the death of his wife, and frequent star, Regina Carroll.

A contractor named Fred Fulford, who had been living and working at Adamson's home, is charged with the murder and at press-time was facing extradition from Florida.



SCREEN...



The Latest on Laser by Sean Farrell

Of the thousands of movies made, only a few can rightly be called classics. Such films as KING KONG (1933), CASABLANCA (1942), and THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL (1951) are established film masterpieces that have been revered for years—each earning their own special edition laserdisc set. But what about those classic movies that fell through the cracks? Whether the studio that made them went belly up or they were regarded as flops at the time of their release—whatever the reason—these neglected films were not given the attention and care lavished on their more well-known brethren. Thankfully, some laserdisc companies are working to fill this gap by releasing these lesser-known, but no less worthy, films for a new generation to discover.

THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME
Side 1: CLV; Side 2: CAV
The Roan Group
\$49.98

Continuing their honorable quest to release obscure films, The Roan Group has come out with THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME (1932), the original film adaptation of Richard Connell's O. Henry Award-winning story. Joel McCrea stars as Bob Rainsford, a big game hunter who views his sport as nothing more than a hearty competition between man

and beast in which both opponents enjoy the game. He soon discovers that it's actually not much fun to be hunted when, as the result of a shipwreck, Rainsford winds up being stalked by the crazed Count Zaroff (Leslie Banks) on the latter's private island. In a major departure from the story, the film adds a love interest in the form of the enchanting Fay Wray, soon to find another leading man in the form of KING KONG (1933).

According to the liner notes by George E. Turner, THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME had more in common with the Eighth Wonder of the World than just a leading lady. Director Ernest B. Schoedsack and associate producer Merian C. Cooper also went on to make KING KONG—in fact, production began on KONG



while DANGEROUS GAME was still shooting, allowing the same jungle sets to be used in both films—and actor Robert Armstrong, who played Wray's drunken brother in DANGEROUS GAME, was cast by Cooper

and Schoedsack in his most famous role, as KONG's Carl Denham.

Such fascinating information—and far more—is contained within this superb laser presentation. Among the goodies a reproduction of the film's original press book and commentary (by Turner) on the second analog track.

But you're probably wondering about the picture and sound quality. Don't worry; while there are some scratches on the print, this still has to be the cleanest, brightest rendition of DANGEROUS GAME ever available. The sound, digitally remastered by Roan, is also splendid.

A series of photos and lobby cards follow the film, starting at Chapter 20. (Oddly, this fact is left off the laser jacket.) Beginning with Chapter 21, we are treated to stills and lobby cards from two remakes: A GAME OF DEATH (1945) and RUN FOR THE SUN (1956). Unlike most supplementary sections, in which everything is set up in a "step forward" process, this gallery runs automatically, accompanied by subdued music. Nevertheless, by placing this section on the CAV side, Roan gives viewers the option of scanning the stills at their own pace.

Next comes rare footage from CREATION, the unfinished 1931 dinosaur epic with animation by effects master Willis O'Brien. Though much of CREATION was incorporated into KING KONG, the triceratops sequence included here is a true rarity. Trailers for both KING KONG and MIGHTY JOE YOUNG (1949) follow. This embarrassment of riches makes THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME a most special laser disc. Hunt down a copy before it becomes extinct.

THE NAKED CITY
Sides 1 & 2: CLV
The Roan Group
\$69.95

In the early 1970s, filmmakers strove for gritty realism by shunning the staged look of the studio back lots in favor of shooting on location. THE FRENCH CONNECTION (1971) and SERPICO (1973) are two first-class examples of this "new" approach, yet they were far from the first films to take this route. In 1948, Universal released THE NAKED CITY. The studio didn't simply send a second unit crew to the Big Apple to shoot background plates for the

actors back in Hollywood; the entire NAKED CITY production was shot on the mean streets of New York, using real people as extras. The result was a landmark of stark, natural storytelling.

In addition to the manner in which it was shot, NAKED CITY gave us something new in the detective story itself. In his audio commentary on Analog Track 1, cosigner Marvin Ward discusses how movie crimes were always solved by one person—such as Sherlock Holmes or Sam Spade. NAKED CITY made popular the concept of the case being cracked by a hard working, dedicated team of detectives, not the lone, heroic mastermind who made all around him look like idiots.

Director Jules Dassin, producer Mark Hellinger (who also narrated the film), and writers Wald and Albert Maltz take us step by fascinating step through the murder investigation of a young model. At first, it appears that the woman drowned in her bathtub. But when Lt. Dan Muldoon (Barry Fitzgerald, cast against type and doing a great job) and his homicide squad examine the evidence, it turns out that the victim had been chloroformed after a violent struggle, then placed in the tub to make it look like an accident. Don Taylor plays rookie detective Jimmy Halloran, who does the necessary legwork while avoiding the eager-beaver stereotype expected from such a role. Taylor provides his own reminiscences of making the film on Analog Track 2.

With THE NAKED CITY, The Roan Group has produced another first-class laserdisc. Granted, the picture has some scratches, but they do not mar the viewing experience, and the image overall is crisp and clear. The sound is also very good, with the exception of a muffled line in Chapter 12. When an elderly woman asks, "Where's the rest?" part of Fitzgerald's reply is missing.

Chapter 22 features a gallery of stills from NAKED CITY. As with Roan's DANGEROUS GAME laser, these run automatically, accompanied by the film's music (by Miklos Rozsa and Frank Skinner). Both sides are presented in CLV. With a marvelous cast, strong script, and a raw, documentary-like quality, THE NAKED CITY is one disc mystery fans won't want to miss. Trust me; it's the naked truth.

**THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA & PARANOIAC
HAMMER HORROR
COLLECTION—ENCORE EDITION**
Sides 1 & 3: CLV; Sides 2 & 4 CAV
MCA/Universal
\$59.98

When most fright fans think of Hammer Films, we recall such titles as THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN (1957), HORROR OF DRACULA (1958), THE MUMMY (1959)—all starring Peter Cushing and Christopher Lee. But the movies in which these two Thespians of Terror appeared weren't the only horror fare Hammer turned out. A fine example of this are four movies MCA/Universal has gathered together for two additions to its Encore Edition series of laserdiscs.

First up is the 1962 PHANTOM OF THE OPERA and 1963 PARANOIAC set. Some readers might be surprised that Hammer made their own version of PHANTOM, but what's even more shocking is that it was originally written for Cary Grant! According to the liner notes, the superstar approached Hammer with the idea of doing a horror film—only to bow out due to prior commitments after the PHANTOM script was finished. Herbert Lom, who later gained comic immortality as the long-suffering Inspector Dreyfus in the long-running *Pink Panther* series, assumed the role of the mysterious "ghost" who haunts, in this case, the London Opera house. (The locale has been changed from the novel's Paris setting.)

Unfortunately, Hammer's take on the Phantom was shot on a small budget—thus, instead of the subterranean lake beneath the opera house, this version puts the Phantom's lair in what looks like a sewer (and a cramped one at that). Yet while it lacks the majesty of the Lon Chaney silent classic, I found this PHANTOM to be enjoyable in its own right. His face hidden by a mask for most of the film's running time, Lom is excellent in depicting a more sympathetic than usual Phantom. And Michael Gough gives a wonderfully despicable performance as the imperious Lord Ambrose D'Arcy.

Despite the fact that the opening credits are letterboxed, PHANTOM is presented here in full screen, but the image cropping isn't too much of a loss. The picture looks good,



though there are several minor scratches here and there, especially in the dining scene during Chapter 8. The sound is clear. The side break occurs with a sw. ft cut after the line, "I just can't think what just happened to her" in Chapter 17. The same chapter resumes on side two with Christine practicing in the Phantom's lair. The original theatrical trailer follows the film.

In PARANOIAC, former werewolf Oliver Reed shines as Simon Ashby, a vicious, drunken sloth of a man who, along with his younger sister Eleanor (Janette Scott), is heir to the Ashby family fortune. When their parents died in an airplane crash years ago, their brother Tony killed himself in anguish. Since then, Eleanor has been teetering on the edge of insanity—and it appears she may go right off the deep end now that she has been seeing her dead brother wandering the Ashby estate. Written by Jimmy Sangster and directed by Freddie Francis, PARANOIAC is Hammer's superb take on PSYCHO and an engrossing thriller in its own right.

PARANOIAC is letterboxed in a 2.35:1 aspect ratio. Its image is flawless; I've rarely seen a black and white film that looks this good. The sound, however, only nears perfection; there's a slight popping noise during Chapter 11, but this vanishes as the film moves along. As with PHANTOM, the original theatrical trailer follows the feature.

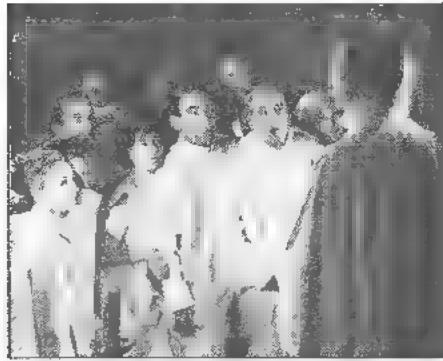
**NIGHTMARE &
KISS OF THE VAMPIRE
HAMMER HORROR
COLLECTION—ENCORE EDITION**
Sides 1 & 3: CLV; Sides 2 & 4 CAV
MCA/Universal
\$59.98

Directed by Freddie Francis, with a taut script by Jimmy Sangster, NIGHTMARE (1963) is a surpris-

ingly tense little shocker Jennie Linden stars as Janet, a young girl from a wealthy family, who is haunted by terrible nightmares of being locked in an insane asylum with her demented mother. Sent home from her public school, Janet's nightmares only get worse: she encounters a mysterious woman in white who stalks the hallways and rooms of her country house at night. Has Janet finally inherited her mother's murderous dementia? Or are there far more sinister forces at work? Tune in next week—whoops, sorry!

Letterboxed in 2.35:1 ratio (the same as Hammer's *PARANOIAC*), *NIGHTMARE* looks wonderful, with a clear, sharp black and white picture. The audio is generally good. The side break, coming after Chapter 20 ("Grace Gets a New Perspective") is handled with finesse.

In contrast to *NIGHTMARE*'s intricate, *PSYCHO*-like plot manipulations, *KISS OF THE VAMPIRE* (1962)



at first seems like just another run-of-the-mill vampire flick. But, while *VAMPIRE*'s story is more straightforward, it still has its share of unexpected shocks. After the jolting scene at the cemetery in Chapter One ("A Grave-Side Ceremony"), wherein Professor Zimmer (Clifford Evans) pays his respects to his recently deceased daughter, we are introduced to Gerald and Marianne Harcourt (Edward De Souza and Jennifer Daniel), young honeymooners stranded in a small Bavarian town and forced to spend the night at a local inn.

It's not long before the Harcourts' presence gets the attention of Dr. Ravna (Noel Willman) and his children, Carl (Barry Warren) and Sabena (Jacquie Wallis), the reclusive residents of an isolated chateau on the edge of town. Jaded aristocrats on the surface, the Ravnas are actually the vampiric leaders of a blood-sucking cult who set their fangs on

Marianne as a new recruit

There is the occasional scratch on the print, but this is minor. The excellent side break comes after Chapter 18 (caustically titled "The Party's Over"), with a fade out on Gerald Harcourt stumbling away in confusion from the Ravna's chateau. *KISS OF THE VAMPIRE* is shown in a 1.66:1 aspect ratio, which gives viewers a slightly larger picture than *NIGHTMARE*. The CAV function on Side 4 allows you to witness the rubber-bat finale frame by frame.

Both *NIGHTMARE* and *VAMPIRE* have their original trailers located at the end of each flick. Because of space limitations, however, the photo collections for both films can be found after *NIGHTMARE*.

Packaged in handsome gatefolds, with liner notes by Tom Weaver, both *PHANTOM OF THE OPERA*/ *PARANOIAC* and *NIGHTMARE*/ *KISS OF THE VAMPIRE* make for a couple of double features that Hammer fans will want to nail.

**THE ABOMINABLE DR. PHIBES & DR. PHIBES RISES AGAIN!
WIDESCREEN EDITION
DOUBLE FEATURE**
Orion Home Video/
Image Entertainment
4 Sides CLV
\$49.95

I agree with many that Vincent Price's performances in the classic AIP Poe films directed by Roger Corman were superb, but I've always considered *THE ABOMINABLE DR. PHIBES* (1971) and its sequel, *DR. PHIBES RISES AGAIN!* (1972), my all-time favorite Price movies. Happily, Orion Home Video and Image Entertainment have brought these two camp classics out on laserdisc in a special letterboxed, double-feature edition. Unhappily, the discs are not without problems.

In the first film, *THE ABOMINABLE DR. PHIBES*, Inspector Trout (Peter Jeffery) of Scotland Yard is baffled by a series of gruesome murders—each using as its inspiration the biblical plagues that cursed the Pharaoh of ancient Egypt. When Trout realizes that all the murder victims were doctors who once served on a specific surgical team, he contacts Dr. Vesalius (Joseph Cotten), their former chief surgeon, who will be a likely target. (Cotten turns in a good perf as the good doc.)

Going over his records, Vesalius comes across the case of Dr. Anton Phibes (Price) and his lovely wife, Victoria, who were involved in a terrible auto accident. Phibes has been hideously scarred for life, resulting in his having to wear a mask of his former face, nor is he able to speak without the aid of an elaborate device plugged into the side of his throat. Victoria died on the operating table. Faking his own death, Phibes seeks vengeance on the surgeons who "killed" his beloved wife.

Both *PHIBES* films are directed with stylish flair by Robert Fuest, who presents the Doctor's devilish deeds in a high-spirited, campy manner recalling the original *AVENGERS* and *BATMAN* TV series. Phibes takes incredibly intricate—and ingenious—measures to kill his victims, aided by his beautiful, solemn faced sidekick, Vulnavia (Virginia North).

Starting at Chapter 35 on Disc 3, *DR. PHIBES RISES AGAIN* opens with our hero awakening from a three-year snooze to begin a ruthless search for a special elixir that will restore Victoria to life. This fun sequel, which quickly transfers the action to Egypt, gives Price a worthy opponent in Robert Quarry (best known as Count Yorga). Peter Jeffery and John Carter reprise their comic roles as Inspector Trout and his superior, Waverly. Valli Kemp plays Vulnavia this time, but while she does a decent job, she's not half as memorable as her predecessor. Peter Cushing appears all too briefly as a ship's captain. Also, look for *MORSE* star John Thaw as an archeologist who gets pecked to death by one of Phibes' fiendish feathered friends.

Image has spread both films over the four sides of two discs in CLV. *THE ABOMINABLE DR. PHIBES* and *DR. PHIBES RISES AGAIN!* are presented in a 1.75:1 aspect ratio. Nevertheless, some of the opening titles on the first film are cropped on the right side of the screen.

Unfortunately, the laser jacket notice (written in extremely small type) states that both films are the "musically edited home video version," which, simply translated, means the company was unwilling to pay for some music rights. The price for the viewer is great: gone is Price's priceless rendition of "Over the Rainbow" at the sequel's conclusion.

For the most part, *THE ABOMINABLE DR. PHIBES* is very scratchy,

with the audio level dropping dramatically at the beginning of Chapter 5. However, DR. PHIBES RISES AGAIN looks and sounds splendid. Great care was taken with the side



breaks of both films, utilizing a natural fade out in ABOMINABLE after Chapter 22 and electronically creating another fade after Chapter 54 for PHIBES RISES. Well done.

Despite setbacks, this laser edition of THE ABOMINABLE DR. PHIBES and DR. PHIBES RISES AGAIN still makes for an entertaining evening. My only major quibble with the two PHIBES films, really, is that Price never got a chance to make more.

MASTER OF THE WORLD

2 Sides CLV
Image Entertainment
\$59.95

Taking a break from the AIP Poe movies he made in the early 1960s, Vincent Price appeared in MASTER OF THE WORLD (1961) as Robur, a 19th century genius who tries, with the might of his remarkable airship, The Albatross, to force the world into disarmament. After a lengthy montage of old newsreel footage detailing various failed attempts at flight, MASTER OF THE WORLD finally takes off with a volcano erupting (in of all places) Pennsylvania. When an investigative party led by government agent Charles Bronson (appearing with Price for the first time since 1953's HOUSE OF WAX) descends into the volcano, they discover that it's actually a camouflaged secret base from which Robur launched the Albatross. (James Bond baddie Blo-

feld also had a base disguised as a volcano in 1967's YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE, which goes to show that Robur is not only a great inventor, but a trendsetter.)

After getting their balloon shot down by Robur's surface-to-air missiles (is this guy ahead of his time, or what?), Bronson and his merry band of heroes—who include a ham-on-wry Henry Hull as a munitions manufacturer, Mary Webster as his daughter, and David Frankham (a Price costar in 1959's RETURN OF THE FLY) as Webster's fiancé—are captured by Robur and taken aboard the Albatross. Not only do they witness the subjugation of the world through air-power, but they are also forced to eat the first airplane food in history. The horror!

Produced by James H. Nicholson and Sam Arkoff, MASTER OF THE WORLD was written by Richard Matheson, who adapted two Jules Verne novels, *Clipper of the Clouds* (1886), and *Master of the World* (1904). The creative team behind the Poe films would have been complete had Roger Corman directed, but William Witney, a veteran director from the glory days of Republic Pictures, deftly handles the reins.

With the exception of a few minute specks on the film stock, the picture is crisp and clean—though it does get a little scratchy at the start of Chapter 11. Be prepared to adjust the volume when Chapter 8 arrives, because it drops slightly at the beginning. The audio wavers a bit during Chapters 15 and 16 as well, but it didn't detract from my enjoyment of the film. After the end credits, the laser features an audio-only presentation of the film's title song in Chapter 31. With music by Les Baxter, lyrics by Lenny Addelson, and warbling by Carl Stevens, I wish I could say this song put me on cloud nine, but I'm a U-2 fan myself. All in all, though, MASTER OF THE WORLD is another excellent release from the folks at Image.

BURN, WITCH, BURN
2 Sides CLV
Image Entertainment
\$39.98

BURN, WITCH, BURN (1962) is an altogether gripping little chiller about black magic in a modern-day academic English setting. The malevolent forces of the supernatural

slowly creep into the mundane lives of rational professor Norman Taylor (Peter Wyngarde) and his wife, Tansy (Janet Blair), as they realize that someone well-versed in witchcraft is out to get them. The second of three adaptations of *Conjure Wife*, Fritz Leiber's 1943 novel, BURN, WITCH, BURN was penned by master fantasists Richard Matheson and Charles Beaumont (both veterans of the original TWILIGHT ZONE) with an uncredited George Baxt on hand for fine-tuning. The film is ably directed by Sidney Hayers, who also teamed with Baxt on the cult classic CIRCUS OF HORRORS (1960).

Presented in a letterboxed 1.75:1 aspect ratio, WITCH's black-and-white picture takes up about two thirds of your TV screen, and, with the exception of a few scratches, the image is crisp and clean. I have no complaints about the sound, either. Richard Matheson speaks about the film on the disc's analog track one.

Listening to Matheson is very engaging; it's like watching a private screening of the film with him. Not only does he reveal how the project got off the ground (he and the late Charles Beaumont, both fans of Leiber's novel, initially wrote BURN, WITCH, BURN on spec), but he also comments about the effective performance of the film's villain ("Does that woman really look nuts?") and wonders why the filmmakers chose BURN, WITCH, BURN as the film's title when CONJURE WIFE would have been a perfectly good choice.

Speaking of the title, Image's fine release includes the original British opening credits in Chapter 33. Although this footage is rather badly scratched, the viewer can see that, in England, BURN, WITCH, BURN was known as NIGHT OF THE EAGLE (In England, Wyngarde is billed above Blair and Baxt's name is included.) No matter what title it goes by, this laserdisc is highly recommended; it makes a great double feature with Elite's recent release of HORROR HOTEL (1960).

COMPULSION
2 Sides CLV
Fox Video
\$39.98

In COMPULSION (1959), two wealthy college boys named Artie Strauss (Bradford Dillman) and Judd Steiner (Dean Stockwell) are looking



for thrills. Tired of stealing small items from frat houses, they decide to prove their "superior intellects" by killing a 14-year-old boy without getting caught—in other words, by committing the perfect crime.

If this sounds familiar to crime buffs, it's because *COMPULSION* is a fictional retelling of the Leopold and Loeb murder case (the same case that inspired Alfred Hitchcock's 1948 film *ROPE*). When the historical killers were caught, their families hired renowned attorney Clarence Darrow to defend them in court. In *COMPULSION*, Orson Welles portrays a thinly (or should I say "fatly") disguised Darrow in the person of Jonathan Wilk. Despite the fact that he doesn't appear until the film's second half, Welles gives a marvelous, commanding performance that all but steals the film. Also deserving of mention are Dillman and Stockwell, who create vivid, larger-than-life killers without going over the top. Dillman is particularly chilling as the cunning manipulator. Diane Varsi, E. G. Marshall, Martin Milner, and Richard Anderson round out the superb cast.

Fox Video's laser is as good as it gets. With the exception of a few specks on the original film stock, the picture is clear and smartly letterboxed in a 2.35:1 aspect ratio, displaying William C. Mellor's black-and-white photography in all of its glory. The sound is sharp, a must for a dialogue-heavy story such as this

The side break comes after Chapter 17, in the middle of Artie's interrogation by state's attorney Horn (Marshall). Although it interrupts a tension-filled scene, by occurring during a natural beat in the conversation the side break does not cut anything out. If nothing else, it makes the viewer want to rip the disc out of the player and flip it over ASAP—at least that was how involved I was in this movie. Chapter 32 contains the original theatrical trailer.

Ironically, despite much critical and audience acclaim, *COMPULSION* was removed from distribution shortly after its release. Nathan Leopold, paroled in 1958, sued the movie's producers—as well as Meyer Levin, the author of the novel on which the film is based—for invasion of privacy. It wasn't until 1968 that the court ruled against Leopold by declaring the Chicago "Thrill-Killers" case to be in the public domain, thus making *COMPULSION* once again available to the public.

lock Holmes story. This version is taken from the Granada TV series starring Jeremy Brett as Holmes and Edward Hardwicke as Dr. Watson.

In the desolate, foggy landscape of Dartmoor lurks a monstrous beast that glows like a phantom and has an appetite for members of the Baskerville family. Dismissing the curse, Sir Henry Baskerville (Kristoffer Tabori) plans to take up residence at the old homestead. His concerned physician, Dr. Mortimer (Neil Duncan), consults Mr. Sherlock Holmes—and the game is afoot.

Though many mystery fans think that this is not the definitive version of *HOUND*, it does have Jeremy Brett, which makes it good enough for me. (It also has a superb performance by Hardwicke, who actually has more screen time on this particular outing than Brett.) With the exception of a few scratches at the very beginning, the picture is bright and clear. Throw in a faultless sound mix and the nose on this *HOUND* has a very healthy cold and wet feel to it. The side break comes when a frustrated Watson, sent to protect Sir Henry while his companion remains in London, mutters: "I wish Holmes were here. Why the devil won't he come?"

With the sad passing of Jeremy Brett, we can at least take comfort in the fact that his superior portrayal of the world's greatest detective will live on for new generations to discover. Rumor has it that MPI will soon release on laser *THE MEMOIRS OF SHERLOCK HOLMES*, the final series shot by Granada TV shortly before Brett's death. I hope it's one "legend" based in fact. But it would really be ideal if the entire series were released on laser, two episodes per disc, so that fans can enjoy the definitive Sherlock Holmes on the definitive (for now) home entertainment medium.



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Sides 1 & 2: CLV
MPI Home Video
\$49.98

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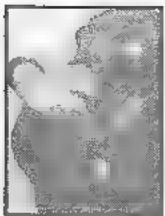
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A LITTLE MORE FRIGHT MUSIC

by Richard Scrivani

For any fan of Horrordom's Golden Age with an ear for music, the wait for recordings of the scores from Universal's heyday has been interminable. We've been blessed with ample coverage of Franz Waxman's *BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN* (1935) through the years, possibly due to its accessibility (the orchestrations being available on paper) and a melodic structure rich even to the non-horror listener's ear. But, for the longest time, that was about it.



Then, almost two years ago, a CD entitled *MUSIC FOR FRANKENSTEIN* quietly found a home in select record stores, stirring enough interest for its label, Marco Polo, to authorize the recordings of two more CDs—the first offering up a smorgasbord of suites from three of the mainstays of Universal's second cycle: *SON OF FRANKENSTEIN* (1939), *THE INVISIBLE MAN RETURNS* (1940), and *THE WOLF MAN* (1941), the second devoting the entirety of its precious hour to practically every note of *HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN* (1944).

The composers represented in these collected works include Hans Salter, Frank Skinner, Charles Previn, and Paul Dessau. The craftsmen behind the recreation are John Morgan, reconstructionist, and Bill Stromberg, conductor. The artistry of Morgan and Stromberg has preserved for all time the seminal music that spread out, over, and into most of the horror thrillers the studio made in the 1940s.

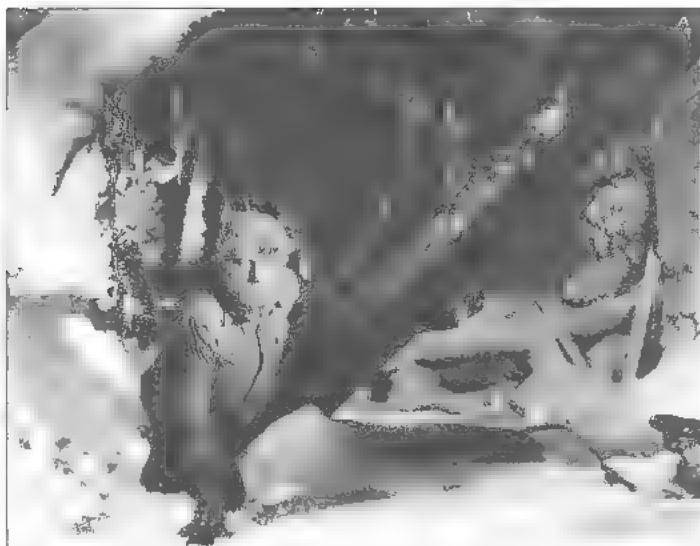
The fact that Morgan and Stromberg have overseen every aspect of this project has proven providential, because some of the cues on both discs could have been legitimately omitted, having been penned for previous movies. For *HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN*, Morgan felt that such cues as the entire "Ice Cavern" arrangement and "Travels" theme (composed for Larry Talbot and Ma-leva's jaunt to Vasaria from 1943's *FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLF MAN*) should be rendered as they were in the earlier film instead of in the abridged versions heard in *HOUSE*.

As for the music itself, the intimacy with which Morgan knows these themes comes through resoundingly. The orchestra and acoustics in this Moscow-based recording are superb, giving the listener an even fuller, denser sound than in the previous *MUSIC FOR FRANKENSTEIN* compact disc. Morgan has even re-created the Universal "globe" intro theme to herald the main titles of all four films, and supervised the recording sessions in Moscow.

"Being there, you can hear the interpretation, correct wrong notes, and instill in the orchestra the style and "fun" of the music," Morgan cheerfully reports. "It really is fun music to play; the musicians really enjoyed playing it. Bill Stromberg is so wonderful; he has an affinity for this music, which has already made it a hundred times better than the previous recording. Bill and I studied the music and I made him look at the films more times than he probably would have on his own."

A more bizarre note to all the "fun" was struck one day when half of the orchestra somehow wound up reading from the wrong cue sheets! "Half of them were playing these high trills from *HOUSE* while the rest were playing the deep opening notes from *SON*! It was like a Charles Ives circus piece for a minute," laughs Morgan. The outtake, to everyone's relief, was promptly erased.

As for the "suite" disc, the problem of covering three titles for which a substantial amount of music was composed was solved by including most or all of the themes



PREVIOUS PAGE. Glenn finds it a little Strange that Marco Polo took so long to release the stunning new recording of **HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN** (1944). LEFT: Werewolf on Ice! RIGHT: Thanks to Boris Karloff and J. Carroll Naish, George Zucco is not going to Reigelberg!

while limiting the repetition which is usually present in horror scores. The hearts of these scores has been captured in 75 minutes of playing time, close to the limit for a compact disc.

In **SON OF FRANKENSTEIN**, two beautiful cues have been included which were never repeated in any other films: the reading of his father's letter by Wolf Von Frankenstein, and Inspector Krogh's tale explaining the horrific events leading to the loss of his right arm. Both pieces are practically buried beneath dialogue in the film itself, so that much of the orchestration can be heard here for the first time.

THE WOLF MAN contains music omitted from the film's final cut in the cue "Bela's Funeral," the sorrowful lament which culminates in the familiar viola strains behind Maleva's prayer over her son's coffin. Enthusiasts may spot some reused music from **MAN MADE**

MONSTER (1941) in "The Telescope," and advanced Universal musicologists will even recognize a theme written by Frank Skinner for **HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES** (1940).

Music missing from the release version is also present in **INVISIBLE MAN RETURNS**, making every suite (like a good cast at Universal) worth repeating. While it is difficult to forecast the future for such a bold endeavor, it seems safe to assume that more rare horror scores will be forthcoming if recordings such as these are supported by fandom and (hopefully) the public at large. Whatever follows, with the release of these two discs the major genre music of 1940s Universal finds itself amply represented.

Richard Scrivani is a regular contributor to Scarlet Street and played the monster in the Scarlet Street TV ad.



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Attention, Jeremy Brett fans!

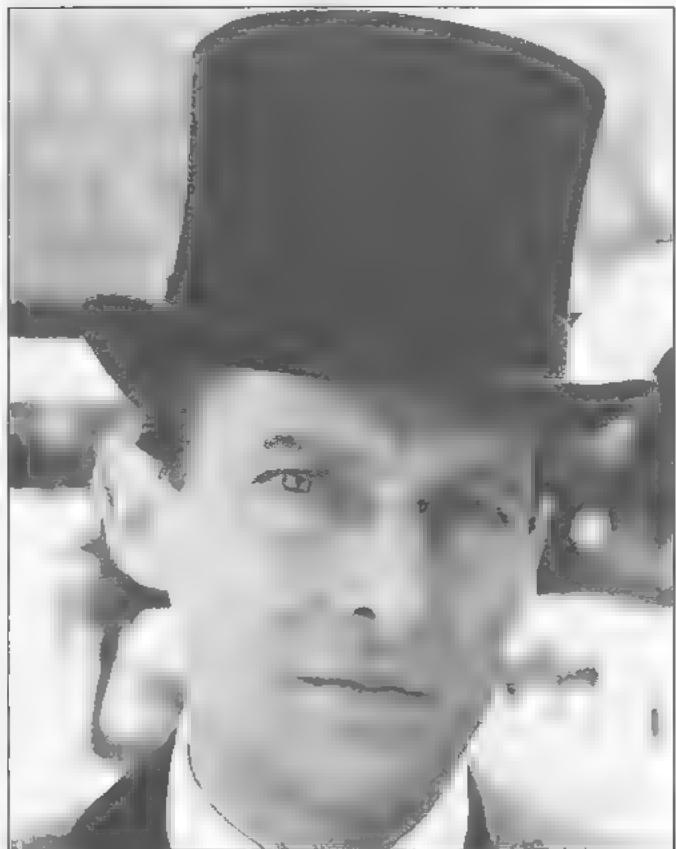
Last issue, we ran the first installment of what sadly turned out to be Jeremy Brett's final interview. Mr. Brett, who had kept the name of Sherlock Holmes alive for more than a decade on televisions the world over, had phoned *Scarlet Street*'s publisher, Jessie Lilley, to add a few choice comments to an interview conducted earlier in 1995 by David Stuart Davies.

"Anyhow, my love, thanks for all your help and encouragement," Jeremy Brett had said as that last conversation with Jessie drew to a close. "Much love to everyone at *Scarlet Street*, and take care of yourself and all your endeavors."

It had been our intention to run the final part of *DANCING IN THE MOONLIGHT: A LAST TALK WITH JEREMY BRETT* in this issue, along with the special tribute beginning on page 41, but we hadn't counted on the enormous outpouring of affection from Mr. Brett's friends and coworkers. Nor had we foreseen the anger of many over Mr. Brett's treatment by the British media and, indeed, the Crown.

Next issue will see the conclusion of *DANCING IN THE MOONLIGHT*, but it will hardly be Jeremy Brett's farewell to these pages. Meanwhile, we hope you enjoy the following accolades paid to "an actor, and a rare one."

—Richard Valley



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His Last Bow

The Jeremy Brett Memorial Service

November 29th 1995

by David Stuart Davies

"...the best and the wisest man whom I have ever known"

"The Final Problem"

Friends, colleagues, family, and loved ones came out in force to pay their last respects to Jeremy Brett at his memorial service on the 29th November at St. Martin in the Fields Church, Trafalgar Square. On that dark winter's day, as the afternoon was sliding into evening, we gathered in this "actor's church" to remember a remarkable man and actor. Stalwarts of the British theater world were very well represented: amongst that notable gathering were Diana Rigg, Frank Finlay, David Burke, Anna Massey, Charles Kay, Clive Morrison, Patricia Hodge, Judy Parfitt, and John Stride. The atmosphere inside the church was a strange mixture of the solemn and the frivolous, a strangely suitable concoction for a man who brought us joy and yet suffered the torture of manic depression.

Brett was a larger than life character who inspired love and affection from those he met and this was well documented by the many speakers at the service. Denis Quilley (Leon Sterndale in THE DEVIL'S FOOT) recounted an hilarious evening in the location hotel after a long day's shoot, where the irrepressible Brett became determined to serenade the crew and other diners—and did so magnificently. Penelope Keith told of a crazy Christmas with Brett as guest, when he organized a treasure hunt around the house, insisting that the game was not over until the location of the lavatory brush had been discovered!

Edward Hardwicke gave a brilliant address. It was both moving and at times hilarious. His genuine affec-

tion for and his deep friendship with Jeremy was clear to see. One point that he made, however, touched on the raw nerve that many of Brett's admirers in Britain feel. Jeremy Brett's brilliant portrayal of Sherlock Holmes, beloved and admired by the fans, has never been fully recognized by the television establishment and given its due accolade. No flashy awards were ever placed in Brett's hand. Hardwicke quoted from a newspaper article by Kevin Jackson entitled "Underrated — The Case of Jeremy Brett's Sherlock Holmes" to make this point.

It is a sad fact that this headline is true. There has not even been a Brett tribute on British television since his death, showing perhaps an old episode of the Granada series. (In the States, a short tribute was broadcast between episodes of the PBS series MYSTERY!) Now that the gallant fellow has gone to that great bar in the sky, where he is, no doubt, as you read this, cradling a glass of good wine and exchanging anecdotes with his friend Sir Robert Stephens, we can only hope that the television moguls slowly start to realize what the rest of us have known for quite some time: Jeremy Brett was exceptional as Sherlock Holmes and he is irreplaceable.

The Northern Musgraves Sherlock Holmes Society of whom Jeremy was an Honorary Member is holding a Jeremy Brett Celebration Lunch in London at the Cafe Royal on Saturday March 16th, 1996. David Burke and Edward Hardwicke have agreed to attend, work schedules permitting. Any readers of Scarlet Street who wish to attend should contact: David Stuart Davies, Overdale, 69 Greenhead Road, Huddersfield West Yorkshire HD14ER England.



Jeremy Brett Tribute photos © Granada Television Ltd. unless otherwise noted



Jeremy Brett and David Burke



The first of Jeremy Brett's two motion pictures with Audrey Hepburn was the 1956 production of **WAR AND PEACE**.

DAME JEAN CONAN DOYLE

He was charming. He was the only actor who has played Sherlock Holmes who took the trouble to get in touch with me and to come and see me. All along, he would ring me up and ask my opinion. He took criticisms extremely well. In fact, I was surprised that he didn't try and justify himself with one or two criticisms I made.

Jeremy was trying to do his very best to be faithful to my father's stories. He really tried to do that, and in rather difficult circumstances. In his performance, he was so varied because of his medical problems. He put on weight and, really, it wasn't a very good representation of Holmes. But Jeremy had such an interesting character and personality of his own that one forgave all that and realized he was still worth watching.

He was over-emotional at times, but so much more interesting than other actors who have played the part of Sherlock Holmes. He was a brave man to carry through such a very exacting part, because manic depression is a terrible illness. I think it was a great kindness in a way, that he should die at a time when he was at the height of fame and had achieved so much. His friends will miss him very much.



Dame Jean Conan Doyle

REBECCA EATON

Executive Producer, **MYSTERY!**

Jeremy was a gentle, loving man, an actor gifted with a keen intelligence, superb instincts, and a classic handsome face. He found a way to reinvent Sherlock Holmes, perfectly adapting a 19th century gentleman to charm a 20th-century television audience.

The Adventure of the Two Watsons

David Burke and Edward Hardwicke

David Burke, as the *Detroit Free Press* put it "rescued Doctor Watson from his long purgatory as Colonel Blimp." Tall, dashing, and parade-ground correct, Burke's Dr. John H. Watson was as much a revelation as Jeremy Brett's Mr. Sherlock Holmes. Here, the actor relates a story that illustrates Mr. Brett's fidelity to the Canon and the era that produced it....

David Burke: He was a delightful man. He was a great perfectionist. I mean, he carried his book of Sherlock Holmes stories around with him, almost like a Bible, and woe betide anybody who tried to alter the stories unless it was absolutely necessary for translation from the page into film. Not merely did he keep a very close eye on the dialogue remaining faithful, but also, when we were actually filming, he would concern himself, in the nicest



possible way, with making sure everybody was dressed correctly and that the action mirrored what it said in the book.

There was one occasion when we were about to do a take, and it involved quite a few extras. Just before the director was about to say, "Action," Jeremy suddenly said, "Stop! Wait a minute!" And he went over and adjusted the dress belonging to one of the extras. I mean, it was something like—he had two buttons of his waistcoat undone at the bottom whereas it should be only one. (Laughs) Then Jeremy came back and we were about to start again, "Stop!" he said, just as the director was about to start again, and off he went and adjusted somebody else. Eventually, after several false starts like this, we actually did the take and the director shouted, "Cut!" And as he did so, Jeremy said to me, "Oh! My God! I had my hat on the wrong way 'round!"

Now, considering that it was a deerstalker hat, and it looks exactly the same both ways—but no, we had to do it all over again, because Jeremy had his hat on wrong. That illustrates what a perfectionist he was. He was also a very sweet and kind and helpful man. If you're

playing Dr. Watson, you're very much second string to whoever's playing Sherlock Holmes, and it would be easy for that person to make you feel quite small. But he was always kindness himself with me. We never had a cross word the whole time we were doing it.

George Bernard Shaw once counseled the young actor Edward Hardwicke, "Don't go on the stage Edward. You would only be Cedric Hardwicke's son at best; and it's a precarious profession anyhow." Fortunately for us, the otherwise wise playwright's advice went unheeded. Hardwicke's Dr. Watson, an older, worldlier man than David Burke's, was the perfect counterpoint to Jeremy Brett's mercurial, reckless Holmes.

Edward Hardwicke: Well, I remember a million things. Where does

Continued on page 44



THE ADVENTURE OF THE TWO WATSONS

Continued from page 43

one start, really? He was a great friend and I shall miss him. Apart from any sort of friendship, I think he was a truly remarkable actor. His Holmes was unique and very much of its period. It says something about the 1980s and the 1990s. Every actor that plays the part brings something to it of his period and Jeremy actually caught, somehow, miraculously, very much our age.

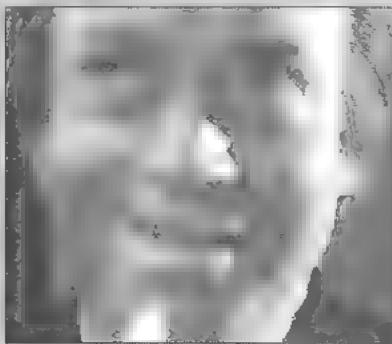
We both believed that friendship between Holmes and Watson must be rooted in humor, and in reality Jeremy made sure there was always laughter when we were working. In spite of the enormous strain his illness placed on him, he never lost his sense of joy. He had a wonderful laugh; it was infectious. The enormous list of actors and technicians who worked on the series will tell you that they never had a happier job. That was Jeremy. This, of course, was the background to a great actor giving a great performance. I shall miss him.



Jeremy Brett and Edward Hardwicke



Jeremy Brett as Freddy Eynsford-Hill in *MY FAIR LADY* (1964).



Nickolas Grace

NICKOLAS GRACE

Bertrand (THE MASTER BLACKMAILER)

Jeremy Brett had always been one of my heroes since I saw him, when I was a schoolboy in 1964, in Sir Michael Redgrave's production of *A MONTH IN THE COUNTRY*, with Redgrave and Ingrid Bergman. Just imagine that chemistry!

We both trained, more than a decade apart, at the Central School of Speech and Drama. Jeremy was always a great champion of young performers, and when I first met him in 1967 at a Central School gala, he was enthusiastic about my work and ambitions. He invited me to see the now legendary all-male *AS YOU LIKE IT* at the National Theatre, in which he played a strikingly handsome Orlando, alongside the then unknown Sir Anthony Hopkins, Sir Derek Jacobi, and Sir Robert Stephens!

I first worked with him in 1983, playing Mordred to his King Arthur in *MORTE D'ARTHUR* for BBC TV. During the shooting of our mutual deaths, he told me that I wasn't striking his helmet hard enough to be convincing. When I hit him harder on the next take, he yelled in pain, saying that the strike had knocked his contact lens into his eye. He demanded a doctor be called, and paced up and down the set, protesting that if I had blinded him, it wasn't my fault, as he had asked me to hit him harder. A true drama-queen in the best sense!

When he hadn't finished all his scenes, with a three-day overrun, he ordered the director, Gillian Lynne, down onto the studio floor. He ranted and raved at her, shouting that it was her job to ensure that everything was filmed in the allotted time. After this attack, he did a complete *vôlte face* and said in the sweetest of voices, that he had to explode to get the frustration out of his system!

He was an elegant man, always immaculately dressed in public life. We last worked together in 1992, when I was playing Cole Porter in the West End, and Jeremy suggested that I should take on the scheming French villain, Bertrand, in his *SHERLOCK HOLMES*. It was a tough schedule, as I had to commute to Manchester each day, but Jeremy was in his element, sparring intellectually with the director, Peter Hammond. One cold, clear, blue-skied morning outside Manchester Town Hall, Jeremy was reading his newspaper and was so delighted by what he read, that he stood on his chair, asked for quiet, and announced to the cast and crew that since the Gorbachev/Reagan Summit had been such a success, there was now a new world order and that all wars would cease! If only. That's how I shall always remember him—Sherlock Holmes in his great coat, standing on his chair, backed by the neo-Gothic Town Hall and a blue sky, proclaiming world peace!

The Memoirs of Mrs. Hudson

Rosalie Williams Remembers Jeremy Brett

Cast as 221B Baker Street's own Mrs. Hudson, Rosalie Williams spent 10 seasons picking up after, nursing, and occasionally facing down Jeremy Brett's Great Detective, beginning with THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES in 1984 and continuing until the final series, THE MEMOIRS OF SHERLOCK HOLMES, which recently completed its showing on the PBS series MYSTERY! (Her late costar had insisted that she appear in every one of the final six episodes.) First interviewed in *Scarlet Street* #8 (in which she expressed the hope that she would be able to film the complete Canon, finishing with "His Last Bow"), our favorite landlady recently shared a few fond thoughts with us on her warm professional and personal relationship with Mr. Brett.

Rosalie Williams: It was so unexpected, really, although he had been very ill when I last saw him, at the end of the series. He was definitely a sick man, but then he recovered somewhat, enough to do a little more work in film and so on. Ah, but what a loss. A terrible loss to the theatre! And a personal loss, because he was a very close, dear friend to me. Not just a working partner. You get to know somebody very, very closely when you're in a dressing room with them. (Laughs)

Scarlet Street: The Sherlock Holmes series wasn't the first time you worked together.

RW: We had worked in the theatre together, when we were both much younger, and he was a lovely person. He had a wonderful voice and a very great stage presence. He was so generous with everybody. The least member of the crew would be included in everything. He was a sweet person, and in some ways a sad person. He switched between great gaiety and moods of depression—but never on the set. This was

the extraordinary thing. When he was working, he was bubbling with joy and enthusiasm and drive. And it's funny—I think Sherlock kept him alive in some ways. It was an alter ego in many ways, though he often said that he didn't really like Sherlock Holmes very much, be-

and me! To a certain extent, we had to keep it in check, because the Sherlockians would have been critical if we stepped out of line. There was some criticism when he handed me the flower, but he always did it with proper Holmesian panache. With flair. With always a twinkle. I was allowed to share a glance with him, always.

SS: His death was such a shock. Of course, we knew he was terribly ill, but . . .

RW: I just feel, really, that it should never have happened. We don't know what mistakes were made along the way or what happened, but he was an extraordinary character and a beautiful man! He was such a good-looking man. It's a shame he was very ill towards the end of the series. His face puffed up with some of the drugs that he was on, and it took away the lovely aquiline look that he had as Sherlock Holmes. But there was still the truth behind it! He never did anything that was wrong in the character, I felt. He sometimes overplayed a tiny bit when he was tired.

SS: Still, it always worked. Do you miss playing Mrs. Hudson?

RW: I miss it. I miss Mrs. Hudson very, very much. I got to love her very much. Once I was on the set, I was her and it was my room and everything had

to be just so. I flooded into her with great ease and great pleasure. And I was never a Sherlockian! I mean, I'm not a fan club member at all! But I certainly loved playing that part as an actress.

SS: Well, you've left a rich legacy for Sherlock Holmes fans. You and David Burke and Edward Hardwicke and, of course, Jeremy Brett . . .

RW: It's so kind of you to say so. I certainly was very, very sad about Jeremy. It comes over me every now and again and . . . tears well up, really.

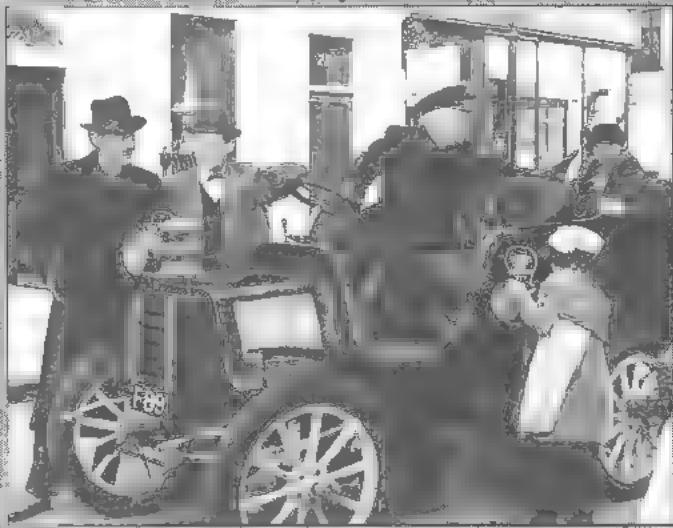


Rosalie Williams was a particular favorite of the late Jeremy Brett, who always felt that her appearances as 221B Baker Street's Mrs. Hudson enlivened an episode.

cause he was a cold character. Cold fish, he called him.

SS: He was especially happy when an episode included Mrs. Hudson.

RW: I used to call it embroidery. He used to embroider things for me in my part! There's very little in the actual writing for Mrs. Hudson, and he used to come up with lovely little inventions, little pieces, like when he gave me a flower in one episode. There were lots of moments like that, where Holmes revealed that Mrs. Hudson was so very close to him—which isn't in the stories, but is something that developed because it was Jeremy



Daniel Massey and Jeremy Brett

DANIEL MASSEY

J. Neil Gibson (*THE PROBLEM OF THOR BRIDGE*)
The best Holmes there ever was, or ever will be.



Denis Quilley



Jeremy Brett as Count Dracula

DENIS QUILLEY

Leon Sterndale (*THE DEVIL'S FOOT*)

He was a very dear man and an extraordinarily fine romantic actor—one of the few in the Barrymore mode, with the impossibly romantic profile and the technique to go with it.

The only time we actually worked together was in the *Sherlock Holmes* TV series. It was in the period after his wife had died and he was in a very fragile mental and physical state. What was very impressive to me was that, despite all this, he managed not merely to soldier on, but to give that extraordinary and electrifying performance of *Sherlock Holmes* under the most intense physical and emotional pressure. He could easily have packed it in and said, "I can't do this anymore. I'm too unhappy and too ill." Far from doing that, it even, it seems to me, deepened his interpretation of *Sherlock Holmes*.

When I was a teenager, *Sherlock Holmes* was Basil Rathbone, but Jeremy managed to bring an extra dimension to it. It was a *Sherlock Holmes* for the '80s and '90s, rather than for the '40s. It was the neurotic side of the character, the fact that he was a drug addict and a violin player and a very strange man. Jeremy brought this over with the most extraordinary sensitivity, and he did it with a very flamboyant style, which managed never quite to go over the top. Marvelous. And very rare nowadays, when realism is all the thing. To go that far and to be that romantic, that baroque, especially on television—that's something quite difficult to bring off. And he brought it off in spades, didn't he?

MICHAEL COX

Producer

Success is celebrated in America more enthusiastically than it is in England, and Jeremy relished the fact that the *Sherlock Holmes* series worked so well there. Everywhere he went, people congratulated him and were very forthcoming about what they thought of the series. Usually it was complimentary, and he enjoyed that enormously.

I must say, I enjoyed it, too. I was with him in America during the launch of the second series on PBS, and it was tremendous to walk down a street in New York and see posters on all the bus stops. People would say hello to him in the street and so forth. Now that Jeremy's gone, it's great to think how vividly his work was appreciated in your country.

JEREMY PAUL Playwright

During the run of *THE SECRET OF SHERLOCK HOLMES*, there was one abiding memory. The star's dressing room door was always left open. Jeremy called it the Green Room—and at any time you could wander in and find people—the mighty and the lowly—completely at their ease. He had time for everyone—to laugh with, to share a glass of champagne or simply to listen to their troubles over a cup of tea. Writing, as we know, is a solitary business, and one of my great pleasures at that time was to drop in at Wyndham's Theatre and share the warmth. It was always stimulating to be with Jeremy. His interests spread far and wide. He identified strongly with those moments when Conan Doyle allowed Holmes to speculate on the broader issues of life. The Board schools of Clapham, seen from the train. "Lighthouses, Watson. Beacons of the future . . . out of which will spring a wiser, better England." You could see these buildings, still standing today, from the roof of Jeremy's apartment. He was always concerned for the welfare of the children of his friends and ever ready to give them a helping hand with their dreams and ambitions.

He relished also the philosophical moments in the Canon. The "rose" speech from "The Naval Treaty" was a particular favourite—and he carried forward the notion with total conviction that Holmes was speaking for the end of our 20th century as well as his own. He

succeeded in making Holmes a hero for all times and often spoke of the actor who would next take on the mantle. Daniel Day Lewis was his quiet nomination. For an actor of such extraordinary charisma, he was completely without vanity. This may seem an odd observation, but I'm talking about vanity within his own life, not to be confused with his stage daring, which on some nights would simply take your breath away—and he never, ever lost sight of the truth.

He has been described as the last of a romantic breed of actor. I don't hold with this. I think he simply kept a torch for it burning while the style was briefly out of fashion. Now it is blazing back with actors such as Anthony Sher, Day Lewis, Ralph Fiennes, and others. Much has been written about the dark side of his soul and I have no inclination to dwell on that—except to say that he used it skillfully and intuitively to enrich the character of Holmes in a manner that, I believe, Conan Doyle

himself would have admired. At times it was a safety valve—a release of pressure, and we—his friends and his audience—reaped the benefit.

This last summer was a difficult time for him. The hot London weather increased his breathing difficulties and he was doubting whether he could work again. "I'm running out of puff," he said on the phone, just a few weeks before his death. Somewhere I am relieved that he was spared a long and debilitating retirement, but it doesn't make his loss any easier to bear. I'm missing a true friend and an inspiration in my life.



Jeremy Brett and Edward Hardwicke congratulate Jeremy Paul on his Edgar Award.

Photo: David Stuart Davies



JUNE WYNDHAM DAVIES Producer

Well, it's very hard to talk about Jeremy. We were so closely associated for such a long time. It's hard to believe that he's no longer here.

All of us knew that he was ill when we were doing the last series, and that it wouldn't take long. He needed a heart transplant, but it was an impossible operation because, with the emphysema, one couldn't operate.

Jeremy believed that an actor had to have the body of an athlete and the voice of an orchestra—and as his health deteriorated, and he had to take pills which made him put weight on, he became sad about himself, really. His voice also was losing its bright, hard, lovely quality and becoming very slight. It was very difficult for him.

He was a brilliant actor. Apart from the fact that Sherlock Holmes was a splendid characterization, he was a marvelous actor in other parts, too.

Jeremy Brett and Edward Hardwicke during the filming of *THE LAST VAMPYRE*.

PATRICIA HODGE

Lady Hilda Trelawney Hope (THE SECOND STAIN)

I considered it one of the great privileges of my career to have worked with Jeremy Brett and, most particularly, in his portrayal of Sherlock Holmes, which was his crowning glory and, as I think has been universally acknowledged, a definitive interpretation of such a great character.

Mr. Brett was well into his stride when I played my particular episode with him, and I shall never forget his complete absorption in the role, his meticulous attention to detail, his knowledge of every appropriate prop and artifact on the set and his acquaintance with each of these that he used as if he were living then and not now. He also had a stunning concentration, which was so electrifying on camera, and which spellbound audience and participants alike, as one could almost tangibly feel the mind of the Great Detective at work at twice the speed of lightning.

He was also, as it happens, the most enchanting man in real life and, for a short while, we romanced about playing a show together that I had already done, about the life of Noel Coward and Gertrude Lawrence, in New York, where a producer very much wanted to put the two of us. Sadly, Jeremy's illness got in the way and it was never to be, but it was very exciting to do the initial work on it with him, and I am sure he would have been as brilliant at playing the Master as he was as Sherlock Holmes.



Jeremy Brett and Patricia Hodge

STEFANIE POWERS

I am happy to be counted as one of Jeremy's friends . . . for indeed I loved him, too!

He was a prince . . . sometimes a princess, but always among the crowned heads of theater and film!

Among his sterling performances was one of his best roles . . . that of friend . . . he was my cheerleader and I miss him more than I can say.

Good night . . . and goodbye, my prince!



Jeremy Brett and Patrick Allen

CHARLTON HESTON

Sherlock Holmes (THE CRUCIFER OF BLOOD)

Jeremy Brett was not only a fine actor, but also a gentleman and a consummate professional. I had the great pleasure of working with him in Paul Giovanni's CRUCIFER OF BLOOD, in which he played a superb Watson to my Holmes. Watson has a unique function in that play; he falls in love with the woman who turns out to be the villain. Jeremy handled all this with wit, and exquisite taste. Later on, of course, he had a triumph as the Great Detective in the Granada series in which he starred so memorably. We'll all miss him as a man and an actor.



Jeremy Brett, Suzanne Lederer, and Charlton Heston in the Los Angeles stage production of THE CRUCIFER OF BLOOD.

Jeremy Brett returns in The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes

Yes, it's the final six thrilling episodes of Jeremy Brett and Edward Hardwicke as the legendary Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson. Available complete and uncut for the first time in these pages. You won't want to miss a single one of the following stories:

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Jeremy Brett and Edward Hardwicke on stage in Jeremy Paul's **THE SECRET OF SHERLOCK HOLMES**.

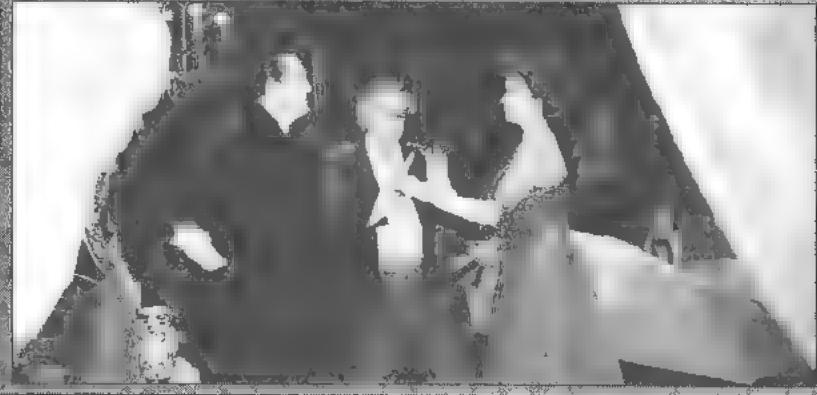
PETER HAMMOND
Director

It takes me by surprise when somebody dies suddenly. It takes quite a while before you get to grips with it, doesn't it? I made about seven Sherlock Holmes films with Jeremy, and 30 years ago he played D'Artagnan for me in **THE THREE MUSKETEERS**. I remember, I was told by my bosses that I was to get somebody who was very physically attractive to play the leading roles in the classic serials, and Jeremy was then playing **DORIAN GRAY**. So I asked him to do **THE THREE MUSKETEERS**.

I worked with him, really, over the length of his career. It was very good to return to work with him after all those years, having worked with him when he was a very beautiful young man. Well, he played Dorian Gray! In the way that he was the best Sherlock Holmes, he was also the best Dorian Gray, which people are inclined to forget.

He brought deep feeling to the way he played Sherlock Holmes. He was the last of that sort of actor. He was a person who could overplay, what we call overacting, but he did it with feeling. You could say that there's no such thing as overfeeling, there's only overacting—but Jeremy, if anything, was overfeeling.

Now that he's not with us anymore, I hope they use **THE MAZARIN STONE** as the last episode. In that show, he actually says he's going on a journey to the high places. He may be gone for some time, he says. It would be good if that was the last one. It would be his way of saying goodbye....



ANNA CALDER MARSHALL

Helena Northcote

(THE ELIGIBLE BACHELOR)

He was very generous; he wasn't just locked in his own psyche. He was always perceiving things in other people. His generosity, vision, his enthusiasm—he was a star. I was disappointed by the obituary, because it kept on saying what he wasn't. Maybe he didn't have the chances that he should have done, but every way, in working with him, he was a star. He wasn't well when I worked with him, but that didn't prevent him from giving his all. He couldn't even hold me in his arms very long. The director couldn't ask him to hold the take, because he just dropped down. But he always gave his best, however he was feeling.

My husband, David Burke, was his first Dr. Watson. Jeremy was such a very dear friend to David; they had a very special relationship.

I was talking to Edward Hardwicke, who was in France when he heard about the death, saying how sorely we'll miss him. He said, "He was a genius. Some times the director would say, 'Would you do so and so?'" And Edward would think, "How can you do that?" And Jeremy would do it in a gesture!

There was something like Garbo about him. Her face was never blank. So many thoughts would pass over her face, but subtly. It was packed in, it was rich—and that's what I thought about Jeremy.



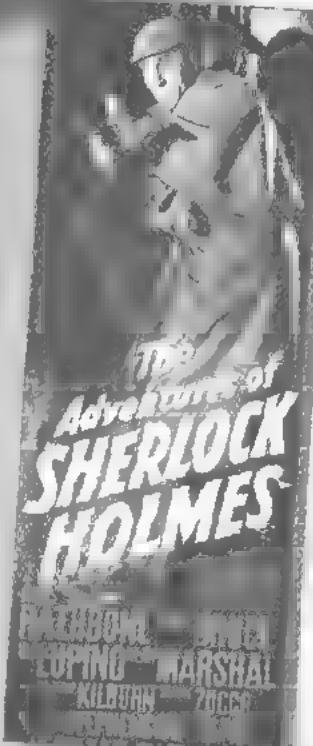
Anna Calder Marshall

Jeremy Brett and Claudine Auger being directed by Peter Hammond for **THE MEMOIRS OF SHERLOCK HOLMES** episode "The Three Gables."

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© EBC, 1976
Jeremy Brett (as Lord Henry Wotton) and Peter Firth (as Dorian Gray) in a 1976 BBC production of Oscar Wilde's **THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY**.

SIMON WILLIAMS

Lord St. Simon (THE ELIGIBLE BACHELOR)
The last time I saw Jeremy was when they recorded Edward Hardwicke on **THIS IS YOUR LIFE**. It was after a very tiring day of filming and we all flew up to spring the surprise on Ted. Jeremy was obviously tired at the end of a long schedule, but he came on and was just so wonderful. The love he had for Ted was very, very special. He recognized, I think, the way every great star performer realizes, that he could only be that great backed up by someone as dear and diligent as Edward Hardwicke. It was very touching, indeed. He was just so full of love for Ted.

It's difficult, when you've been playing a part for 10 years, to summon up the energy to make all the guest artists feel welcome. And he always did. I think he knew that Sherlock Holmes was a role that actors like him would want; he recognized that I would really rather like the role. He told me how good he thought I would be at it. I said, "I don't think anyone wants to play it after you." He said, "But you'd like to have a go at it." And I said, "Yes, I would!"

He was an object lesson in how a part gets under one's skin. It did affect his life, and conversely, he gave Sherlock Holmes a new life. They gave each other life.

It's disgraceful that this shining performance, this definitive Sherlock Holmes of Jeremy Brett's, went without any acknowledgment at all in the honor system. It makes the whole thing meaningless to me. Here was a performance that was the biggest program that Granada ever had. A huge exporter for England. An actor who'd worked in all the major companies and done major films and had this 10-year triumph—and he never got rewarded. It is a disgrace.

Peter Wyngarde in **THE THREE GABLES**

PETER WYNGARDE

Langdale Pike (THE THREE GABLES)

I'm terribly upset, because I just think it's so sad when people with talent go. Apart from Jeremy being a friend, I just think it's so ghastly.

I knew Jeremy for a very long time, but I'd never worked with him until I was asked to do a guest appearance in this particular episode. What I found absolutely fascinating was his hold on the whole production. He'd become *Sherlock Holmes*—totally and utterly, he'd become this man. It was quite extraordinary. He had this wonderful ability to know what was good for the series and what wasn't, and he always hit the nail on the head.

The character I played was this critic and gossip monger, who wrote a newspaper column. Jeremy evolved this character. He said, "Look, Holmes and Pike obviously went to the same school, and we were both contemporaries, and I was the one who was the intellectual and the scholar. We also went to the same University, so we've that kind of friendship." It was wonderful, because you immediately got a three-dimensional character going. And this was entirely due to Jeremy.

Sherlock Holmes is a character written by a famous author, and Jeremy stuck to it in a most extraordinary way, although he made him quirky. He became the part, which sometimes happens. I'll never forget Larry Olivier and Vivien Leigh. They did *RICHARD III* and *OEDIPUS REX* on stage, and he was doing the film of *HAMLET* at the same time. I remember Vivien saying, "I always knew which part Larry was playing that day by the way he behaved at breakfast!" And it's true! This is absolutely true of actors. It's quite extraordinary, because you become that person. No matter what you do, your whole day is devoted to that person, and it's quite frightening. If it's a boulevard play, there's no problem, but if you're playing Hamlet you're looking around for your dad all day.

Jeremy's absolute dedication was phenomenal. It was not selfish. It wasn't for him, it wasn't for Jeremy Brett—it was for *Sherlock Holmes*. Nothing to do with him at all.



Photo: David Stewart/Opus

Stalking The Blue-Chip Nightmare: The Two Legacies of Cornell Woolrich

by Ronald Dale Garmon

"And do not gaze too long into an abyss, lest the abyss also gaze into thee."

—F. W. Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil*

Cornell Woolrich (1903-68), a lonely, tortured, alcoholic homosexual and inventor of the modern suspense novel, was celebrated both in his lifetime and beyond for his bitter, conscience-wracked tales of murder, paranoia, and existential despair set in an ugly, carnivorous urban landscape. The author of such influential genre works as *The Bride Wore Black* (1940), *The Black Angel* (1943), *Phantom Lady* and *Night has a Thousand Eyes* (both 1945), *Waltz Into Darkness* (1947), and *I Married a Dead Man* (1950), wrote, according to a scrawled apologia found among his few papers, because he was trying to "cheat death"—"I was trying to surmount for a little while the darkness that all my life I surely knew was going to come rolling in to obliterate me." His biographer, Francis M. Nevins Jr., describes an awkward and sensitive boy who grew, under the domination of his mother, Claire (Tarler) Woolrich, into awkward, furtive adulthood. "Con" went to great lengths to conceal his sexual preferences and personal history from those few contemporaries he allowed to come near him. *Scarlet Street* recently spoke with Sheldon Abend, noted lawyer and attorney for the Woolrich estate, and what he had to say sheds some light on the writer's eccentric behavior and Hollywood's intermittent legal battles. It is also a reminder that the politics of a dead writer's literary

reputation are not nearly so complex as the struggle for that same writer's bankbook.

Woolrich and his mother lived out their lives in the plushly-appointed anonymity of a variety of New York hotels and, when Claire died in 1957, he began to disintegrate. His scattered friends and associates recall seeing him, a wan, gently drunken "ghost," haunting bars and hotel lobbies. Woolrich contracted gangrene from an ill fitting shoe in 1967 and the Edgar Award-winning writer was watching it blacken "to charcoal" when hotel staff alerted a physician. When Woolrich died the next year, only five people came to the Frank E. Campbell funeral home to view the body. One represented Chase Manhattan Bank, the executor and trustee of the Woolrich estate.

Woolrich died with books in print. His mother, who according to Abend had "mysterious sources of income," left her only son well over a million dollars. He established the Claire Woolrich Memorial Scholarship Fund at his alma mater, Columbia University, "to be used for the education of deserving college or graduate students who are interested in entering a career in writing." It is worth noting that Woolrich's professors actively discouraged the young man from pursuing a literary career. Within a few years of the writer's demise, Chase Manhattan retained Sheldon Abend to represent the estate and, in his words, "to search for assets outside the scope of the estate on a fifty-fifty basis."

This brief would take Abend many curious places, not the



Cornell Woolrich



Grace Kelly and James Stewart starred in Alfred Hitchcock's **REAR WINDOW** (1954), without a shadow of a doubt the best movie version of a Cornell Woolrich story.

least being the mind of the master of *roman noir*. "I became like one of the characters in his books. I took on his personality. I took on his habits." Abend read *Blues of a Lifetime* (1991), the writer's then-unpublished memoir, and later arranged for Lawrence Block to complete *Into the Night* (1987), a final novel that had received Woolrich's fitful attention in his last decade. Both were eventually published (along with Francis Nevins' 1988 study, *Cornell Woolrich: First You Dream, Then You Die*) when interest in Woolrich began to revive in the late 1980s. Abend's personal and legal connection with the dead novelist would lead him to both the U. S. Supreme Court and the Woolrich family crypt.

Woolrich's story, "It Had to Be Murder" (first published in the February, 1942 issue of *Dime Detective*) was the basis for **REAR WINDOW** (1954), a classic film noir and yet another confirmation of Alfred Hitchcock's status as a Pantheon Director. The story's option was picked up by Patron, Inc., a production company formed by Jimmy Stewart and Alfred Hitchcock. The original creator got "about a grand" for the option, according to Abend, and had to do without an invitation to the New York premiere. Woolrich died before obtaining the renewal rights, which then devolved to Chase Manhattan Bank and the "successor in interest," Sheldon Abend. The lawyer convinced Chase to reassign the renewal rights to him for \$650 and 10 percent of all proceeds from its exploitation.

When **REAR WINDOW** was broadcast on ABC in 1971, Abend notified Hitchcock, Stewart, and MCA Inc that they had infringed upon his copyright. The owners of the film ignored Abend and made ready for a second broadcast over the same network in 1974. Abend then sued the three, but eventually settled for a relatively meager \$25,000.

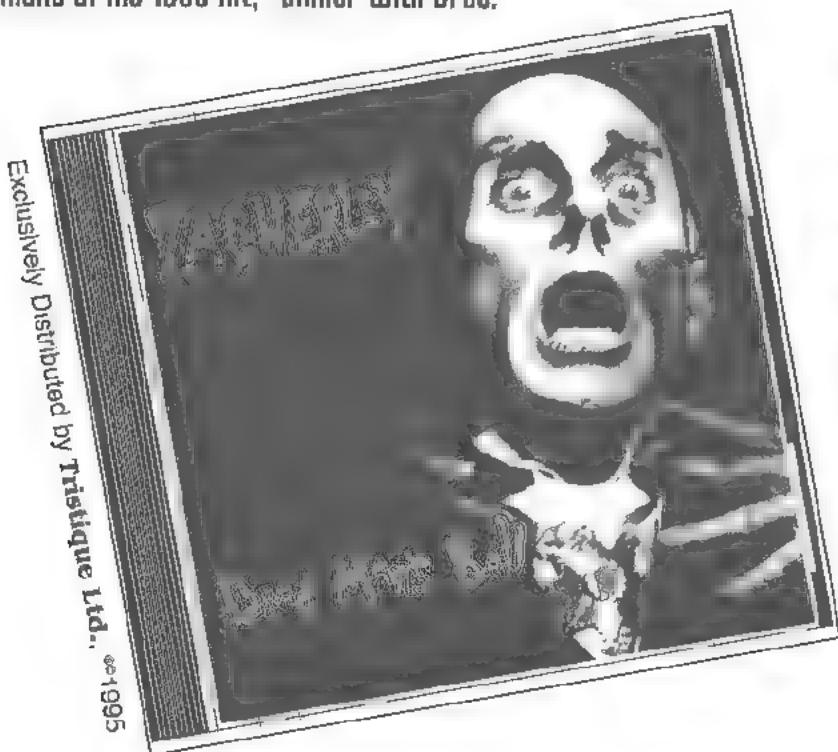
The Copyright Act of 1976 offered another chance and the assiduous Mr. Abend took it. The Act expanded and clarified the legal definition of a "derivative work" and the lawyer brought suit when **REAR WINDOW** was rereleased in cinemas and on videotape and laserdisc. He argued that any rerelease infringed his copyright in "It Had to Be Murder" because the owner's right to use the story lapsed when Woolrich died without transferring the renewal rights to them. Abend also averred that the owners of **REAR WINDOW** interfered with his prerogative as copyright holder by quashing a deal with HBO to produce a television version of the story. Stewart/Hitchcock/MCA took the position that neither Abend nor HBO could title the abortive project **REAR WINDOW** or **IT HAD TO BE MURDER**. The owners of the film also attempted to sell the sequel rights without Abend's permission. The suit, which reached the U. S. Supreme Court in the 1989 October term as *Stewart v. Abend*, spelled rout for the owners of **REAR WINDOW** (officials at MCA's legal department declined to answer *Scarlet Street's* questions

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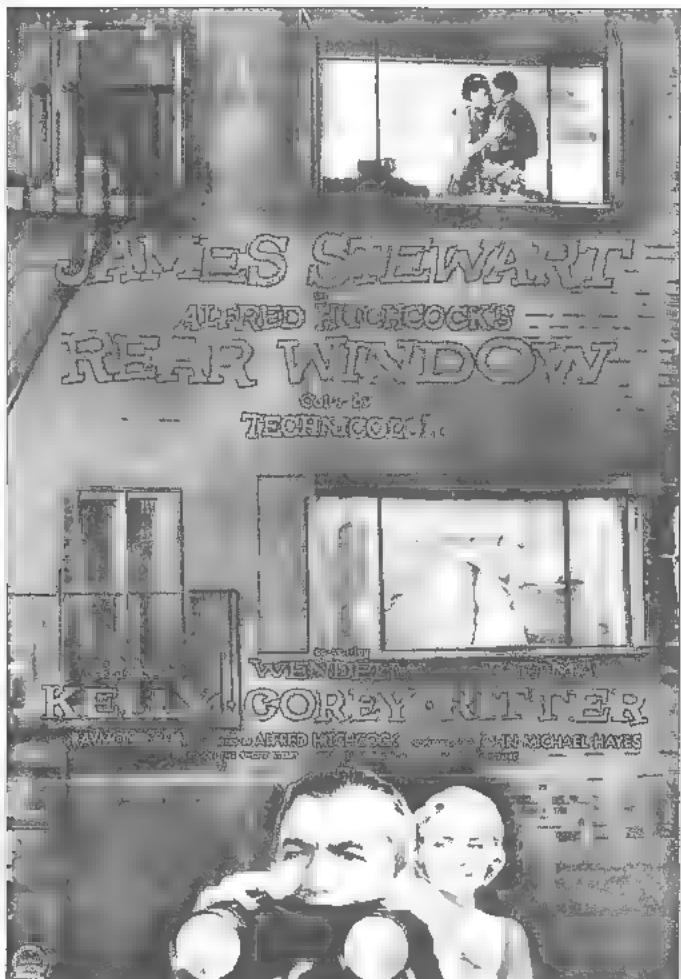
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on the matter), as the Court held for Abend in a 6-3 decision. In typically lofty fashion, the Court did not perceive the case as a squabble over money, but as a chance to affirm, among other things, "the artist's right to control the work during the term of copyright protection." That the artist in question was quite dead by the time the decision was announced in 1990 was an irony the Court didn't officially ponder.

The case is instructive also to film scholars for the insight it offers into the Master of Menace himself. In a deposition taken by Abend for the trial, Alfred Hitchcock claimed that he never even read Woolrich's original story, snorting "I don't read cheap trash detective novels." This bit of auteurist arrogance is perhaps unremarkable in itself, particularly when one remembers even worse conceits by

other revered filmmakers (such as Fellini, who once told Oriana Fallaci that he never read anything). What is truly illustrative is Hitchcock's flat assertion that he

stood over screenwriter John Michael Hayes, who also wrote *THE TROUBLE WITH HARRY*, *TO CATCH A THIEF* (both 1955), and the 1956 version of *THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH* for the director, and "gave him the words" to *REAR WINDOW*. (For Hayes' version, see page 80.) Leaving aside the insult to a gifted scenarist and granting the truism that Woolrich and Hitchcock had similar thematic obsessions, the possibility that both men conceived the same story independently of each other seems remote to the point of surrealism.

Hollywood interest in Woolrich's story has been piqued recently, perhaps as a result of the publicity surrounding the suit. Another film based on *I Married a Dead Man* is now in production for Tri-Star with Ricki Lake and Shirley MacLaine. The long-planned sequel to *REAR WINDOW* is in development with a script by Harvey Brower, based on an idea by Abend. The lawyer was guarded as to details of the story, but let *Scarlet Street* know that it is set 40 years after the original and involves the photographer son of the Jimmy Stewart character, a now-elderly Thorwald (the suspected murderer played by Raymond Burr in 1954), and more than one plot twist of the sort relished by genre enthusiasts. It remains to be seen if the sequel shows the same twisted inventiveness of the Woolrich original.

One suspects that the mind that fashioned such superbly cunning entertainments was certainly capable of pulling a last macabre joke, particularly on those Woolrich knew would come later to unravel, for whatever academic or pecuniary reasons, the secrets of his life and art. Abend perceived its contours in the 1980s while "taking on" Woolrich's personality.

"He bought four companion crypts in Fernwood Cemetery in 1958, 10 years before his death," paying \$1,000 each for them, notes Abend. One was for himself and his mother, an-

Continued on page 104



Family Plot

Patricia Hitchcock

interviewed by Michael Mallory

Contrary to popular belief, Patricia Hitchcock's acting career was not simply comprised of a handful of films for her father, Alfred. From the 1940s through the 1970s, the busy actress put in so many stage, radio, TV, and commercial appearances that she cannot remember them all. It is, however, her roles in "dad's" STAGE FRIGHT (1950), STRANGERS ON A TRAIN (1951), and PSYCHO (1960) for which she is best known.

Now happily retired in central California, Pat Hitchcock seems to have nothing but good memories of her years as an actress, but at the same time has no desire to return to the profession.

Born in the small English village of Sharnley Green in 1928 (her flute-like voice still occasionally betrays a touch of her native accent), the actress came to America with her family in 1939, when her father was placed under contract by David O. Selznick. Keenly aware of her father's profession ("Whereas most children would go to the office, I would go to the set," she says), Pat was bitten by the acting bug at an early age.

Like many young people, she participated in school theatricals, but unlike most, she nabbed a starring role on Broadway at the age of 13 in the play SOLITAIRE, by John Van Druten. "My father was making a movie called SUSPICION at the time and there was a woman in it called Auriol Lee, whose close friend was John Van Druten. She knew he was writing this play about a young girl and an old tramp in an arroyo in Pasadena, and she thought I would be great for the part." Lee arranged a meeting with Van Druten, who asked the novice actress to read the part so that he could make cuts in the text. "My parents said: 'That's fine, as long as she doesn't know what she's doing.'"

She did know what she was doing, though, and ended up getting the role, relocating to New York with her mother, Alma Reville Hitchcock, while her father

remained in Hollywood. But timing is everything, and the opening of the drama proved unfortunate. "That was in January of 1942, right after Pearl Harbor, and at the time only musicals and comedies were going, so it only lasted three weeks," she chuckles.

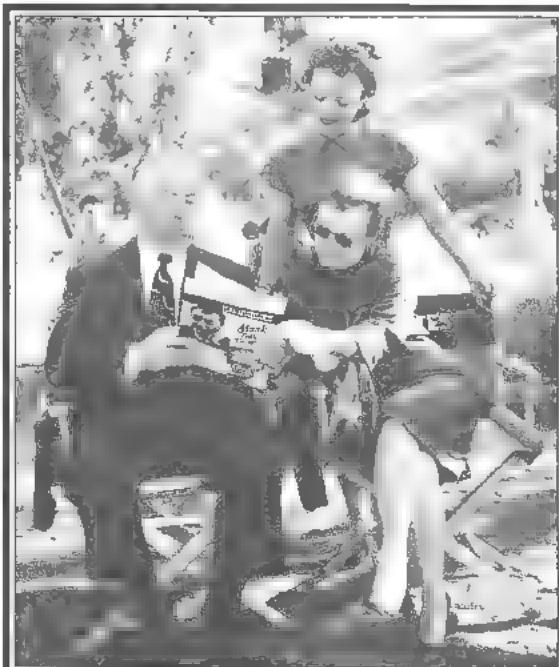
Despite her age (and the oft-told rhubarb that her father felt actors were cattle), Pat says her decision to act professionally was ultimately supported by her parents. "The only thing my father always said to me was, 'If you're going to be an actress, you have to learn your craft,'" she says. So after another Broadway venture in 1945, VIOLET, in which she again had the leading role, Pat returned to England to study at London's prestigious Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts.

Before coming back to the States, she made her film debut, in STAGE FRIGHT, directed by her father and featuring the Blonde Venus, Marlene Dietrich, for whom she has nothing but praise. "She was absolutely wonderful, one of the nicest people!" Pat exclaims. "She taught me more about camera angles and lighting and how to get your best lighting. She was technically perfect in all of that."

Pat found working with her father "very easy, because he knew exactly what he wanted and he never hired anybody unless they were right for the part."

In addition to her role as "Chubby Bannister," she had another secret role in the film. "I did the danger driving for Jane Wyman," she reveals. "They had a scene of her car tooling down by St. Paul's. At that time we wore our hair practically alike, with bangs and everything, so my father asked if I would like to do the danger driving, because they didn't want to risk Jane driving." But didn't the director mind risking his own daughter? "He knew that I could do it," she laughs.

Taken at face value, stories such as this, and a well-publicized incident that happened during the filming





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PREVIOUS PAGE: Alfred, Alma, and Patricia Hitchcock. LEFT and RIGHT: Separated at death? Guy Haines' wife (played by Laura Elliott) in 1951's *STRANGERS ON A TRAIN* looks suspiciously like his future sister-in-law (Patricia Hitchcock). Farley Granger played the confused Guy at the center of the plot.

of *STRANGERS ON A TRAIN*, have fueled reports that Alfred Hitchcock was something of an uncaring, even sadistic father, charges his daughter vehemently and angrily denies. "I was very close to him," she states.

One such rumor source has particularly incurred her ire. "Donald Spoto, against the wishes of our family, wrote this book [*The Dark Side of Genius: The Private Life of Alfred Hitchcock*, 1983], after my father already had a biography written called *Hitch*, by John Russell Taylor, which he had made me promise would be the only biography," she says. "After my father died, Donald Spoto came to me and said he wanted to write another book. I said, 'I'm sorry, Donald, I can't give you permission because I have to respect my father's wishes.' And the next thing we know this incredible synopsis has come out, including a chapter saying that he was a sadistic father, and quoting the thing from *STRANGERS ON A TRAIN*."

The incident in question involved the director's stopping a ferris wheel while his terrified daughter was on top, then wrapping the evening's shoot and walking off the set, leaving her there. But as Pat explains: "What had happened was, my mother and I went out to visit them on location, and my father, knowing I hated heights, said to me: 'How much do you want to go up in the ferris wheel?' I said, 'I'm not going up,' and he said, 'No, seriously, how much would you want to go up?' So I said, 'I'd want a hundred dollars!' So the two boys who were in the scene, Laurie Elliott, and I went up in the ferris wheel—I have a picture of us waving from the top—and they turned out the lights maybe for 20 seconds, to pretend everybody was walking away. And we all said, 'Now, let's just sit really quietly.' So we sat and we were chatting up at the top, and they turned the lights back, we got down, and the sadistic thing was I never got the hundred dollars!"

"I think it's disgusting," she adds, "that [Spoto] and these other people are trying to make money out of people who can't fight back."

She likewise explodes the rumor that her father made her audition for *STRANGERS ON A TRAIN*. "He very seldom had any experienced actors read for anything," she says. "He would run film on people; he would never demean them if they were experienced, by making them read for him." In fact, she says her association with

writer Whitfield Cook, who had authored her Broadway play *VIOLET* before adapting Patricia Highsmith's novel of *STRANGERS* for the screen, was as much responsible for her being cast as her father.

Once more she offers high marks for her costars, Robert Walker, Ruth Roman (interviewed in *Scarlet Street* #12), Farley Granger, and Leo G. Carroll. "Robert was a wonderful person," she says. "I'd known him ever since he came to Hollywood, and we'd been very good friends for many years. I became very close friends with Ruth, and I've known Farley for many years, too. And I'd also known Leo Carroll—I think he was my father's favorite actor—so it was a very pleasant experience."

In between *STAGE FRIGHT* and *STRANGERS ON A TRAIN*, Pat Hitchcock appeared in only one other film, the British-made *THE MUDLARK* (1950), starring Alec Guinness, whom she calls "just one of the nicest people I ever met." She essayed the small role of a maid to Queen Victoria, played by Irene Dunne, another acquaintance from her early years in Hollywood. She also returned to Broadway one more time in a play called *THE HIGH GROUND*, which opened for a brief run in 1951.

But it is her role in *STRANGERS ON A TRAIN* that remains Pat Hitchcock's most notable. Her "Barbara Morton" is one of the few sympathetic characters in this complex, psycho-sexual melodrama, though the actress becomes momentarily nonplussed when asked how she created the role. "You know what the character is and then you just do it," she says. "I don't delve and I am not an Actor's Studio type; I'm a very technical actress, which is what my father wanted me to be. He said 'I don't care if you think it, I don't care if you feel it, I just want to see it up on the screen.' That's what he would tell all actors."

Throughout the remainder of the decade, Pat Hitchcock appeared on television, in shows such as *SCREEN DIRECTORS PLAYHOUSE*, *CLIMAX*, *PLAYHOUSE 90*, and (of course) *ALFRED HITCHCOCK PRESENTS*. Her favorite out of many appearances on her father's anthology series was her first, a 1955 episode titled *THE VANISHING LADY*, in which she starred as a young girl whose mother mysteriously disappears from a Paris hotel. "I also remember that one because they tried to do it in two days and then decided they'd have to take three



LEFT: Pat Hitchcock played drama student Chubby Bannister in *STAGE FRIGHT* (1950). RIGHT: The classic *PSYCHO* (1960) marked Pat's last role in one of her father's films. BELOW: A TV appearance on *SUSPENSE*.

days to shoot," she notes. For a brief time in the 1950s, she also served as a liaison/story scout between the series and *Alfred Hitchcock's Mystery Magazine*.

While many of her television appearances have been forgotten ("I did too many of them"), one still stands out in her mind. It was a live broadcast of a *PLAYHOUSE 90* episode, in which she appeared with Barbara Bel Geddes, John Kerr, and, somewhat incongruously, the Kingston Trio. "We had a scene where Barbara and Jack were in the background and the Trio and I were in the front, and it was a birthday party for Barbara's daughter in the

show," she recalls. "I said: 'Let's open all your presents!' But the prop guy had forgotten to put the presents there! So I said: 'I'll bet they're in the bedroom! Let's go in the bedroom and open the presents!'" While she can laugh about the incident now, she adds that there was an important moral to the story: "You couldn't possibly do live TV unless you'd been on stage."



Her favorite medium, however, remains radio, in which she acted in "masses of radio shows, all different kinds," both in New York and Los Angeles.

Pat Hitchcock's last appearance for her father was in *PSYCHO*. Playing "Caroline," coworker of the doomed Marion Crane (Janet Leigh), she had scenes that were confined to the beginning of the picture.

Perhaps more than any other American movie, a legend has built up around the production of *PSYCHO*, with some published accounts claiming that Alfred Hitchcock knew the property was so volatile that the production was carried out in secret, and that the director went so far as to put a false title on the clapper boards. But Pat Hitchcock remembers no such trepidation, and says the notoriety *PSYCHO* ultimately surprised everyone, even her father. "The one thing we knew would shock everybody, which is exactly why it was done, was killing off the leading lady in the beginning of the film."

Another high-profile rumor, planted by graphic designer Saul Bass, who created the titles for *PSYCHO* and storyboarded the classic shower murder scene, is that he and not Hitchcock actually directed the scene. "That is totally, totally untrue," Pat says. "Janet Leigh is so angry that she wants me to sue, but there isn't anybody to sue apart from the dictionary that's got it in there [Hawthorne's *Film Guide* states this rumor as bold fact]. Janet knows a lot more than I do because she was on the set, and she said that [Bass] did not direct any of the shower scene."

After *PSYCHO*, Pat dropped out of show business in order to devote all of her time to raising her three children, but by the 1970s she was once more available for work. Mostly what was offered were commercials, of which she says she did "countless," and one final film, a minor 1977 effort titled *SKATEBOARD*, in which she played the mother of teen heartthrob Leif Garrett. "I never saw it," she says dryly. After that, Pat Hitchcock retired for good.

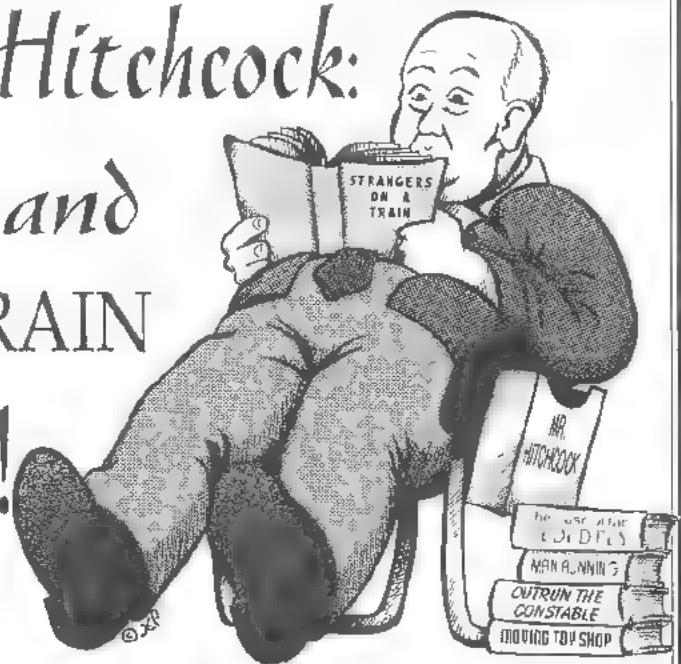
Having worked with the greats and the near-greats alike (and the cast of *SKATEBOARD*), Pat Hitchcock speaks in glowing terms of all her costars. Wasn't there anybody with whom she didn't have a good relationship?

"No, I really can't think of anybody," she answers, adding: "I think it's sort of a waste of time to have grudges against people."



The Trouble with Hitchcock: STAGE FRIGHT and STRANGERS ON A TRAIN INVESTIGATED!

by Richard Valley



In 1950, Alfred Hitchcock, the sardonic, roly-poly Master of Suspense, was himself in something of a state of fearful anticipation. Following his American debut in 1940 with the Oscar-winning *REBECCA*, the filmmaker had spent the war years fashioning an enviable string of critically lauded box office hits, among them *FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT* (1940), *SUSPICION* (1941), *SHADOW OF A DOUBT* (1943), *SPELLBOUND* (1945), and *NOTORIOUS* (1946). Admittedly, *MR. AND MRS. SMITH* (1941), *SABOTEUR* (1942), and *LIFE-BOAT* (1943) were less successful, some artistically, some commercially, but Hitchcock was lucky in that each relatively minor cinematic excursion had alternated with a genuine, bona fide smash. Then, in 1947, Mr. Hitchcock laid an egg: *THE PARADINE CASE*, a courtroom drama in which supporting characters played by Charles Laughton and Ethel Barrymore stole what little of the show was worth pilfering. Hitchcock followed *THE PARADINE CASE* in 1948 with *ROPE*, an intriguing experiment in that the 80-minute film consisted wholly of uninterrupted 10 minute takes, its camera gliding past chairs and tables hastily yanked aside by nervous stagehands. Egg number two. Next came 1949's *UNDER CAPRICORN*, a costume meller set in Australia, and the director had enough eggs to pass himself off as the Easter Bunny.

THE PARADINE CASE: Hitchcock's last assignment for David O. Selznick, the memo crazed mogul who had brought the Britisher to Hollywood. *ROPE*: Hitchcock's

brief excursion into the furniture (and wall) moving business. *UNDER CAPRICORN*: Hitchcock's last period piece, and his last film with the luminous Ingrid Bergman. Three films and as many misfires: the director's next project had a lot riding on it, it had to be a blockbuster, a smash . . .

It wasn't

Questioned in 1962 by New Wave director Francois Truffaut for the book *Hitchcock* (Simon and Schuster, 1967), Hitch had this to say of 1950's *STAGE FRIGHT*: "Well, the book had just come out and several of the reviewers had mentioned that it might make a good Hitchcock picture. And I, like an idiot, believed them!"

This is a typically clever attempt at misdirection. Seemingly self-deprecating on the part of the "idiot" Hitchcock, responsibility for the film's failure is laid squarely on the doorsteps of the unnamed reviewers of an unidentified book. Happily, if inaccurately, Hitchcock's appendix is more forthcoming. Along with such later studies as Donald Spoto's *The Art of Alfred Hitchcock* (Hopkinson and Blake, 1976) and

Robert Z. Harris and Michael S. Lasky's *The Complete Films of Alfred Hitchcock* (Citadel, 1977), Truffaut's book credits, as the basis for *STAGE FRIGHT*, two stories by Selwyn Jepson: "Man Running" and "Outrun the Constable." In fact, they are both the same novel, published under the first title in England and under the second in the United States.

Today, Selwyn Jepson is forgotten by all but the most dedicated mystery fan, his novels and short stories rel-



The divine Marlene Dietrich warbles the divine Cole Porter's 1927 song, "The Laziest Gal in Town," one of several musical sequences in Alfred Hitchcock's *STAGE FRIGHT* (1950).



LEFT: In this scene from *STAGE FRIGHT* (1950), an acting class at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts is interrupted when suspected murderer Jonathan Cooper (Richard Todd) arrives seeking help from would-be actress Eve Gill (Jane Wyman). RIGHT: Guy Haines (Farley Granger) finds himself under suspicion when his wife is murdered in *STRANGERS ON A TRAIN* (1951).

egated to shops specializing in out-of-print books. Nevertheless, his was a long and varied career. Born in England in 1899, the only son of novelist Edgar Jepson, Selwyn wrote his first thriller, *The Qualified Adventurer*, in 1922. Jepson's early work included scripting, for the British motion picture industry, such films as *FOR THE LOVE OF YOU* (1932), *THE RIVERSIDE MURDER* (1935), *TOILERS OF THE SEA* (1936), and *THE SCARAB MURDER CASE* (1936), the last based on the 1930 Philo Vance mystery by S. S. Van Dine. (During this period, Hitchcock was making his name with such enduring Gaumont British hits as 1934's *THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH* and 1935's *THE THIRTY-NINE STEPS*.)

Following World War Two, in which he attained the rank of major, Jepson created the character of Eve Gill and featured her in six novels, including *The Golden Dart* (1949) and *The Hungry Spider* (1950). In *Man Running* (1948), the book reviewers thought perfect for Hitchcock, Eve, a British acting student, endeavors to clear a friend of a murder charge by proving Charlotte Inwood, a British stage star, guilty of the crime.

In desperate need, after three flops, of star power at the box office, Hitchcock cast 1948's Best Actress, the All American Jane Wyman, as the All-British Eve Gill, then topped himself by signing the All German Marlene Dietrich in the role of Charlotte Inwood. The supporting cast, however, was more at home, with Richard Todd as Jonathan Cooper, the "man running" after being accused of killing Charlotte's husband; Michael Wilding as Inspector Wilfred "Ordinary" Smith, the man chasing; Alastair Sim and Dame Sybil Thorndike as Eve's parents; Kay Walsh as Charlotte's blackmailing dresser; and Joyce Grenfell as a memorably comic charity woman begging one and all to "shoot lovely ducks" at a theatrical garden party. Making her movie debut in the small role of Chubby Bannister (a girl, the director joked, whom you could always lean on) was Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts student Patricia Hitchcock. (This wasn't, as may seem the case, nepotism: Hitchcock's talented daughter had appeared on Broadway eight years earlier, at the age of 13, before deciding to study at RADA.)

Richard Valley is an award-winning playwright and the co-creator and editor-in-chief of *Scarlet Street*.

STAGE FRIGHT isn't a failure on the level of *THE PARADINE CASE*, *ROPE*, or *UNDER CAPRICORN*. Although the movie never quite comes together as a coherent Hitchcock thriller, its individual components offer a fair share of pleasures. Sim delights as Eve's eccentric father, particularly when he cuts his hand in order to smear blood on a doll's dress and nearly faints in the process. The glamorous Dietrich gets to croon two signature tunes: "La Vie En Rose" and Cole Porter's "The Laziest Gal in Town." The climax, with Wyman in the clutches of Todd (who has turned out, after all, to be the murderer), generates chills, and the bizarre method by which Todd meets his death—crushed to pulp under a steel safety curtain within a darkened theater—comes as a genuine shock. That the character doesn't bow beneath this all-too-final curtain in Jepson's novel is hardly shocking when one takes into account Hitchcock's extensive retooling of such stories as Cornell Woolrich's "Rear Window" and Daphne du Maurier's "The Birds," but it does come as a surprise that an altogether different killer in an altogether different novel—a novel never mentioned in connection with *STAGE FRIGHT*—meets precisely that grim finish.

Born on October 2, 1921, (Robert) Bruce Montgomery was an English musician and film composer—and, under the pseudonym Edmund Crispin, the author of nine novels and two short story collections featuring Gervase Fen, the eccentric, crime-busting Professor of English Language and Literature at Oxford University.

Inspired by the fiction of John Dickson Carr and Michael Innes, Crispin wrote his first Fen mystery, *The Case of the Gilded Fly*, in 1943. In the next 10 years, he went on to write seven more novels and a book of short stories; then he abruptly cast aside detective fiction to concentrate on what he called his "film music period," returning to Fen Country (the title of a 1979 collection, published posthumously) in 1977 with *The Gumps of the Moon*. Unfortunately, the widely-acclaimed return of Crispin and his wild-haired Oxford don was cut cruelly short by the author's sudden death of a heart attack on September 15, 1978.

Bruce Montgomery's advent into the world of British moviemaking came well after Alfred Hitchcock had departed for Hollywood. He never composed a score for a

Hitchcock film, and is best known in film circles for his music for the "Doctor in the House" and "Carry On" comedy series. (After a fallow period, during which he concentrated on some remarkably heavy drinking, Montgomery returned to motion pictures with 1966's *THE BRIDES OF FU MANCHU*.) There is no record that Bruce Montgomery (either as himself or Edmund Crispin) ever met Alfred Hitchcock.

But there is clear evidence that Hitchcock "knew" Professor Gervase Fen.

"At some stage," says David Whittle, director of music at Leicester Grammar School in England and author of a forthcoming Crispin biography, "Hitchcock asked, through Crispin's agents, A. P. Watt in London, for copies of all Crispin's novels."

Not surprising, you say, that the Master of Suspense should express a desire to read one of the Masters of Murder Mysteries—and, admittedly, it isn't. But Hitchcock evinced a lifelong disinclination to credit his sources and collaborators, and it is also not surprising that the name Crispin has never come up in connection with the great director even though the climax of Alfred Hitchcock's *STAGE FRIGHT*, based on the book *Man Running* by Selwyn Jepson, is in fact the climax of the book *The Case of the Gilded Fly* by Edmund Crispin!

"There was a movement at the top of the proscenium arch, and they saw the safety curtain dropping its whole weight with the speed of a guillotine down to the place where Robert, blinded and hurt, lay."

The Case of the Gilded Fly
(1943)

That is, of course, precisely the somewhat messy fate of the murderous Jonathan in the closing moments of *STAGE FRIGHT*. Jonathan's finish in the pages of Selwyn Jepson's *Man Running*, however, is rather different. In fact, Jonathan has no finish at all. He's innocent! In the book, it is Freddy Williams (played in the film by Hector MacGregor) who is the guilty party. Freddy also comes to a messy (if not nearly so crushing) end:

"He landed in the middle of the dark water with a despairing bellow and stuck there with his feet in the mud, the water up to his waist and clasping his wounded arms."

—*Man Running* (1947)

Not much of a swan song for such a cold-blooded killer. No wonder Hitchcock sought and found inspiration in the pages of another book. The conclusion of *STAGE FRIGHT* is one of the most memorable things about it—so memorable, in fact, that Hitchcock, still searching for that elusive hit after *FRIGHT*'s failure, couldn't help but go to the well for a second sip of ice-cold Crispin.



"As far as *STAGE FRIGHT* is concerned," says David Whittle, "I'm not aware that any permission was ever sought or gained in either direction. A. P. Watt, when I first got in touch with them, weren't terribly helpful in giving me information. Whether that was because they couldn't or whether the files had been shut, I don't know. Crispin kept most of the correspondence from that period himself. It's in the Montgomery Collection in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. But there's certainly nothing in there about *STAGE FRIGHT*, because I would have noticed I mean, Hitchcock! I'd have picked up on that."

STRANGERS ON A TRAIN, on the other hand, is quite another story. No, let's be accurate: as was the *STAGE FRIGHT* case, *STRANGERS* is two other stories, three counting the screenplay, and in this instance it involved four of mystery and suspense fiction's brightest lights: Patricia Highsmith (author of the 1950 novel *Strangers on a Train*), Dashiell Hammett (creator of the Continental Op, Sam Spade, and Nick and Nora Charles), Raymond Chandler (Hitchcock's initial scripter for the project), and, for the second film in a row, an uncredited Edmund Crispin.

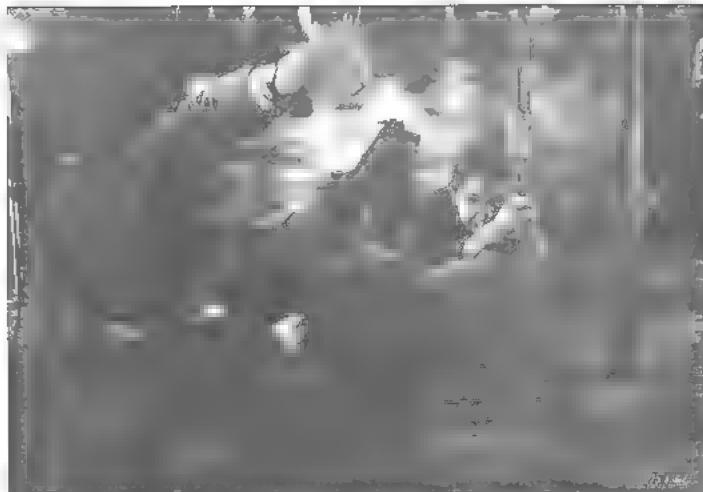
"... I got myself involved in a film job doing a script for Alfred Hitchcock and I don't seem to be able to do anything else while I'm at it. It's a silly enough story and quite a chore."

—Raymond Chandler Speaking
(1977)

Patricia Highsmith (born Mary Patricia Plangman in Fort Worth, Texas, on January 19, 1921) would hardly have agreed with Chandler's rough estimation of her novel's intriguing plot device. *Strangers on a Train*, a riveting tale in which two men meet by chance on a train and agree to "exchange murders," was her first novel and an immediate hit with both critics and the public. Regrettably, success did not follow success. Highsmith's later work, including the Ripley novels *The Talented Mr Ripley* (1955), *Ripley Under Ground* (1970), *Ripley's Game* (1974), and *The Boy Who Followed Ripley* (1980),

found a more receptive audience in Europe, where the writer lived for most of her life, than in the States. (She died on February 6, 1995.) Nevertheless, among crime connoisseurs Highsmith's name has come to represent the best in suspense fiction, with the first Ripley book being awarded the Grand Prix de Literature Policiere and the British Crime Writers' Association choosing *The Two Faces of January* as the best foreign novel of 1964.

For his part, Raymond Chandler (born in Chicago in 1888) did little more than change the face of detective fiction. Following in the footsteps of Dashiell Hammett (1894-1961), author of *Red Harvest* (1927), *The Dain Curse* (1928), *The Maltese Falcon* (1930), *The Glass Key* (1931), and *The Thin Man* (1934), Chandler conceived a detective hero progressively named Carmody, Dalmas, Malvern,



LEFT and RIGHT: Two views of Farley Granger and Robert Walker (as Guy Haines and Bruno Anthony) in the runaway carousel sequence at the climax of *STRANGERS ON A TRAIN* (1951). The shots of the amusement-park ride exploding at breaking down were accomplished with a toy carousel, enlarged and projected on a screen before which stood a crowd of innocent bystanders. The full-size carousel shots were dangerous enough for director Alfred Hitchcock to announce that he would never attempt anything like it again.

Mallory—and Marlowe. After writing 20 stories for *Black Mask* and other pulp magazines, Chandler "cast" Philip Marlowe in his first novel, *The Big Sleep*, in 1939. As with Highsmith and her initial effort, success was instantaneous, but Chandler topped his breakthrough with a series of Marlowe mysteries whose titles remain enunciated to this day: *Farewell, My Lovely* (1940); *The High Window* (1942); *The Lady in the Lake* (1943); *The Little Sister* (1949); *The Long Goodbye* (1953); *Playback* (1958), and *Poodle Springs* (1989, completed by Robert B. Parker). Such film versions as *MURDER, MY SWEET* (1944, based on *Farewell, My Lovely*), *THE BIG SLEEP* (1946), *LADY IN THE LAKE* (1946), and *THE BRASHER DOUBLOON* (1947, based on *The High Window*) weren't long in coming.

As it turned out, Chandler followed Hammett more than once. It was "Dash," who had stopped penning hard-boiled detective novels after the publication of *The Thin Man* and "had gone Hollywood," who was first contacted about writing *STRANGERS ON A TRAIN*. His reason for refusing Hitchcock's cry of "all aboard!" is lost to time, but Chandler, at the behest of Warner Bros. story editor Finlay McDermid, happily took the vacant seat.

Hitchcock at last had the makings of a winning hand. Having read *Strangers on a Train*, the director had instructed his agents to acquire the movie rights, but to omit his name from the negotiations. Soon enough, Hitchcock found himself at the helm of one of his best-known movies, and Patricia Highsmith found herself with a paltry \$7,500 for what would turn out to be her best-known novel. (Raymond Chandler didn't come so cheaply; he signed on at a princely \$2,500 per week.) The cast included Farley Granger (a ROPE veteran in his second and last Hitchcock film), Robert Walker, Ruth Roman, Leo G. Carroll (the director's favorite actor), Marion Lorne (memorable as Walker's crackpot mother), and, making her second appearance for her father, Patricia Hitchcock.

Still, there were problems. Expert though he was in his chosen field, Chandler found working with Hitchcock no bed of roses:

"... The thing that amuses me about Hitchcock is the way he directs a film in his head before he

knows what the story is. You find yourself trying to rationalize the shots he wants to make rather than the story. Every time you get set he jabs you off balance by wanting to do a love scene on top of the Jefferson Memorial or something like that."

—Raymond Chandler Speaking (1977)

Or, barring a love scene atop a national monument (which would come later, in 1959's *NORTH BY NORTHWEST*), a slam-bang climax on a runaway amusement park ride filled with screaming children and one charmingly psychotic killer

"He shed the overcoat in slow motion, as if the water that was so cold it was merely a pain had frozen him already. He leapt high, and saw Bruno's head incredibly far away, like a mossy, half-submerged rock."

—*Strangers on a Train* (1950)

In *Man Running*, Freddy Williams winds up an old stick in the mud. In *Strangers on a Train*, Charles Anthony Bruno (renamed Bruno Anthony in the film version) "turns to stone" before sinking forever beneath the sea. In both cases, Hitchcock, who may well have had his fill of watery deaths during the making of *LIFEBOAT*, jettisoned these sodden transmutations for drier (if markedly grimmer) denouements.

Raymond Chandler's first draft of *STRANGERS ON A TRAIN* had concluded with Bruno arrested for the murder of Guy Haines' wife, slapped in a straightjacket, and tossed in an asylum. Not good enough, Hitchcock decided. As David Whittle puts it:

"Warner Brothers paid Crispin so that they could use the Botley Fairground sequence in the end of *The Moving Toyshop*, in place of the ending Patricia Highsmith had written for *Strangers on a Train*."

The third (and in many ways the best) of Edmund Crispin's detective novels, *The Moving Toyshop* (1946) reads like a giddy British film comedy (Indeed Alec Guinness might have made a splendid Gervase Fen in a movie version.) Its plot concerns Richard Cadogan, who, on his way to visit Fen in Oxford, becomes hopelessly

lost. Seeking directions, Cadogan instead finds a dead body in a toyshop. Almost at once, he is rendered insensate—only to awaken the following morning to find that not only the corpse, but the entire toyshop, has been moved! (Is it coincidence that Cadogan shares a name with Cadogan West, the clerk in Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's 1908 short story "The Bruce-Partington Plans," whose body is "magically" transported miles from the scene of his murder?)

The riotous revolutions of *The Moving Toyshop* needn't concern us here—that is, they needn't until we reach the great chase at the book's climax. (As a rule, a Crispin mystery is investigated and solved on the run.) It is then that we encounter both the dramatic high point of *The Moving Toyshop* and the conclusion finally decided upon for *STRANGERS ON A TRAIN*:

"Have you ever, indifferent reader, clung to the edge of a roundabout which is moving at high speed? If your feet are braced, you can lean over inwards at an angle of sixty degrees and still not lose your balance; it's only then, in fact, that you are balanced at all. Sit upright, and you will want all your strength to avoid being pulled off, like a pin placed on the outside of a revolving turn-table. It is not, in any event, the place to tackle a desperate man"

The Moving Toyshop (1946)

For those not versed in the vagaries of the English language as practiced by the English, a roundabout is what we in the States call a carousel (if we are Rodgers and Hammerstein) or a merry-go-round (if we are anyone else). In both *The Moving Toyshop* and *STRANGERS ON A TRAIN*, a bullet strikes the ride's attendant, causing the machinery to speed wildly out of control. There, however, the similarities between book and movie almost (but not quite) end, with Hitchcock's film taking the lead in thrills, chills—and, most astonishingly, in spills. Consider the evidence:

In *The Moving Toyshop*, it is Gervase Fen and the killer (his name shall remain a mystery here) who duke it out as the ride gains momentum; in *STRANGERS ON A TRAIN*, it is Guy (Farley Granger) and Bruno (Robert Walker) who go 'round together.

In the novel, it is Cadogan and a second attendant who crawl under the roundabout to get to the controls at its center; in the film, it is one lone old man (played by Harry Hines).

In the novel, there are only two other people on the ride; in the film, it is chock full of screaming children and hysterical mothers.

In the novel, the roundabout comes to a quiet stop after the killer is spun off and battered to death against a support pole. In the film, the carousel breaks down and crashes, flinging wooden horses, kids, mothers, Guy, and Bruno all over the surrounding fairgrounds! It is a spec-

tacularly brutal finale that Hitchcock told Truffaut he would never attempt again:

"After so many colorful parts, it seems to me it would have been poor form not to have, at this point, what musicians refer to as a coda. But my hands still sweat when I think of that scene today. You know, that little man actually crawled under that spinning carousel. If he'd raised his head by an inch, he'd have been killed."

—Hitchcock (1967)

Happily, the little man survived, but the same cannot be said of all the characters in the film. Hero Guy Haines lives, but villain Bruno dies colorfully, crushed beneath a ton of gaily-painted wood and metal. And what of the poor little children and their mothers? Well, we never see them again once the ride grinds to a disastrous halt, but we certainly hear their screams in the background as Bruno gasps his last. Hitchcock often stated that he regretted killing an innocent lad in his British picture *SABOTAGE* (1936), in *STRANGERS ON A TRAIN*, the naughty director disposes of an entire horde of the little tykes with no regrets. It is as bloody a finish as the Master of Suspense ever engineered—a suitable coda, indeed, to a movie that turned out to be the smash hit Hitchcock so desperately needed.

Ultimately, Raymond Chandler's collaboration with Alfred Hitchcock on *STRANGERS ON A TRAIN* bore little fruit; the director brought in Czenzi Ormonde, an assistant to screenwriter Ben Hecht, to complete the treatment. As we now know, Hitchcock also brought in, for a second time, Edmund Crispin (who, as composer Bruce Montgomery, knew quite a lot about codas) to provide him with an ending.

Hitchcock may well have hogged the credit for his successes, but very few who worked with him

think him undeserving of that credit; he was, indeed, the guiding intelligence behind every Alfred Hitchcock production. (See this issue's interview with John Michael Hayes, beginning on page 80.) Inevitably, since his death in 1980, pretenders to his Olympian throne have sought to steal the director's thunder, with designer Saul Bass claiming direction of the shower scene in *PSYCHO* (1960) and Joseph Stefano, the screenwriter for that same film, greedily gathering the laurels for everything else (almost, but not quite, including the Robert Bloch novel on which the movie is based). Still, in many other instances, including his use of Edmund Crispin's *The Case of the Gilded Fly* and *The Moving Toyshop*, Hitchcock did his reputation an injury to refusing to give credit where credit was due.

Certainly the Master of Suspense, above all others, should have realized that, sooner or later, someone always finds out where the bodies are buried



Granger on a Train



interviewed by
Jessie Lilley



Farley Granger's big showbiz break has a Lana Turnerish quality about it, a star-dusted reminder of the power of the Hollywood dream factory. Granger was spotted by agents of the mighty Sam Goldwyn in a Los Angeles little theater production while still a student at North Hollywood High, and made his film debut as a Soviet youth in Goldwyn's 1943 World War II melodrama, *THE NORTH STAR*. ("I don't care if we make a dime with this picture," Goldwyn reportedly said, "as long as every man, woman, and child in America sees it.") After his second film, the grim anti-Japanese period piece *THE PURPLE HEART* (1944) and war service, Granger and John Dall were cast as the homosexual



LEFT: Farley Granger and Cathy O'Donnell were on the lam in *THEY LIVE BY NIGHT* (1949). RIGHT: Farley Granger was the gay killer and James Stewart his former professor in Alfred Hitchcock's *ROPE* (1948).

thrill killers in Alfred Hitchcock's *ROPE* (1948). Granger was back at work for the Master of Suspense in 1951's *STRANGERS ON A TRAIN*.

Much of Granger's subsequent career has been dismissed as missed opportunities, the result of typecasting in what film historian Ephraim Katz called "pretty boy with an ugly problem roles." This is entirely too flippant an estimation of one of the most stylish actors from the period that marked Hollywood's last preoccupations with style.

Recently, Granger participated in the *THE CELLULOID CLOSET*, an examination of the screen representation of gays and lesbians from film's beginnings to the present day. *Scarlet Street* interviewed Farley Granger and he offered his thoughts on his career in the twilight of Hollywood's Golden Age.

Farley Granger: I had done a film for RKO called *THEY LIVE BY NIGHT* when I got out of the Navy. It was a marvelous film and very successful. Everybody had seen it in Hollywood on the Beverly Hills circuit, the private projection rooms. Dore Schary was the head of RKO and left to go to Metro, and Howard Hughes took over. He saw *THEY LIVE BY NIGHT* and hated it. He said, "No tits and ass. Shelve it!" And it was shelved for two years!

Scarlet Street: Two years?

FG: Finally it opened in London and got rave reviews and Hughes re-

leased it. But, by that time, a lot of it had been stolen from Nick Ray by other directors. He did one of the first helicopter shots ever, in the beginning of the movie.

SS: *THEY LIVE BY NIGHT* was Nicholas Ray's first film, wasn't it?

FG: Right. He was a marvelous director. I thought the best of him. Like a lot of people in Hollywood, he went downhill because of the things he had to do. Anyway, after I finished *THEY LIVE BY NIGHT* I went to New York for the first time. When I came back, I was told by Goldwyn that he had loaned me out to Hitchcock. I was ecstatic! I mean, Hitchcock! My God!

SS: That was for *ROPE*. Did you know that the character you were going to play was gay?

FG: No

SS: Did you have any qualms about taking the part?

FG: No. Not with Hitchcock.

SS: Did anyone advise you not to appear in *ROPE* because of the subject matter?

FG: Well, some people later said to me, "Oh, you shouldn't have done that." But, I certainly don't regret it. It was great fun doing it with the set built the way it was. Everything was on wheels, including the furniture. Everything moved all the time, to get out of the way of the camera. And in those days, the Technicolor camera was just enormous! It was this enormous, great, big thing! We would rehearse for a day, or maybe two days—it depended on how diffi-

cult the shot was—and then we would shoot for a day. A lot of times things would go wrong, of course, and we'd do it over. Sometimes the color was wrong when we went from one room to another. We'd all turn green! (Laughs) It was a very difficult thing to do. Very difficult for the actors and the crew.

SS: It was shot in 10 minute takes.

FG: Right. The gimmick for this film was to do a motion picture that had no editing. It was one continuous shot. Of course, you can't do that, because there's barely 10 minutes of film. The shot would end up on somebody's back. Then the next shot would pick it up on their back, so it looked as though it was all one shot.

SS: In 1948, when *ROPE* was made, you couldn't say outright on the screen that a person was gay.

FG: No. Nobody said anything about anything. Certainly, no one said anything about the homosexuality. The Hays Office was still in power.

SS: Was there any trouble with the Hays Office on *ROPE* or *STRANGERS ON A TRAIN*?

FG: I suppose there was, but I didn't know about that. That was up to the writer and the director. The actors just acted.

SS: What did you do to get Philip's homosexuality across to the audience?

FG: Oh, I don't know. I just said the lines. (Laughs)

SS: Did you and John Dall, who played your lover, work out your characters' relationship together?



LEFT: Jeanne Crain and Farley Granger were the young marrieds of the "Gift of the Magi" segment of *O. HENRY'S FULL HOUSE* (1952). CENTER: Granger and Cathy O'Donnell reteamed for *SIDE STREET* (1949). RIGHT: Granger and Robert Walker were *STRANGERS ON A TRAIN* in 1951. BELOW: Granger (standing) and the cast of *ROPE* (1948) look to Alfred Hitchcock for direction.

FG: No. He was from the theater and a bit stand-offish. I got along great with Constance Collier and Sir Cedric Hardwicke. They were the best; they were the most fun in the show! The older people, they were great! They had so much experience, and the rest of us were so young Constance, who was Katharine Hepburn's coach, had a secretary called Phyllis, who was very sweet and dear and was at her beck and call. Constance would always be yelling out, "Phil lees! Phil lees!" (Laughs) I grabbed Constance once when the camera was going to hit her, be-

cause she was in the wrong position. Those things happened. You'd walk over and sit down and a prop man would put the chair under you—'cause there was no chair there before! (Laughs) It was fun to do it, because it was just so nutty.

SS: *How did Alfred Hitchcock really treat his actors?*

FG: He treated me great. That's all I can say. And I think he knew more about making pictures than most people did then—and certainly most people now! He was the most prepared director that I ever worked with. You'd walk into his office and

all these pieces of paper with drawings of the action would be on the walls. They were put into a book and, when he was filming, Hitch would say, "What do we do next?" He'd look at the book and say, "Oh, yes. The camera's over there." He planned it all. He knew everything he was doing. He loved the whole preparation and planning of it, and the crew loved him because he knew what he was doing. Of course he'd been a set designer in the UFA studios in Munich when he was very

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The "Monster" in the Closet

by Bob Madison

Scarlet Street: Do you think THE CELLULOID CLOSET tells it the way it was in Hollywood?

Farley Granger: Pretty much. Growing up as a kid, it was Franklin Pangborn and Edward Everett Horton who were the comedy sissies, really, and everybody loved and adored them. They had long careers. More than a lot of straight actors... or those that played straight

THE CELLULOID CLOSET opened to HBO cable viewers this January 20th. Actors as diverse as Charlton Heston and Tom Hanks, and such characters as Ben-Hur and Frankenstein's Monster, spilled out to delight and challenge *Scarlet Street* readers.

Lily Tomlin narrates the documentary, scripted by *Scarlet Street* fave Armistead Maupin (1994's *TALES OF THE CITY*). With clips from more than 100 Hollywood movies, THE CELLULOID CLOSET takes the viewer through the history of gays and lesbians in American cinema. (The film will also have a theatrical release this year.)

The story is as old as film itself, with comedic homosexuals in silent Chaplin comedies, or in such dramatic films as *WINGS* (1927), with gay characters getting greater film exposure in the pre-Code early talkies. Clips from such rare films as *OUR BETTERS* (1933), *BROADWAY MELODY* (1929, the first all talkie musical), *MYRT AND MARGE* (1934), and *CALL HER SAVAGE* (1932, with Clara Bow slumming in Hollywood's first big-screen gay bar), are a treat not only for social historians, but for cineastes as well.

Homosexuals, the documentary argues, did not vanish with the beginning of the Hays Code, or even the Legion of Decency. Instead, they appeared in disguise, visible only to sensitive viewers. It is only with post-Code film, such as the groundbreaking *CABARET* (1972), that openly homosexual characters were able to appear on screen, the filmic "hints" no longer necessary to make plain who and what they were.

Nor has the end of the Hays Code meant an easy time for gay characters and themes on film. From the early 1970s on, homosexuals were easy villains, from the murderous drag queen in *THUNDERBOLT AND LIGHTFOOT* (1974) to the ice-pick wielding lesbian of *BASIC INSTINCT* (1992). In other recent films, gay characters were rendered as harmless peripheral

characters (1994's *FOUR WEDDINGS AND A FUNERAL*) or as tragic figures with the onslaught of the AIDS epidemic (1993's *PHILADELPHIA*). In fact, Hollywood has yet to produce a major film with a homosexual hero who neither tragically suffers for his sexuality, nor dies in the final reel. Even *PHILADELPHIA*, in many ways a breakthrough film with leading man Tom Hanks as a successful, happy gay man, deals with the protagonist's death.

Perhaps the day when a cinematic action hero who just happens to be gay makes a killing at local bijous are still in the future, but the movies' homosexual past remains a rich field of study—and THE CELLULOID CLOSET will remain the cornerstone work on this neglected branch of film history.

The production problems that plagued the making of this landmark documentary are emblematic of the difficulty Hollywood has with gay themes and images. Produced and directed by Rob Epstein and Jeffrey Friedman, whose 1989 *COMMON THREADS: STORIES FROM THE QUILT* won the Oscar for Best Documentary, THE CELLULOID CLOSET took more than a decade to come out.

In the mid 1980s, author and historian Vito Russo first approached Epstein and Friedman with the idea of making a film version of his groundbreaking book, *The Celluloid Closet* (Harper & Row, 1985). Russo wrote a treatment, and the producers peddled it around Hollywood for several years, leaving the project only to make *COMMON THREADS*. Howard Rosenman, a prominent Hollywood producer

(1991's *FATHER OF THE BRIDE*) came aboard and secured cooperation from the major studios to provide film clips and historical data. He was also a key player in getting such writer/actors as Tom Hanks, Shirley MacLaine, and Gore Vidal to take part in the project. Everything seemed to be in place—everything except money.

THE CELLULOID CLOSET became the focus of a grassroots fund-raising campaign, with comedian Tomlin doing benefits for production money, and with various foundations contributing to the pot. But still it was not enough, and as late as 1994, only half of the documentary's budget had been raised. Heroically,

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THE "MONSTER" IN THE CLOSET

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Tomlin contacted HBO, and, with Rosenman, finalized negotiations that allowed the project to commence. One month later, production began.

The finished product is an impressive piece of work. If anything, the narrative is marred only by an occasional, heavy-handed portentousness in regard to movies and their significance. The view from *THE CELLOLOID CLOSET* is that people have no capacity to dream, and have no imaginative life, outside of movie houses. That movies have shaped our fantasies and remain, along with the comic strip, America's greatest contribution to the arts, is indisputable. But human beings spoke of fantastic things and boundless marvels while dressed in skins and sitting before simple campfires, and the capacity for wonder and dreams will remain a human trait long after film has been replaced by something else. The fact that some of the world's most magnificent books (both in and out of genre) have not been filmed—indeed, remain unfilmable—is proof that Hollywood gets on shaky ground when it asserts that it has given the world its capacity to dream.

Otherwise, the documentary is honest and pleasantly provocative. If nothing else, it will give the viewer greater text and subtext to Hollywood's legacy, and some films will never be seen the same way again.

Of special interest to Scarlet Streeters are the many mystery and horror films that run throughout the documentary. The killing of Sebastian Venable in the film version of *SUDDENLY LAST SUMMER* (1959) is contrasted with footage of the mob pursuing Boris Karloff in *BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN* (1935). It is to be remembered that Gore Vidal, who wrote the screenplay for *SUMMER*, was a great aficionado of the Universal horror films of his youth, and his affection for *THE MUMMY* (1932) has cropped up in one of his recent books of essays.

DRACULA'S DAUGHTER (1936) rises to suck again, the documentary showing the infamous lesbian seduction scene played in its entirety. Nor is the Countess alone in her blood lust, as Catherine Deneuve and Susan Sarandon share a bed and body fluids in a scene from the kinky vampire thriller *THE HUNGER* (1983). Unfortunately, no clips from Neil Jordan's extravagantly self-indulgent (and remarkably overrated) *INTERVIEW WITH THE VAMPIRE* (1994) are seen. Vampires have been a metaphor for unconventional sex since *NOSFERATU* (1922), and are still a vein that has not been fully tapped. There have been some 90 films with vampire themes since 1990 alone, and as such topics as AIDS and homosexuality grow more heated in the public subconscious, they will continue to flower in the moonlight.

The Master of Suspense, Alfred Hitchcock, is also ably represented with scenes from *ROPE* (1948), one of his more offbeat films. Based (very) loosely on the 1924 Leopold and Loeb murder case, *ROPE* tells the story of two young, homosexual men who commit murder for thrills. Farley Granger starred as one of the killers, and is briefly interviewed. Strangely, *STRANGERS ON A TRAIN* (1951), Hitchcock's film with the deepest homosexual resonance, is unseen. (Granger himself, in this issue's interview, denies that anyone was playing

gay in *STRANGERS*.) Hitchcock's *REBECCA* (1940), however, with Judith Anderson's murderous housekeeper dying in the fiery climax for her lesbian obsession, is favored with many clips and much commentary.

Other Scarlet Street favorites to be seen are Peter Lorre, sucking the knob of his umbrella as Joel Cairo in *THE MALTESE FALCON* (1941), Frank Sinatra's gritty police procedural *THE DETECTIVE* (1945, with closet-case William Windom killing the guy who picked him up), and William Friedkin's still repellent *CRUISING* (1980). Amazingly, the documentary

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Male bonding? The Monster and Ygor (Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi) in *SON OF FRANKENSTEIN* (1939), and Michael and Donald (Kenneth Nelson and Frederick Combs) in *THE BOYS IN THE BAND* (1970).





LEFT: Guy Haines (Farley Granger) learns from Bruno Anthony (Robert Walker) never to talk to STRANGERS ON A TRAIN (1951). RIGHT: Bruno "behind bars." Moments later, Guy will join him.

GRANGER

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young. So he knew about things; he knew how to make something interesting and not just do it.

SS: How were you cast in *STRANGERS ON A TRAIN*?

FG: I'd been in Europe. I came back and the studio said, "Hitchcock wants to see you at his house." So I went out to his house, and he said, "I want to tell you a story." And he told me *STRANGERS ON A TRAIN*. Well, when he told it, it was even better than the movie! (Laughs) He would act out all the parts. He loved to do that. And then he said, "Guess who's gonna play Bruno. What do you think of Robert Walker?" Robert Walker had spent his entire career at Metro as the boy next door. I said, "Oh! My God! That's a great idea!" And Hitch simply said, "Yes. It is." And it was.

SS: You play a professional tennis player in *STRANGERS ON A TRAIN*. Did you play yourself or were you doubled?

FG: I played myself. I played up at Charlie Chaplin's court. I got to know him and he was a marvelous man. A great man.

SS: Hitchcock's daughter Pat had a major supporting role in *STRANGERS ON A TRAIN*. Did he treat her differently than any other actor?

FG: No. She was very comfortable working with him. I got to know Hitch and Alma and Pat very well. I'd go to their house for dinner and Cary Grant would be there, and Ingrid Bergman. It was wonderful. They lived in a very simple house. One story, no fancy things. And they'd go out once a week to Chasen's for dinner. And that's all. They were not social at all.

SS: Robert Walker played Bruno Anthony, a man attracted to Guy Haines. Ruth Roman told us that Walker wasn't too crazy about playing a gay man.

FG: I don't remember anybody ever saying that he was a gay character. I never heard Hitch talk about that, certainly. I think this stuff has been built up a lot, you know? They say there are scenes that Bob had that were cut out of the film and that's not true at all. It's a total lie. I don't know why they do this. I think the homosexual community wants to say, "Oh, well, you know—they were obviously supposed to be gay." It wasn't true! Because we had censorship. We lived in a different era, compared to now when I'm so sick of seeing everybody's butt. That's such a bore. And enough with the kissing with the mouth open and going on forever! I remember when I did a Metro film . . .

SS: *SIDE STREET*?

FG: When I did *SIDE STREET*, I had some tender kisses with Cathy O'Donnell—we knew each other because we'd done another film—and people were objecting that the kiss went on too long! It was ridiculous, but that's how it was then! To say that we were suggestive is just crazy. But if they want to think it, let them think it. I don't care.

SS: Hitchcock's films are always being analyzed.

FG: You know, I don't know where these things come from! (Laughs) The old movies are really terrific. Then they start ripping them apart and saying, "Well now, this is what they meant, and this is what this meant." Don't forget, this was a very innocent, naive time, and people weren't putting things in like they

do nowadays. They forget that, you know? A bunch of us went to Rome for a Hitchcock international festival—Tippi Hedren and some of the writers and Hitch's secretary. Well, the French were impossible! They were telling Ernie Lehman what he meant in *NORTH BY NORTHWEST*, and he said, "No, I didn't mean that at all!" And they said, "Ah, yes! But this is what you meant!" And he said, "You're crazy!"

SS: In your films, you're often on the wrong side of the law. Did you seek out roles that contrasted with your leading-man looks?

FG: Well, I tried to. I was very unhappy at Goldwyn, because he'd loan me out to films I wouldn't like and I'd go on suspension. I also didn't like the ones he was giving me there at the studio. They weren't anything. I got very good reviews from most of the films I'd done and I felt I should do something about it.

SS: You played real-life killer Harry Thaw in *THE GIRL IN THE RED VELVET SWING*, the girl being Joan Collins long before *DYNASTY* days.

FG: That was Joan's first film in America. She's a hoot. She's wonderful. She is what she is. No pretense, no phoniness—just a jazzy lady and I love her.

SS: Why did you leave Hollywood?

FG: Well, I bought my contract out from Goldwyn, because I just felt he didn't care anymore. He just wanted to make money off me on loan outs, you know? The last thing I did for Goldwyn was *HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN*, which I didn't think was a very good movie. I think the score by Frank Loesser is brilliant, but Danny Kaye was a problem for everyone. He had already left the



LEFT: Pat Hitchcock hovers in the background as Farley Granger reads a threatening note in *STRANGERS ON A TRAIN* (1951). RIGHT: Bruno and Guy are star-crossed "lovers" in *STRANGERS ON A TRAIN*.

studio by then, so he was getting even with Goldwyn. And I didn't want to get even with Goldwyn; I just wanted to get out! Finally, I had to buy my contract out. I had to give him all the money I had. Literally all the money I had. But by that time, I was absolutely determined to come to New York and work in the theater. I wanted to be an actor, not a movie star.

SS: Weren't you on stage when you were spotted for movies?

FG: Well, I did one little play when I was found by the casting director from Goldwyn's, who was a great and marvelous man. He was really a gent. Goldwyn had class gentlemen around him, because he wasn't much of a gent. When they all went, he started to get crappy people. William Wyler had left him, and William Wyler was really Goldwyn. He made most of the great Goldwyn movies. They had terrible fights all the time. They were just awful! And then when *THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES* got the award and Goldwyn went up and got it instead of William Wyler . . .

SS: That was the finish.

FG: Billy Wyler was famous for his retakes. You would do the scene and Billy'd say, "Again." You'd do the scene and he'd say, "Again." And that would all be printed up! He'd watch the rushes, and when he saw it on the screen, he knew it was right. But he couldn't do that on the set.

SS: That must have been very frustrating for the actors.

FG: I saw Myrna Loy going crazy once. She had one line to say in the bar in *THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES* and Wyler just kept saying, "Again. Again." It was not only

rough, it was very, very expensive! They couldn't do that anymore. Nobody could.

*SS: Was *THE NORTH STAR* your first motion picture?*

FG: Yes. I was 17 and I loved it. I was very excited. There was Walter Huston and Walter Brennan and Ann Harding and Dana Andrews and Anne Baxter and Jane Withers and Erich von Stroheim . . . I mean, I was in awe of everybody! (Laughs)

SS: What did you like best about being a movie star?

FG: I liked the work the best. But as I went on, I found it not satisfying, because I hated myself up on the screen. I felt that it really wasn't my performance, because you've got the director telling you what to do, and sometimes they're wrong. Then you have the editing, and they edit your performance. They can make somebody lousy look pretty good, and they can make somebody who's pretty good look okay. But they can't really make anybody good look great. That's impossible. So I thought, "Everybody else is in on this and it should be just me. It's up to me to be an actor, not all of them to make me an actor." That's when I said, "I gotta go into the theater."

*SS: But instead you wound up making *SENSO* for director Luchino Visconti.*

FG: Right. I was coming to New York and my agent, Charlie Feldman, said, "I got something for you to do in Italy." I said, "I'm not going to Italy. I'm going to New York." And he said, "Farley, you have no money. You gave it all to Goldwyn. You're gonna get what Goldwyn got for you for six weeks work, and that'll tide you over to go to New York. Besides, it's Luchino Vis-

conti." I said, "Who the hell is that?" I didn't know. No one in Hollywood did. Charlie said, "He's a brilliant director and it's a very interesting film and you should do it." So I went, not happy about it at all—and my six weeks turned into six months! (Laughs) It went on and on and on, but it was fascinating to work with him, because he was an absolute genius—like Hitch, but in a very different way. I mean, he'd done every play you can think of in the theater, including Shakespeare, including Pinter, including Tennessee Williams! He even did *LIFE WITH FATHER*! All the other directors were good, but they didn't do opera or theater—and he did everything! He was, of course, a nobleman. A true nobleman. And he also was a Communist. (Laughs)

SS: Incredible!

FG: And rich as Croesus, so figure that out! I can't! He was very dictatorial, but he was marvelous. Franco Zeffirelli and Francesco Rosi, who both became directors, were his assistants. I learned a lot about art.

SS: What are you doing now?

FG: Oh, just taking it easy. They wanted me to meet somebody about a Jack Nicholson movie, but I'm not as young as I used to be, so I'm taking it easy. I've made enough money that I can live comfortably. I have a house in the country, which I love. I've got pets.

*SS: When was the last time you watched either *ROPE* or *STRANGERS ON A TRAIN*?*

FG: I saw *STRANGERS ON A TRAIN* recently at a benefit in East Hampton, and it holds up very well. It's one of Hitch's best films, I think. *ROPE* is an interesting experiment. I



LEFT: *OUR VERY OWN* (1950) sent Ann Blyth into shock over the fact that she was adopted. As her boyfriend, Farley Granger stood (well, kneeled, actually) by her. BELOW: Farley Granger and Ruth Roman are engaged to be married in *STRANGERS ON A TRAIN* (1951), until a friendly psychopath comes between them.

don't know why we can't. Everybody knows Gielgud is homosexual, and he's got a theater named after him in Shaftesbury Row! I think that's terrific! But the English are way ahead of us.

SS: Did you ever play another gay role other than Philip in *ROPE*?

FG: I did *DEATHTRAP* on the stage. It had been running for four years and I signed a contract for six months. Then it was going to close. Luckily, I was reviewed in *The New York Times* and they said that I was the best one to ever play it. So the show ran for a year and a half! Finally, I closed it. I said, "That's enough, a year and a half!" But I wasn't bored. I wasn't bored for one second. No, I loved every minute of being on that stage!

SS: And we certainly loved you in your Hitchcock movies

FG: Hitchcock once said to me—I guess it was the first day of shooting *STRANGERS* in the train station in Washington—he was sitting there snoozing, and I said, "What's the matter, Hitch?" He said, "Oh, nothing. I'm just bored." I said, "What do mean, bored? How could you be bored? This is the first day of shooting this exciting movie!" And he said, "Yes, but I've already done it, you know" And he really had.

love Jimmy Stewart, I adore him—but I thought he was miscast. He had such an All-American image and I felt that, to make it really work, you needed somebody more sinister. He's really the heavy. He's the one who talks them into committing murder with his theories.

SS: Who would you have cast?

FG: James Mason. And that's saying nothing against Jimmy. I think *ROPE* suffered, too, because of the censorship. The script is kind of a wash out, because of the censors.

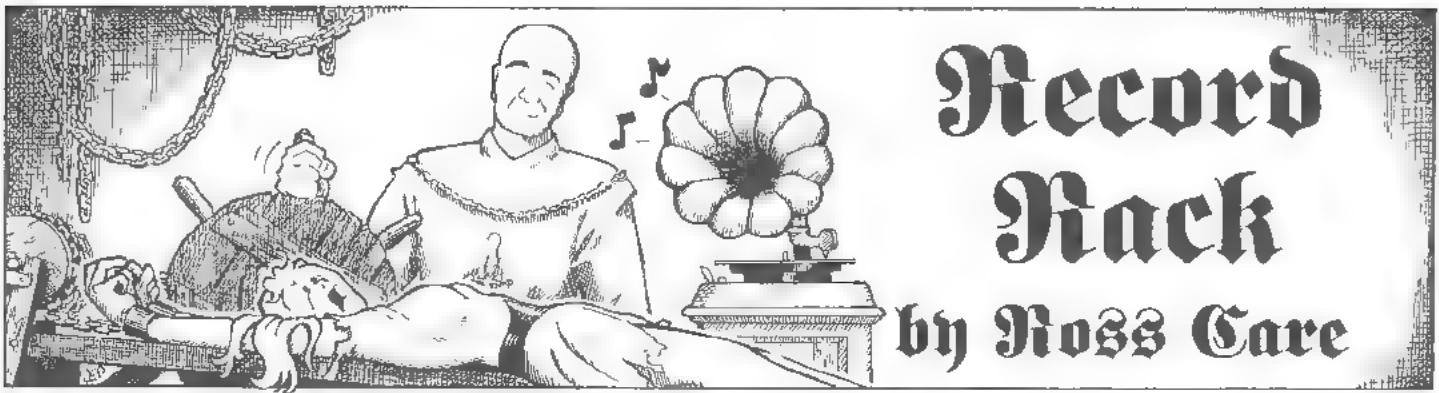
SS: You mean because the Hays Office wouldn't allow you to be clear about the homosexuality.

FG: Nothing was said about it. Hitch never said a word about anything. So we all just did what the script said, and the script was sort of flat. You could do it today, though.

SS: Even today, many actors are reluctant to play a homosexual unless they have a wife at home they can proudly display. Do you think there will ever come a time when a gay actor can play a gay role without putting his career in jeopardy?

FG: I don't know. I mean, the English certainly do it all the time. I





Record Rack

by Ross Care

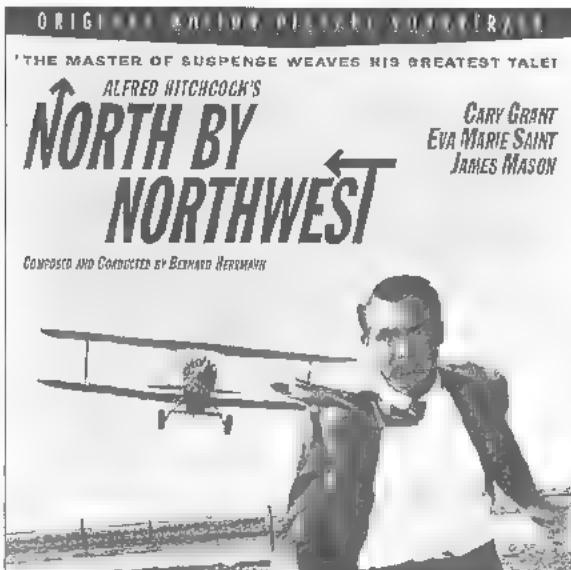
Even after two in-depth columns devoted to new anthologies and reissued original soundtracks by Bernard Herrmann, the Herrmann hits just keep on coming. Just when you thought no reissue could top Silva Screen's MYSTERIOUS ISLAND (remastered a few years ago from previously unearthing stereo tapes), along comes a new and complete edition of "Benny's" NORTH BY NORTHWEST (1959). Apart from ongoing confusion as to whether these new releases are on MGM Records, Turner Classic Movies, or just plain Rhino, there's no denying that the new series devoted to classic MGM music is a winner on all counts. A few columns ago, I covered ZIEGFELD FOLLIES (1946), which, along with MEET ME IN SAINT LOUIS, (1944) was among the first releases in the series. Following these two classic musicals is a definitive THE WIZARD OF OZ (1939) two disc set, and NORTH BY NORTHWEST (Turner Classic Movies Music-R2721 0 1), Alfred Hitchcock's only film for MGM and the peak of the Hitchcock/Herrmann collaboration in the late 1950s.

NORTH BY NORTHWEST was released in a relatively complete version several years ago, digitally rerecorded by British composer/conductor Laurie Johnson and subsequently released on both LP and CD. While highly welcome at the time, I felt that Johnson's performance was a bit lugubrious and bloated, due particularly to the somewhat cavernous sound and the conductor's rather turgid overall pacing and tempi (the latter a pitfall easy to fall into with Bernard Herrmann's music). Meanwhile, Herrmann's kaleidoscopic "Main Title" has inspired almost as many rerecordings as Tchaikovsky's "Nutcracker Suite," with more new editions popping up all the time. (More later.)

But this new and long awaited original soundtrack transcends any previous NORTH BY NORTHWEST recordings. This is the absolute original, with Herrmann conducting the fantastic MGM studio orchestra, and in genuine stereo to boot! Like the monumental WIZARD OF OZ set, this album is an anal compulsive's

Cary Grant's abduction in the Plaza Hotel

Herrmann's music provides the heart and soul of Hitchcock's glossiest film, and while not many scores hold up to such compulsive reproduction, NORTH BY NORTHWEST emphatically does. From fragments such as "Farewell" (0.45) to self-contained set pieces such as "The Wild Ride" (2.49), Herrmann has produced one of the simplest, yet most consistently interesting scores ever composed. NORTH BY NORTHWEST is based primarily on themes from the "Main Title" and the love music, these augmented by several subsidiary themes and motifs. The celebrated "Main Title," often described as a fandango, is actually a furious toccata based on a Spanish rhythm in which the time signature regularly alternates between a 6/8 and 3/4 feel (As I noted in an earlier column, the same rhythm can be heard in the song "America" from WEST SIDE STORY.) The love theme is an expansively lyrical melody again accompanied by repetitive, bolero-esque style accompaniment. Even at the time of the film's original release, when critics were relatively oblivious to film scoring, one review noted the freshness of initially voicing the love theme in a solo clarinet, lending an ambiance of sleek sophistication, and rather audaciously going against the period cliche of scoring love music in a wash of strings (though Herrmann does reprise the theme in strings after its first statements in solo oboe and clarinet). The harmonic structure of the entire score is simplicity itself, based mostly on triads and seventh chords, a directness, which when combined with the frequent and near hypnotic repetition for which Herrmann is both renowned and notorious, lends an almost New Age quality to the score.



delight, with no less than 50 tracks from "Overture" to "Finale," even including outtakes and several source music cues (the latter not by Herrmann, of course). Though only fragments of these are heard in the hotel and train sequences, Turner obsessively supplies the entire tracks, which are actually quite interesting in themselves and include "Rosalie" (1.32) and "In The Still of the Night" (2.23), two Cole Porter tunes which were written for MGM's ROSALIE (1937), an elegantly PopuLuxe Andre Previn track from 1957's DESIGNING WOMAN (5.19) heard in the dining car scene, and the drollly used "It's a Most Unusual Day" (1.08) from the studio's A DATE WITH JUDY (1948), which accompanies



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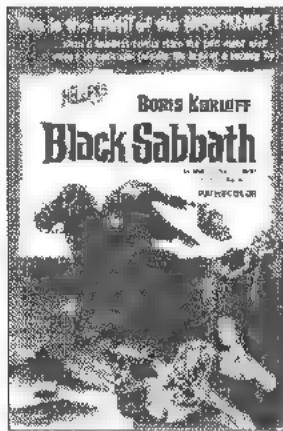
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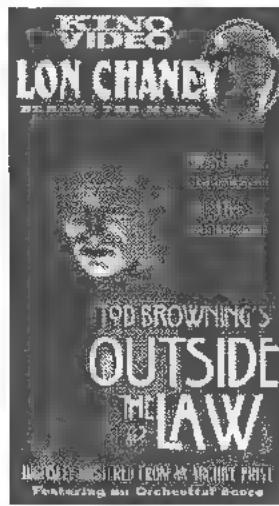
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LEFT: Cary Grant makes a killing at the United Nations in Alfred Hitchcock's *NORTH BY NORTHWEST* (1959).
RIGHT: Sinbad (Kerwin Mathews) battles Mr. Bones in *THE 7TH VOYAGE OF SINBAD* (1958).

Repetitious perhaps, but Herrmann nonetheless works endlessly fascinating variations on his compact material. "Two Dollars" (0:47) is essentially a terse transformation of the "Overture/ Main Title," slowed to an almost tentative pace, while "Wild Ride" is a complete restatement, varied in instrumentation but complete with that marvelous (and amusing) compositional moment when the piece seems ready to climax and end but then fluidly jump starts and careens to an even more manic conclusion. Also pervading the score is Herrmann's unique sense of fantasy, lending an otherworldly, almost mystical ambiance to Hitchcock's deliberately bigger-than-life machinations. Herrmann had composed *THE 7TH VOYAGE OF SINBAD* in mid-1958, and *NORTH BY NORTHWEST*, composed and recorded in early 1959, is essentially a companion piece. Throughout the score, one hears echoes of the mysterious music of the evil Sokurah the Magician: e.g., the ominous doubled clarinet/bass clarinet sound so characteristic of Herrmann, and with much development of the divisi high string

writing, which evoked the Princess made tiny in *SINBAD*.

Turner handles the 40-something cues which make up Herrmann's *NORTH BY NORTHWEST* by allowing many of them to run together, avoiding the fragmented feel of some recent original soundtrack recordings, but each cue is also numbered for easy digital reference. The stereo remastering is quite simply a dream, particularly on the cues for the United Nations and final Mount Rushmore sequences. An unavoidable defect is the deterioration of certain original tapes, unfortunately including the "Main Title," but this is minor compared to the sonic riches on this sterling reissue. An informative booklet is included with some great "behind the scenes" publicity shots and actual movie stills. Oddly enough, the cover features the famous crop-duster scene; pivotal, of course, but one of the few sequences in the film without music. The overall art direction is sleekly attractive.

For those hypersensitive audio-philes bothered by the deterioration of certain *NORTH BY NORTHWEST* tracks, there are a number of new

Herrmann discs released in pristine—sometimes almost too pristine—digital sound. (I, for one, still love the sound of analogue.) And where there's a new Herrmann anthology (and there have been plenty over the past few years), you can bet something from *NORTH BY NORTHWEST* will not be far behind. From Silva Screen comes a Herrmann anthology, *TORN CURTAIN: THE CLASSIC FILM MUSIC OF BERNARD HERRMANN* (SSD 1051), and volume two of its ongoing "History of Hitchcock" series, *TO CATCH A THIEF* (SSD 1045), the follow-up to Silva's *DIAL M FOR MURDER* CD, previously covered here. Like the first volume, the disc is devoted to the great variety of composers with whom Hitchcock worked, not solely to the music of Herrmann. But perhaps saying "with whom Hitchcock worked" misconstrues the issue. As the *NORTH BY NORTHWEST* liner notes comment: "Hitchcock believed in letting the work be done by those who knew it best." (Well, at least as far as music was concerned, one surmises.) This suggests, however, that Hitch was also somewhat at the

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mercy of his composers or the studio supervisors who made the musical decisions for his films, and these combined Silva histories reveal the total Hitchcock music oeuvre as a really mixed bag, making one wonder just what kind of musical sensibility the maestro of the macabre actually possessed.

TO CATCH A THIEF delves deeper into the Hitchcock musical closet, from kitsch piano concerti adaptations representing his 1930s British period, through John Williams' ethereal dabblings for FAMILY PLOT (1976). Along the way, we get the inevitable smattering of "greatest hits"—the VERTIGO (1958) "Prelude" and "Nightmare" (which has become a recurring prelude and nightmare on these anthology discs), NORTH BY NORTHWEST's "Conversation Piece" love music (the "Main Title" was on volume one) and the "Portrait Of Hitch" synthesis from THE TROUBLE WITH HARRY (1955), which like the titular character has also been done to death. Fresh tracks here include the 5.51 TO CATCH A THIEF suite from second-string Paramount composer Lyn Murray, another somewhat kitschy opus the highlight of which is actually Nathan Van Cleave's VistaVision fanfare, and another track in questionable taste, the "Main Title" from ROPE (1948), "based on a theme from Poulenc," which is actually a soupy version of the composer's acidically lyrical first "Movement Perpétuel" for piano.

Finally, the suite (7.45) of Dimitri Tiomkin's exercise in eccentric bombast for STRANGERS ON A TRAIN (1951) makes you really appreciate what an asset Herrmann was to the total Hitchcockian milieu. (Benny would have no doubt concocted an incredible score for this otherwise compelling and brilliant middle period Hitchcock opus.) By this point I would gladly have traded the overblown piano concerto version of a STAGE FRIGHT (1950) theme for a simple track of the divine Dietrich offhandedly trilling Cole Porter's "The Laziest Gal in Town," the real musical highlight of that odd and relatively rare film.

Other than as a curious (and admittedly entertaining) overview, or as an indoctrination for Hitchcock musical virgins, the TO CATCH A THIEF disc is of interest primarily for two brief tracks: Franz Waxman's "Lisa" theme from REAR WINDOW (1954) and Hugo Friedhofer's powerful "Disaster" from LIFEBOAT

(1944). "Lisa" (a lovely theme which always, however, reminds me of "Where or When"—maybe Waxman was getting back at Richard Rodgers for borrowing his 1935 BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN bridal theme for "Bali Ha'i") was popular enough to get recorded on a Leroy Holmes album of movie themes at the time of the film's initial release and is performed in an intimate, jazz-tinged combo style, a refreshing respite from the symphonic overkill of the rest of the album. (LIFEBOAT always reminds me of the David Raksin story in which, originally considered as a composer for the film he was told by Hitchcock that probably no music would be used because "Where would you put an orchestra in the middle of the ocean?" to which Raksin allegedly quipped, "The same place you'd put the camera.")

TORN CURTAIN is a new Silva Screen anthology devoted exclusively to Herrmann, and mixes a number of new tracks with the PSYCHO (1960) suite, VERTIGO that "Prelude" and "Nightmare" again, both recycled from previous Hitchcock volumes (Miraculously, nothing from NORTH BY NORTHWEST is included.) Also heard is the TAXI DRIVER (1976) suite (recently recorded by Elmer Bernstein), here marred by a really tacky sounding sax soloist (though admittedly the jazz passages and studio ambiance of Herrmann's original score are difficult to recreate with a symphony orchestra.) Several other tracks also duplicate cuts available on other recordings, among them THE SNOWS OF KUIMANJARO (1952) didn't Herrmann write anything but the "Memory Waltz" for that film?—and a suite of Harryhausen "Main Titles." (You know what they are.) Relatively fresh tracks include the "Prelude" from THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH (1956), an exciting "Main Title" with some pulsing pseudo-African drums, and a 6.04 suite from Herrmann's rejected score for TORN CURTAIN (1966). Two tracks from THE GHOST AND MRS. MUIR (1947) and suites from ON DANGEROUS GROUND (1952) and CAPE FEAR (1962) provide just enough new material to make Herrmann buffs who have already purchased earlier Herrmann anthologies lust after this one as well.

If I were forced with a Hitchcockian gun to my head to pick one current Herrmann anthology from this plethora of current discs, I'd

probably go with Elmer Bernstein's recent collection on Milan (73138 35643-2). While the performances of Paul Bateman and the City of Prague Philharmonic on Silva are more than adequate, a certain unmodulated sameness and occasional plodding quality seems to creep over things after an entire disc of ongoing rushes and climaxes. Bernstein somehow manages to manifest a subtle personal style while at times sounding truer to the original film tracks than some of Herrmann's own rerecordings; also his choice of material is varied and contrasting. As I noted in a previous column, I find Bernstein's PSYCHO suite the most sensitive of the crop of recent rerecordings, and he even brings a personal touch to the ubiquitous NORTH BY NORTHWEST "Overture." Herrmann is not an easy composer to bring a fresh spin to these days, but Bernstein manages just that. Charles Gerhardt's pioneering Herrmann album for RCA still sounds awfully good, and Herrmann's own PSYCHO GREAT HITCHCOCK MOVIE THRILLERS, a welcome reissue of the composer's original and sonically impeccable Phase Four London recordings (London 436 797-2) remains a strong contender in the Hitch musical sweepstakes.

Rounding out the recent crop of Herrmann discs is an original and previously unavailable original soundtrack to Ray Harryhausen's 1960 THE 3 WORLDS OF GULLIVER (Cloud Nine CNR ACN 7018) and a Tsunami original soundtrack from MARNIE (TCI 0601). GULLIVER is Cloud Nine's follow-up to its fine MYSTERIOUS ISLAND and is one of Herrmann's most charming and melodic, if uncharacteristic scores. The sound is fine, but it's too bad Cloud Nine couldn't unearth some stereo tapes for this, as it did with MYSTERIOUS ISLAND. MARNIE gives a complete 48.34 version of Herrmann's tempestuous score with not bad sound, but this is a German bootleg, questionably available only due to some odd loophole in German copyright law. As, according to *Film Score Monthly*, these laws are about to be revised, Tsunami may not be around for that much longer.


Ross Care's article, "Out of This World," on the lesser-known shows and films of Cole Porter, has just come out in *Performing Arts: Music*, a new book from the Library of Congress in Washington.



Our Miss Brooke

Hillary

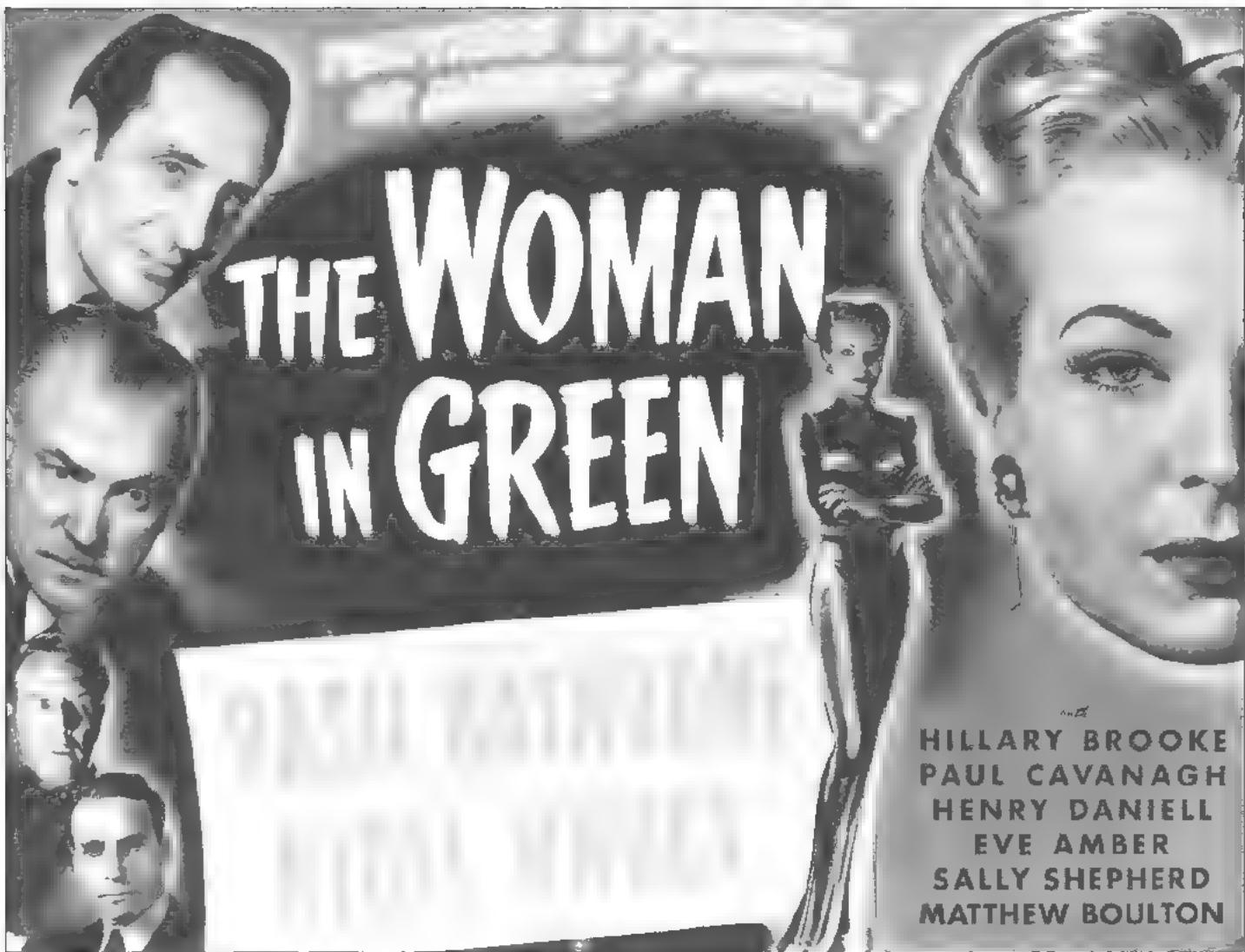
Brooke

interviewed by Richard Valley

A "New Face" of 1937, the lovely Hillary Brooke (born Beatrice Peterson) became familiar to film enthusiasts through appearances in classics such as *THE PHILADELPHIA STORY* (1940), the Spencer Tracy DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE (1941), *JANE EYRE* (1944), and *THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH* (1956). She was on the case with the world's greatest detective in *SHERLOCK HOLMES AND THE VOICE OF TERROR* (1942), *SHERLOCK HOLMES FACES DEATH* (1943) and *THE WOMAN IN GREEN* (1945), then joined the Crime Doctor for *THE CRIME DOCTOR'S COURAGE* (1945), and traded quips with Bud Abbott and Lou Costello (1949's *AFRICA SCREAMS* and 1952's *ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET CAPTAIN KIDD*) and Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, and Dorothy Lamour (1946's *ROAD TO UTOPIA*).

On TV, she is best remembered for the classic comedies *THE ABBOTT AND COSTELLO SHOW* and *MY LITTLE MARGIE*.

Hillary Brooke also worked with William Cameron Menzies on two fondly-remembered sci-fi films, *INVADERS FROM MARS* and *THE MAZE* (both 1953). Join us as *Scarlet Street* takes you behind the scenes with the Woman in Green . . .



Scarlet Street: Let's start at the beginning. How did you become an actress?

Hillary Brooke: I was a Powers model in New York. I was going to Columbia University, actually. I met Johnny Powers one morning, and he said, "You shouldn't be going to a university, you should be a Powers model." And I thought that was a great idea!

SS: You modeled under your own . . .

HB: Yes, under my own name. Then I got to Hollywood, and my name was so long, and so rather heavy, that I thought I would change it. I'm glad I did, because I use it to this day, and everybody says, "You just look like a Hillary Brooke" (Laughs)

SS: How did you hit upon that name?

HB: Well, I wanted to use "Brooke," and I was thinking of Bianca and all sorts of things. That was the era of Greta Garbo, where the initials were the same. I thought, "Well, I really don't want to do that." I was up at Ethan Allen one day, and there was an assistant director from Para-

mount there. We were sitting around the pool, and I said, "I need a first name desperately." And I'll always remember this: he picked up a *Saturday Evening Post*, and he started to write names on it, and he wrote Hillary. I said, "That's it!" (Laughs) It was that simple.

SS: You used "Hillary Brooke" as your character name on the *ABBOTT AND COSTELLO SHOW*.

HB: I don't know why they wanted to do that. We just did things for fun on that show. It was very loose, as I'm sure you can gather. But we did have a lot of fun doing it. We enjoyed it very, very much.

SS: Your first acting job . . .

HB: I went out to Hollywood—I was married at the time—and I was on my way to Australia. There was a boat strike on, and I thought, "Well, I guess I should work." I didn't want to just sit out here. So I went over to RKO one day, and walked in and said, "I would like to do a picture." (Laughs)

SS: That easy, huh?

HB: Very nice casting director. Very nice man. He said, "We're doing *NEW FACES OF 1937*. I said, "I would love to be in it." And that's how I started! Everybody works so hard, and I didn't even have an agent! I didn't have anything!

SS: You walked right in.

HB: Well, I think that works a lot of times. It was the same thing with meeting Johnny Powers. I was taking the train in to Columbia, and I met him there. Making a decision in a hurry—sometimes that works, too. If you have the impetus and desire and you suddenly decide to do it, well, then, it's going to work some way or another.

SS: You worked for a lot of different movie companies. Were you ever under contract to one studio?

HB: I was under contract to Paramount for a couple of years. That was in 1943, 1944.

SS: Before that, you appeared in your first *Sherlock Holmes* movie: *SHER-*



LEFT: *Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson* (Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce) come to the rescue of Sally Musgrave (Hillary Brooke) in *SHERLOCK HOLMES FACES DEATH* (1943). RIGHT: Hillary Brooke returned to battle the Great Detective as *THE WOMAN IN GREEN* (1945). BELOW: Our Miss Brooke in *ROAD TO UTOPIA* (1945).

LOCK HOLMES AND THE VOICE OF TERROR

HB: Yes, that's the first one I did. That was at Universal.

SS: What can you tell us about working with Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce?

HB: I adored them both. Of course, I just loved character actors. They were so wonderful to me. Many times, when I would make a test, I

could have a special someone to make it with me. They wanted to help you. At the time when I was working, people used to ask me, "Why don't you do some of those plays down on Melrose?" They had a little theatre on Melrose and Santa Monica Avenue. I said, "Why should I do that when I can make films, get paid for it, and get the best instruction in the whole world from all the character actors?" Why should I act in plays and work with someone who was just as bad as I was? (Laughs) I've always felt such a warm spot in my heart for them, because they were so good to me.

SS: Basil Rathbone grew to dislike his association with Sherlock Holmes. During filming, was he enthusiastic?

HB: Oh, yes, very. I'll tell you a story: we both loved animals and, many times, when we weren't working, we would go to the commissary and get ice cream cones and go down to the back lot. Universal had a little menagerie, and we'd go down and see the lions. Basil Rathbone was a nice man. He looked very haughty, very elegant—but he was a very real person.

SS: Rathbone was famous, not only for his films, but for his parties.

HB: I know. Actually, his wife was the great party-giver. He wasn't that keen on it, but she just loved to give parties.

SS: What can you tell us about Dr. Watson, Nigel Bruce?

HB: Willie was also very wonderful; I not only knew Willie, but I knew his family. He was joking all the time. During the string of Sherlock Holmes pictures, we really had a wonderful time together.

SS: They're certainly wonderful films.

HB: And they have such an audience; they have a tremendous audience. Between the Sherlock Holmes pictures and the Abbott and Costello pictures—really, that's what keeps me in front of the audience today. I get a lot of fan mail and either a Sherlock Holmes or an Abbott and Costello picture is usually responsible. (Laughs)

SS: The success of the Universal Sherlock Holmes pictures was due, in large part, to one producer/director: Roy William Neill.

HB: He was such a lovely man, so easy to work with. It was such a happy company. The picture business today has changed a great deal. It's not a family, as it used to be. Of course, Basil and Willie made it so easy. You know, a lot of people delve very deeply into Sherlock Holmes, and I think that Basil was the epitome of Holmes. I think he was far better than anyone else who has ever played it.

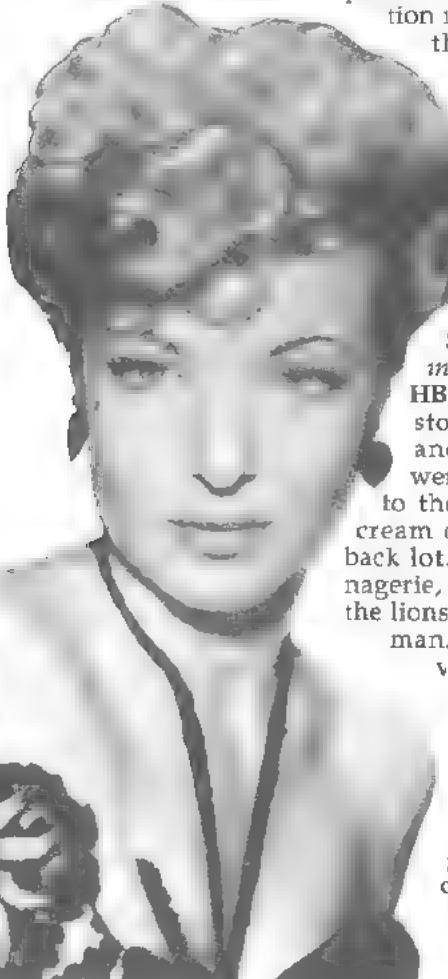
SS: In 1944, you appeared in a Paramount picture called *MINISTRY OF FEAR*, which was directed by Fritz Lang. Now, actors either loved him or hated him . . .

HB: Hated him.

SS: You hated him?

HB: Hated him.

SS: Why?





LEFT: AFRICA SCREAMS (1949)—and so do Lou Costello, Bud Abbott, and Hillary Brooke when they meet up with The "One Stooges," Shemp Howard! RIGHT: Charles Laughton took lessons in how to play opposite Lou Costello from Hillary Brooke in ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET CAPTAIN KIDD (1952).

HB: Well, if he didn't like you, he was the nastiest person—and for some reason or another, he didn't like me. Dan Duryea was in the film, too, and we became great friends, and Fritz Lang didn't like either one of us! If I were sitting in Dan's dressing room, chatting with him, Lang would pull the door open, look in, and just walk away. And he counted when you acted.

SS: He counted?

HB: He counted! So he would mark your timing. He'd say, "One, two, three . . ." It drove us crazy! I know that he was supposed to be a great director, but he wasn't very popular. None of us liked him very much. He didn't seem to like anybody who had any fun.

SS: Your last Sherlock Holmes film was THE WOMAN IN GREEN. You got to play the villainess

HB: I used to play a lot of them. I rather enjoyed it. Lots of people were cast repeatedly in certain types of roles. If they wanted a villainess or someone to play "the other woman," casting directors would say "Let's get somebody like Hillary Brooke." (Laughs) Oh, I played a lot of other women!

SS: Many of your scenes in THE WOMAN IN GREEN were opposite Henry Daniell, who played Professor Moriarty. Daniell always played very cold, heartless people.

HB: He was a very heartless man.

SS: He was, really?

HB: Yes, he really was. I never complained about whether we worked late. That was simply a part of the business. But he kept complaining about working late, and I said, "Well,

if you object so strongly, why don't you do something else?" He wasn't a very nice man. He was cold, and he was very distant and removed.

SS: So what we saw on screen . . .

HB: Oh, yes, very much so. I'm the opposite. Having played so many cold, not very nice women, people are always surprised when they meet me. I'm always laughing and having such a wonderful time.

SS: You often played a cold character, yet in INVADERS FROM MARS, before the Martians get you, you played a very maternal, very warm woman

HB: William Cameron Menzies directed that. He was a darling. He was the production designer on GONE WITH THE WIND. I still have two paintings from the opening scenes.

SS: From GONE WITH THE WIND?

HB: From GONE WITH THE WIND, yes.

SS: INVADERS FROM MARS is a film that everyone remembers

HB: Oh, yes. I often get pictures from the film that fans send me to sign. It's interesting, how these things come back to haunt you. (Laughs)

SS: You appeared in ROAD TO UTOPIA. What was it like working on the set of a Road movie?

HB: It was wild! Neither Bob nor Bing wanted to be the first to arrive on the set. They'd ask if the other had arrived, and then they'd go and gab some more. It was just a free, wonderful, laughing set. It was marvelous. They were supposed to have someone watching them, so they wouldn't leave the studio. But they got away one day, wearing their big, heavy Alaskan jackets and fur hats, and they ran off to a country

club and played golf! (Laughs) Those were the days when there was a lot of money!

SS: Was there a lot of ad-libbing?

HB: Oh, yes! Of course, Lou Costello was the worst one about not giving you your cue. When I first started to work with him, I called my agent and said, "I just can't do this! I never get a cue!" He said, "Well, you just stay with him"—and the first thing you know, sure enough, it worked out beautifully.

SS: What did you do when you were waiting for a cue that never came?

HB: I just had an instinct that—you know—now's the time to talk. I'd better talk now, or else the whole scene's going to go! (Laughs) When we did ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET CAPTAIN KIDD, poor Charles Laughton found it difficult. He came to me one day and said, "You know, I'm not getting any cues from Lou." I said, "Just go along with it and enjoy yourself. Just talk when you think you should." And the first thing you know, he loved it! He had a wonderful time!

SS: It's been said that Bing Crosby was not a particularly friendly man.

HB: He was rather distant. He was funny, though. I think he had a good sense of humor. Maybe he took it a little more seriously. You know, a lot of actors would get angry if you didn't take the whole thing seriously. But that was their problem, not mine. (Laughs)

SS: Your first movie with Abbott and Costello was AFRICA SCREAMS.

HB: Yes. On those pictures, there was more fun off the set than there was on film!



LEFT: Hillary Brooke played one of Richard Carlson's unwelcome house guests in the 3D thriller *THE MAZE* (1953), the heartwarming story of a giant frog. RIGHT: Uncle Roger croaks!



SS: *What were Bud and Lou like?*

HB: Well, they were two such different people. Lou was the best ad-libber. There were certain comics who were what I call "out of the book." They would get their ideas from their writers, but Lou just created funny lines and situations; they just poured out of him. And Bud was one of the great straight men of all time. I don't think he's ever gotten the accolades that he should have gotten, because he was a wonderful straight man.

SS: *Unfortunately, fans tend to ignore the straight man.*

HB: Bud was wonderful, but he had a lot of problems. He didn't drive a car, and he didn't do this and he didn't do that . . .

SS: *There's been so much talk in recent years about personal problems between Bud and Lou.*

HB: You know, being together for so long is like a marriage. You have good times, bad times, and sometimes you just get tired of the other guy. But then they'd get together again and everything would be fine. SS: *Are all the stories about those endless poker games on an Abbott and Costello set true?*

HB: Oh, yes. Lou and I were great friends. Lou knew that I really, truly liked him, and he truly liked me. Many times, when Lou would get into a card game, the assistant director would come to me and say, "Hillary, go get Lou." I'd say, "Lou,

I've got a date tonight. You've just got to get to work." And he would do it for me, but he wouldn't do it for the assistant director! (Laughs)

SS: *What about the pie fights?*

HB: Oh, yes—on every picture. But they used to wait. At the end of the picture, usually at the last scene, they'd be waiting there with a pie. Well, one day, they were waiting for me and they had the pies all ready. I ran off to my dressing room. Fortunately, my dressing room had two little windows and I crawled out the back window. Well, they opened the door and I wasn't there. (Laughs) I think it was the first time I ever saw Lou when he didn't have anything to say!

SS: *How quickly were the Abbott and Costello TV shows turned out?*

HB: Oh, in five minutes. (Laughs) There was very little rehearsal, and we just shot them. But I enjoyed doing them because I enjoyed working with Bud and Lou so much. I was in England when they were playing the Palladium, and they did the haunted house bit where they had a fake door that opened and Lou came out with an orangutan. They said, "Hillary, come on with us." So instead of the orangutan, Lou came out with me!

SS: *What other TV shows did you do?*

HB: Oh, gosh, I did so many! I did a lot of the dramatic shows, and I did *MY LITTLE MARGIE* for three or four years.

SS: *After INVADERS FROM MARS, you worked for William Cameron Menzies again in THE MAZE.*

HB: I made it and quickly forgot all about it! (Laughs) That seems like a long, long time ago.

SS: *You also worked with Alfred Hitchcock on his remake of THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH.*

HB: I loved him. He was just wonderful. Of course, we had one great thing in common, which was cooking. Hitchcock loved to cook, so we'd talk about recipes and cooking. I liked him very much. I thought he was a very interesting director. He prepared his films so meticulously, and he had everything down exactly the way he wanted to do it. He knew what he wanted, which was really wonderful.

SS: *And Hitchcock didn't treat his actors like cattle?*

HB: He didn't mean that. You know, some of those things are just publicity. No, Hitchcock was a very nice director—extremely nice. At least to girl actors, he was. (Laughs) I don't know about boy actors!

SS: *Why did you decide to retire from acting?*

HB: I married the vice-president and general manager of MGM [Raymond A. Klune]. Ray didn't want me to work anymore. I was doing a lot of TV at the time, and I was sort of tired of TV. I loved the business so much, and so did he. He started with D.W. Griffith . . .

SS: Really? In that case, he helped invent motion pictures!

HB: ... and by the time we met the business was changing so. So, I just retired and that was it. Besides, Ray was a production manager on GONE WITH THE WIND. I'd have people come out to interview me, and I would say, "You know, my husband was a production manager on GONE WITH THE WIND." They'd leave me and fly downstairs to talk with him! (Laughs)

SS: Not our readers! Our readers would definitely have stuck with you! Have you a favorite among your own films?

HB: I think that, for story, I like THE ENCHANTED COTTAGE. I thought that was a very nice film. I played Robert Young's fiancée, the girl who couldn't bear him after he was disfigured during the war. I was a society dame, one of those things . . .

SS: Did you ever miss the movie business after you left?

HB: Not all that much, no. It had become a real rough and tough business. It had always been tough, but it was also a wonderful business. In spite of what they might say about Mayer and the Warner Brothers, they

were the people who really made great pictures. They put their hearts and souls into it. They really cared about the business

SS: The old time movie moguls loved making movies, not just making money

HB: Now, it's just about how much you're going to spend and how much money you can make out of it. But I had such a wonderful time in my career, I really did. I never thought I was a great actress—I think maybe I would have been better if I'd worked harder at it—but I really enjoyed my career and what I was doing. I loved the business.

SS: Well, you've given your fans hours of pleasure with your performances.

HB: That's really very kind of you to say so. I certainly appreciate hearing that after all these years! (Laughs)



Photo: Est.

Hillary Brooke strolls the backyard (which is slightly scanty in the sky department) in INVADERS FROM MARS (1953).

LON CHANEY, JR. American Horror Film Star (1907-1973) originally Creighton Chaney. Most noted for his numerous horror films as the WOLFMAN, the MUMMY, etc. Followed in his father's footsteps and was considered one of the greatest masters of make-up and disguise. This very rare UNIVERSAL PICTURES COMPANY contract, dated September 27, 1957, stipulates "(Chaney)...must keep the Producer's casting office (and) the assistant director advised as to where the Player (Lon Chaney) may be reached by telephone without unreasonable delay." Chaney was drinking heavily and sometimes was missing in action. Tremendously framed in 16 X 20 Black Laquer frame with gold piping on the mat and black lacquer filets outlining both the contract and the Black and White glossy publicity still. \$750.



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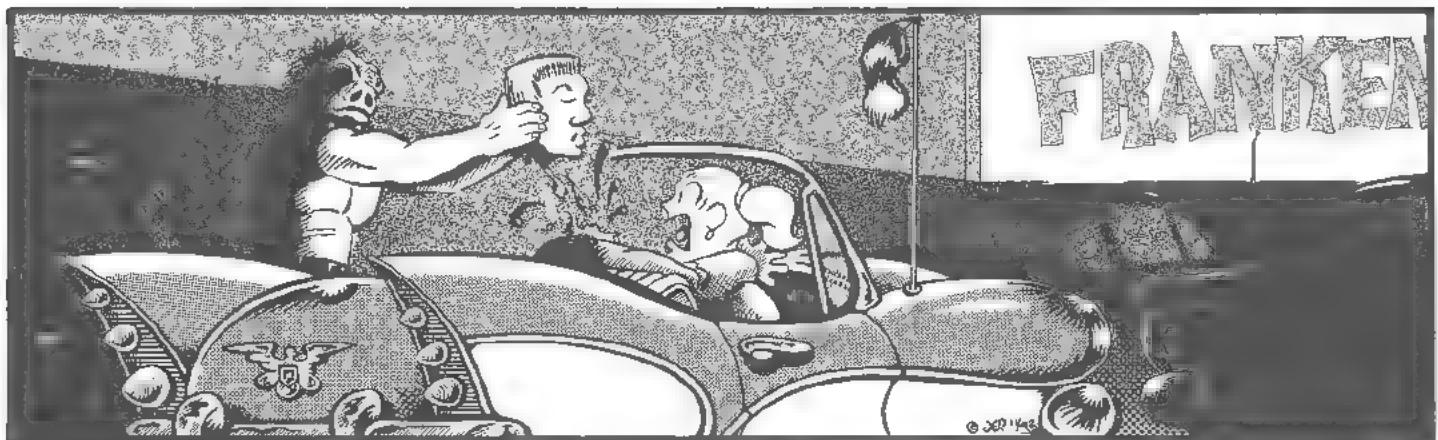
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INVADERS FROM MARS

by Richard Scrivani

Anyone can tell you that at the dark center of childhood fears lies the prospect of the loss of those who represent security and safety. Children move through their world with the awkward handicap of having limited control over their environment. No sci-fi film of the '50s ever dealt with this dread more effectively than 1953's *INVADERS FROM MARS*. Produced by Edward L. Alperson Sr. for 20th Century Fox, the film combined the then-new paranoia over an invasion by alien beings with the anxiety of parental separation—all seen from a child's point of view.

Gazing through his telescope late one night, young astronomer David MacLean (Jimmy Hunt) scarcely believes his eyes as he sees a saucer-shaped UFO light up the night sky as it disappears beneath the surface of the sand pit behind his house. Investigating, David's father George (Leif Erickson) hears an eerie choral whine in the sand pit. In an instant he is gone, pulled beneath the ground by a powerful, unknown force.

When George does not return the next morning, his wife Mary (Hillary Brooke) reports her missing husband to two policemen, who also trek up to the sand pit and are pulled under. As David tries to relate his concerns to his distraught mother, both are startled by the sight of Mr. MacLean in the doorway, asking without emotion, "Any chance for a cup of coffee?" Soon it's clear that something is horribly wrong with David's father. He bullies his wife, and when David persists in asking about a strange X-shaped scar on the back of his dad's neck, MacLean knocks him to the floor (quite believably).

Later that day, George tells Mary that "there's something I want to show you" outside, leading her by the arm

up the hill, her pitifully meager resistance no match for her husband's force. Homing in on the sand pit with his telescope, David sees next-door neighbor Kathy (Janine Perreault) suddenly disappear as she is picking flowers. He rushes to the girl's house to warn her mother, now certain that the strange occurrences are related to the saucer sighting. Again, the sand pit's victim returns with a glazed look and no apparent emotions. (Apparently, the alien kidnappers do their dirty work in a snap.) Kathy's mother becomes angry with David, but they are interrupted by a fire in the cellar. When her mother asks Kathy if she was playing in the cellar, the child answers eerily, "No, mama," smiling wickedly.

David, in a panic, runs to the local police station for help. He tells Chief Barrows (Bert Freed) his story, and the cop immediately starts to phone David's father. David sees the same scar on the Chief's neck, which sends him into a frenzy. Locked in a cell, he is visited by kindly Dr. Blake (Helena Carter), the first adult to take him seriously. When the elder MacLeans arrive at the station (Mrs. MacLean obviously "converted"), David refuses to go with them, remaining with the doctor, who concocts symptoms of polio as a ruse.

David and Dr. Blake visit mutual friend and astronomer Dr. Kelston (Arthur Franz). Watching through the observatory's huge telescope, the trio see George MacLean lead an army general into the sand pit ambush. The beings behind the abductions are now believed to be from another planet, possibly Mars, sent to Earth to sabotage a huge rocket engineered at the plant where David's father was doing top-secret work.

David's house is staked out by troops under the command of Col. Fielding (Morris Ankrum), during which time all of them are witness to the abduction of overeager



David MacLean (Jimmy Hunt) wakes to find a yard full of INVADERS FROM MARS (1953).

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SHOOT LOUD, LOUDER I DON'T UNDERSTAND! (1966) Raquel Welch (*One Million Years B.C.*), at the peak of her beauty, is the unobtainable object of desire driving antique dealer Marcello Mastroianni into a frenzy of erotic passion and obsession. A prime example of sixties psychedelic European comedy cinema. Directed by Eduardo DeFilippo. Color. GM1109 \$20.00

TOO HOT TO HANDLE (1959) Jayne Mansfield stars as the main attraction at a strip club in Soho. She sings the theme song and wears a sexy sequined dress. Christopher Lee is the sleazy club manager (and emcee!), and Leo Genn is the gangster troubled club owner. Released in the U.S. in an edited version called *Playgirl After Dark*, this is the original, uncut British release. Look for Kar Boehm (*Peeping Tom*) as a (French!) waiter. Directed by Terence Young, who's next feature was *Dr. No*. GM1101 \$20.00

PANIC BUTTON (1964) Jayne Mansfield stars as a soft hearted call girl/actress recruited by gangster Mike Connors to star in an intentionally bad TV pilot. Her co-star is Maurice Chevalier and her director is Akim (*The Black Sleep*) Tamiroff. This wacky farce predates *The Producers* by four years and has rarely been seen! GM1103 \$20.00

KITTEN WITH A WHIP (1964) Bad girl Ann Margaret, in a sultry, vixenish portrayal of a runaway nymphette, invades the home of respected businessman John Forsythe. After enticing him with her charms, she's joined by her band of hoodlum pals who force him to drive them across the Mexican border, where even more trouble awaits them all! GM06 \$20.00

YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW (1964) Italian sex symbols Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni star in three comic tales that showcase Loren as Italian women who know how to get what they want. A steamy striptease sequence and an Oscar for Best Foreign Film make this a memorable classic. Directed by Vittorio DeSica, produced by Carlo Ponti. GM1104 \$20.00

INGA (1967) Lovely Marie Lijedahl (*Eugenie, the Story of Her Journey into Perversion*) is the virginal 17 year-old who comes to live with her free-thinking Aunt after her parents are killed in an accident. While there, she becomes infatuated with the Aunt's younger lover and blossoms into womanhood. Considered shocking in its day and one of the three highest-grossing films of the decade. GM12 \$20.00

DAGMAR'S HOT PANTS (1972) Follow the hilarious and exotic exploits of the lovely Dagmar and her band of Danish escort girls during the period now lovingly referred to as the "swinging seventies." Featuring the bold beauties of *Fanny Hill* and *Without a Stitch*. Color. GM13 \$20.00

SPIDER BABY (1964) Johnny Legend presents the official video release, complete and uncut from director Jack Hill's original 35mm negative. Lon Chaney, Jr. leads an incredible family of inbred cannibals, and also sings the catchy title tune. Carol Ohmart, Mantan Moreland and Sid Haig also star. PLUS: Johnny Legend hosts the *Spider Baby* Reunion featuring Sid Haig, Mary Mitchel, Beverly Washburn and writer/director Hill. You won't find a better

THE SWITCHBLADE SISTERS (1975) Starring Robbie Lee, Joanne Nail, and Kitty Bruce (Lenny's daughter!) as "Donut." Feminism takes a back seat to action as girl gangs terrorize fast food joints and roller rinks, culminating with an epic tank battle in the streets. Predates the cycle of gang films by four years. rumored to be Joe Bob's favorite film! Originally released as *The Jezebels* (the gang's name), this is the official video release and contains an interview with stars Robbie Lee, Joanne Nail, and writer/director Jack Hill. JH005V \$29.95



FASTER, PUSSYCAT! KILL! KILL! (1965) When three buxom go-go girls (Lori Williams, Haj, and Tura Satana) have had enough of the leering and lecherous come-ons of their drooling male audience, they literally set go of themselves and embark on a wild, violent, and deadly journey of vengeance on all men. This recently came back to the theatres, and is well worth seeing. An official Russ Meyer video release RM001V \$74.95

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Sgt. Rinaldi (Max Wagner), pulled under the sand pit amid rifle fire and screams. Meanwhile, the abductees are committing acts of sabotage (the two policemen blow up a chemical plant) and attempted murder (David's parents try to gun down a renowned chemist) while under the influence of devices implanted in their brains by the Martians. Once their usefulness is over, the devices are detonated, causing instant death.

Using an extracted Martian device as a sensor, the troops attempt to locate the underground spaceship. Suddenly the eerie whine of the aliens is heard and David and Dr. Blake are pulled under. Finally the mystery invaders are revealed—an army of artificial mutants under the control of a strange, tentacled brain-thing, a true Martian, described by the now-enslaved Rinaldi as "mankind developed to its ultimate intelligence." The latest victims are carried to the saucer by the mutants, and Dr. Blake is placed on a glass table to be the next recipient of the control device.

Meanwhile, armed forces have accessed the underground tunnels and a climactic confrontation ensues. After a few skirmishes with mutants (who wield a bazooka-like device which melts through the earth, creating and/or sealing up their tunnels), Fielding's troops manage to plant enough high explosives to "blow the spaceship back to Mars." David and Dr. Blake are quickly rescued, and everyone returns to the surface, running for cover as the seconds to detonation tick away. The explosion awakens David, who, discovering that the experience was only a bad dream, goes back to bed—until he's roused once more by a strange green light, eerie noise, and the landing of another saucer in his yard! This time is it real?

If elements of this thriller sound a tad familiar, it may well be its anticipation of one of the genre's most revered variations on its central theme, that of the alienation or loss of friends, loved ones, and finally the entire community. For *INVADERS FROM MARS* is truly a preworking of 1956's *INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS*, the difference being the tale's vantage point: that of a small child. The later film's premise is frightening, but at a young age, what could be more terrifying than to have your own parents turn on you? In *BODY SNATCHERS* the protagonist is an adult professional who has more control over his world, enabling him to battle the invaders with resources that a child doesn't have. Both films begin with loved ones undergoing a change, their emo-

tions replaced by an extraterrestrial agenda; the true horror behind the phenomenon is, at first, hidden. In the 1956 film, the alien threat remains known only to the main characters until the last two minutes, but by *INVADERS'* midpoint, when David joins forces with Drs. Blake and Kelston, the good ol' armed forces join the story and the film joins the ranks of more standard sci-fi fare.

Though for years dismissed as a low-budget fantasy for kids and never considered for much more than its nostalgic value, *INVADERS FROM MARS* has a lot going for it—beneath the surface. Few who experienced it as a child, preferably at the local movie palace or drive-in, can forget its powerful visual and aural images. Augmenting this experience was the fact that the film was shot in color at a time when modestly budgeted sci-fi was almost always black-and-white.

Much of the credit for the film's look is due to the artistry of director and art designer William Cameron Menzies, whose design talents were seen in such films as *THINGS TO COME* (1936) and *FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT* (1940).

A central image of *INVADERS*, that of a wooden fence curving over a hill, is one of which Menzies was evidently fond, having used it previously, most notably in such epics of Americana as *GONE WITH THE WIND* (1939), *OUR TOWN* (1940), and *KINGS ROW* (1942). His interiors for the police station are designed to appear spare and distorted, sporting extra-long hallways and oversized doors, fitting for either a nightmare or a world seen through a terrified boy's eyes. The Martian vessel itself offers minimal functional detail, simply large, open chambers with polished chrome beams and sliding panels. The Martian-made mutants (doubtless best remembered for those very visible zip



Earth's youngest hero (Jimmy Hunt) confronts the Bubbled Braintrust from the Angry Red Planet.

pers running down their backs) are effective enough, if only for their size and mute unstoppability.

Ironically, this story that turns out to be a nightmare (at least in its domestic release, but more about that later) had its genesis in the nocturnal fantasy of one Rosemary Battle, wife of writer John Tucker Battle, who drew on his spouse's reverie to create the original draft of his screenplay in 1950. After many revisions, in which the nature of the Martians and their malicious activities was polished, the screenplay was submitted to producer Edward L. Alperson Sr., who suggested a new ending, the original involving the dropping of a nuclear warhead on the invaders. It wasn't until budget-minded writer Richard

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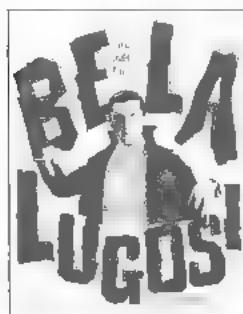
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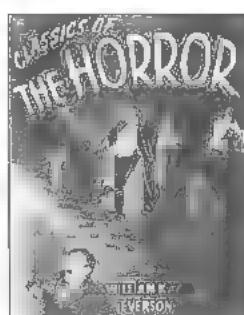
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TOP LEFT: Mary and David MacLean (Hillary Brooke and Jimmy Hunt) learn that the truth is out there when George MacLean (Leif Erickson) and two cops (Douglas Kennedy and Charles Kane) return from the other-worldly sand pit. MIDDLE LEFT: Dr. Blake (Helena Carter) protects David (Jimmy Hunt) from his newly-Martianized Mommy and Daddy (Hillary Brooke and Leif Erickson). BELOW: David meets a Mutant!

stop the film dead in its tracks while assuring overseas audiences that all of this could really happen! Fortunately, American audiences were spared the extra chat and believed in the alien invasion just fine, thank you.

One aspect of *INVADERS* that has always betrayed its B origins is its constant repetition of shots, sometimes optically "flipped" (Mutants running left to right down tunnels followed by the identical shot showing them running right-to-left) to seem like separate events; explosions doubled, car chases reused, and so on. Conversely, the same economy at times actually adds to the film's mood, as in the compelling "replay" of the story in David's mind as he runs for his life, the reprise of footage, some of it played backwards, serving to burn the dark images of the film into our minds. It is the paradox of frugality and creativity that, perhaps inadvertently, contributes to the eccentric atmosphere of the film.

Perhaps the most appropriate way to convey the impact that the film had on receptive young moviegoers in 1953 is to think back on the collage of images it left stamped

Blake and Menzies himself became involved that the scenario would approach its final form. The major change concocted by the team, and one that infuriated Battle, was the "bad dream" concept. It was this idea, rightfully considered a cliché by Battle, that moved him to insist on his name being removed from the project. After some talk of the film being shot in 3D, but finally settling on the merits of Cinecolor, Menzies began shooting in September of 1952. *INVADERS FROM MARS* reached the screen the following April.

Though ending the film as a nightmare is a rather sorry banality, the plot device is not as jarring as Battle thought. Since David awakens a second time to a storm and what we assume is a real saucer sighting, his dream becomes a premonition, a twist just unexpected enough to make the denouement work. Coincidentally, it didn't hurt cost-wise that the same footage that opened the film could be used a second time. What did hurt was that the nightmarish windup was not considered marketable for foreign audiences, which required more fact and less fantasy where the subject of UFOs were concerned. The dream ending was replaced with a flat, unsatisfying scene of Blake and Kelston putting David to bed, with the final line, "The little man has had a busy day."

In addition to the new ending, six extra minutes (directed by Wesley Barry) were filmed and inserted right in the middle of the observatory scene. The added footage had Arthur Franz pulling out charts, scrapbooks, and various saucer models (presumably kept handy in case of invasion), endlessly going on about the feasibility of life on Mars. It's painfully obvious that the scene was shot much later: Jimmy Hunt is taller, his voice deeper, his clothes different! (How convenient to lose one's parents and enter puberty on the same day.) The photography is startlingly flat, probably the work of someone other than credited cinematographer John F. Seitz. The result is to



Continued on page 104



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The Hayes Office

John Michael Hayes

interviewed by Richard Valley

Screenwriter John Michael Hayes brought a journalist's brio, versatility, and love of adventure to many classic films of the 1950s and 1960s. Alfred Hitchcock's favorite screenwriter of the period, Hayes' scenarios for *REAR WINDOW* (1953), *TO CATCH A THIEF*, *THE TROUBLE WITH HARRY* (both 1955), and *THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH* (1956) provided the Master of Suspense with several brilliant opportunities to parade his celebrated style, revitalized the careers of James Stewart and Cary Grant, and helped make a star of Grace Kelly. In this reminiscence, Hayes tells us how his adventures began....

Scarlet Street: So much of your work is of interest to our readers, starting with your radio career. You wrote for THE ADVENTURES OF SAM SPADE and SUSPENSE....

John Michael Hayes: Well, I started out in high school as a newspaper reporter. I started doing youth news. I was sort of a cub reporter on a space-rate basis; they paid me for what they printed, and I wrote so many stories they put me on salary. They made me a general reporter. This was in Worcester, Massachusetts, at the Worcester *Telegram*. One day I got an offer to go to Washington from the editor at the Associated Press to do a story. "A young man looks at his government." A daily story during the summer. I went all around Washington and met all of the celebrities from President Roosevelt on down. While I was there, I met two people: Bob Trout who was a famous correspondent. He'd walk around with a backpack and antenna and earphones. He was an early radio celebrity. And I met Lowell Tho-

mas. I was very interested in radio, because the newspaper for which I worked also had a radio station. They didn't do any drama, particularly, but there was another station that wanted to do half hour dramas. So I started writing dramas, which was paid for, oddly enough, by the WPA, an artistic grant service. A half-hour drama paid \$10. (Laughs) Which didn't seem much. But \$10 during the Depression—well, when a man made \$20, his family could at least survive.

SS: So it was really pretty good.

shows for small stations that didn't have staff writers. When I graduated from college—this was the University of Mass—I was offered a job in the Crosley Corporation, in Cincinnati, Ohio. Now Crosley did everything: they had refrigerators, cars, and they had a big radio empire called WLW. They held a national competition to find college seniors who could be trained in broadcasting. And I won! Once I did, they just worked me to death! I wrote every kind of show you could think of—I mean, I wrote hillbilly music shows,

I did the commentary for the Cincinnati Symphony, I wrote *FATHER FLANAGAN'S BOYS TOWN*. I was immersed in radio, and I loved it. I loved the immediacy of it; you'd write a show, and it was on. As a matter of fact, sometimes we were so flooded that I was finishing the last pages of a program while it was on the air! (Laughs) Then I was hired by Proctor and Gamble to be an editor of daytime serials. *THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS*, *ROAD OF LIFE*, *WHEN A GIRL MARRIES*....

SS: The soap operas.

JMH: I edited them from the sponsor's standpoint, who had certain rules about what could be in and what couldn't be in. I found that to be pretty easy stuff to do, but boring. So I wrote a few scripts for *AUNT JENNY'S REAL LIFE STORIES OF SURPRISE*. It was a Lever Brothers product, and I was considered rather a traitor. (Laughs) But I got out of that by being drafted! After the war, I didn't want to go back to editing somebody else's work. I wanted to write my own. I went to California and found work immediately. I wrote all kinds of detective shows, with Eddie O'Brien, Dick Powell....

SS: Dick Powell played private eye Richard Diamond



Alfred Hitchcock and John Michael Hayes relax between takes on *TO CATCH A THIEF* (1955).

JMH: I'm sure I wrote some pretty horrendous dramas, but I enjoyed it. I worked my way through college on the newspaper and writing radio



LEFT: Dick Powell transformed himself from a crooner into a tough guy with *MURDER, MY SWEET* (1944), then went on to play radio's *RICHARD DIAMOND*, scripted by John Michael Hayes. RIGHT: Grace Kelly dazzled the eyes (and the director) in Alfred Hitchcock's *TO CATCH A THIEF* (1955).



JMH: Richard Diamond, yes. One of the writers on that was Blake Edwards. He used to write most of the *RICHARD DIAMOND* shows, but he couldn't write them all, so I used to write some. I was called in by different shows when they needed a script in a hurry. I was known as a very fast writer and plotter. There was a show called *THE FAT MAN*, there was a show called *CONFIRM OR DENY* . . .

SS: *THE FAT MAN* naturally makes one think of *THE THIN MAN*. Did Dashiell Hammett have anything to do with it?

JMH: No, Dashiell Hammett had no contact whatsoever. I never heard from him. He may have picked up his check from the post office. (Laughs) Hammett just leased out the rights to a company in New York that created *THE ADVENTURES OF SAM SPADE*. That was fun to write, because it was tongue in cheek.

SS: Had you written comedy?

JMH: I did the *Lucille Ball* show on radio. I did *SWEETIE IN MARCH*, in which we had Doris Day. I wrote for *AMOS 'N' ANDY*. For *SAM SPADE*, I combined drama with humor. And it worked very well in suspense. That helped when I began working with Hitchcock, because he had a technique that I was able to tie into very quickly. I did so many radio shows; I never envisioned doing screenwriting. I thought these were special people who came from Mars or

something. I couldn't equate myself with them. But, after all, drama is drama, and character and dialogue is just as important in movies as they are in radio.

SS: How did you make the leap from radio to movies?

JMH: I was invited into pictures by Universal. For two years, maybe longer, I wrote radio at night and weekends while I was working at the studio. I wasn't sure if I was going to take to the movies. I wasn't sure if I was going to like it, or whether I'd make it. Now, the interesting thing about my radio work was that everybody listened to the radio in those days, like everybody watches TV now. Hitch tuned in to these programs—*SUSPENSE*, *SAM SPADE*, *RICHARD DIAMOND*—because it was his field of expertise. And he heard my name constantly.

SS: And that led to *REAR WINDOW*?

JMH: Hitch got *REAR WINDOW* through Paramount. It was in a collection called *After Dinner Stories* by William Irish, which was a pen name for Cornell Woolrich. There were five or six stories, and he was asked to pick one that he liked. He liked "Rear Window," and when he was looking for a writer, he asked his agent, MCA, if they'd ever run across John Michael Hayes. He said, "I hear him in these suspense things all the time." And they said, "We're his agent." And they brought us together. So Hitch found me mainly

through radio, not so much through my movies. I doubt if he ever went to see my B movies.

SS: What were some of the titles?

JMH: The first film I did was *THE RED BALL EXPRESS* with Jeff Chandler and Sidney Poitier. I did *THUNDER BAY* with Jimmy Stewart and *TORCH SONG* with Michael Wilding and Joan Crawford. Then I did a story called *IT'S A DOG'S LIFE*, with Robert Mitchum. It was a Richard Harding Davis story about a pit bull who tells a story. Vic Morrow did the voice!

SS: Had you done any Woolrich adaptations when you were writing for radio?

JMH: I don't think so. Most were originals, although we were given, occasionally, suspense stories. William Spier was a marvelous man. He was director of both *SUSPENSE* and *SAM SPADE*. He used to read suspense stories, and he would lease some of them for radio shows. So some were adaptations, but, by and large, they were originals . . .

SS: Woolrich is noted for the wonderful suspense scenes in his stories, but he's also noted for his stories falling apart at the end.

JMH: Absolutely. They'd have big beginnings, and then he had to finish them quickly because he was a pulp magazine writer and they had space limitations. He'd have great moments in his stories, and he'd have great mood. The man who now handles the Cornell Woolrich estate



James Stewart (RIGHT) tries to solve a *REAR WINDOW* (1954) mystery. No, it's not whether Raymond Burr (CENTER) murdered his wife, but whether director Alfred Hitchcock had Burr made up to look like his former studio boss, David O. Selznick (LEFT). PAGE 83: Grace Kelly and Stewart in *REAR WINDOW*.

[See page 55, this issue] has about 450 pieces under copyright, and they're still being bought by studios as the basis for television shows and so forth. They've taken the basic material from Woolrich and reworked them. But I don't recall if I ever adapted a Woolrich story. I was not a big Cornell Woolrich reader.

SS: You made a lot of changes for REAR WINDOW.

*JMH: It's kind of black and murky and has no light in it. I changed that. There's no girl in it, so I created the Grace Kelly part. Hitch had Grace Kelly under a three picture contract. He got her from Metro for \$50,000 a picture. MGM had this girl that they wanted to develop into a star, and Hitch was looking for somebody. He always looked for a Madeleine Carroll type, because Madeleine Carroll was his ideal. When I got together with Hitch for *REAR WINDOW*, he was working on *DIAL M FOR MURDER* with Grace Kelly. He said to me, "Look, she does everything the way she should, like in acting class. But she has no fire, no spark. You're going to have to create a part for her and do something with it." I said, "Well, let me spend some time with her, get to know her." So we spent a week together on the set. I got to figure out what kind of a girl I could make out of her. I saw qualities of humor and slyness and sexiness . . . things that weren't brought out in her previous pictures.*

*SS: She has some very humorous dialogue in *REAR WINDOW*.*

JMH: Comedy helps you to draw in the audience, to tell the story. When

you go into a theater, everybody's a stranger. The guy next to you has the arm rest that you want. Some other guy just came in from eating a garlic dinner. What you've got to do is make the people relax and be comfortable among friends. How do you do that? The best way, I think, is to get them to laugh. Everyone said, "In a suspense picture, you're going to open up with comedy?" I said, "Yes. Because you've got to relax your audience." So I created Thelma Ritter's character, who came in with some broad, funny lines, and everybody roared with laughter. They're comfortable. The imitators of Hitch make a mistake by trying to sustain suspense all the time. You can't do it. It isn't effective. You build up, then you drop it for a while. You build up again, and then you drop it. When you near the end, the high points are quicker and faster and there's less dropping between, until you have your thrust to the end.

SS: So the Thelma Ritter character actually serves a purpose.

JMH: She was acting as a Greek chorus, too. It's like the two servants who set the scene on the stage. They're dusting, and they say, "Oh, master came in late last night, plastered to the gills . . ." (Laughs)

SS: The exposition.

JMH: Exactly. She came in and talked about this girl, Lisa, played by Grace Kelly, before you ever meet her. "She's only the most perfect person in the world . . ."

SS: She was, too.

JMH: I'll tell you: a writer can only write from what he knows. Creating

*the part for Grace Kelly, I had to give her a profession. My wife was a high-style fashion photographer's model, so I gave her that profession—not knowing that Grace had actually done that. I stole shamelessly from things that had happened in our life, such as the opening of the suitcase with all the fluffy stuff in it. At the preview, everybody laughed except my wife. She turned to me and said, "Now where do you suppose *that* came from?" (Laughs) Everything is grist for the writer's mill. So Lisa was a combination of Grace Kelly and my wife. I'll tell you something: my eldest son wasn't born when I wrote the picture. My wife died four years ago, and two years after she died my son called and said, "Dad, I haven't seen *REAR WINDOW* since I was a child. It was on television the other night, and I watched it, and I came away with the eeriest feeling. When Grace Kelly was on, I felt as if I was listening to my mother. How could that be? Is it just because she's gone, and I miss her?" And I said, "No, let me tell you the story . . ."*

*SS: That's really remarkable. What else can you tell us about writing the script of *REAR WINDOW*?*

*JMH: I don't know how Hitchcock worked with other writers, but he was making *DIAL M FOR MURDER* and didn't have a lot of time to spend with me. We sat down, we discussed Lisa, we discussed the opening with Thelma Ritter—who I wanted, specifically—and then I went home and wrote a treatment. Paramount said they would make a*

deal only if they got a good script out of it. There was no sure deal. Hitch was not too saleable at this time, because he'd made some pictures at Warners and other places that didn't make money.

SS: *UNDER CAPRICORN, ROPE . . .*
JMH: So Paramount figured, "At least we'd get a good script out of it." So I wrote the treatment and then we went over it and made some changes. Then we submitted the treatment to Jimmy Stewart and Grace Kelly and Paramount, and they closed the deal on the treatment. After that, I went away while Hitch was in post-production on *DIAL M* and wrote the first draft of *REAR WINDOW*. We met in the middle of it, and we met at the end. We'd have meetings at his house. It consisted mainly of him telling me of his moviemaking adventures in the past.

SS: *He was quite a storyteller.*

JMH: How he solved this problem and that problem. It was fascinating; it was like sitting at the foot of Buddha and having talks of religion. (Laughs) So I was pretty much on my own, although he supervised it. Later on, he said to Truffaut that I was a radio writer he brought in to

do some dialogue. It was not true; I did the whole construction and treatment and screenplay on my own.

SS: *He found it difficult to credit his collaborators, didn't he?*

JMH: Yeah, that's what broke us up. But for *REAR WINDOW*, I didn't know what he was looking for. I just wrote by instinct, and he approved of everything. There was very little criticism or deletion. What Hitch did was teach me more about suspense—the technique of it, by telling me how he solved problems in the past. After I wrote it, we met at his office at Paramount. We took my scenes and broke them down into shots. We had a big sketch pad and put them in a book. We trimmed my dialogue, because I had a tendency from radio to rely too much on dialogue; I always wanted to say things three times. (Laughs) Then we went into the picture. Hitch took me on the set, all the time, for all of his pictures, to make sure that nothing was changed unless I approved it. Actors are always coming up to you with new lines, and you have to be very careful that you don't upset the film's structure. If you start tampering on the set, you can get in deep, deep trouble. Di-

rectors on pictures of mine have gotten into trouble improvising on the set, upsetting the whole direction and mood.

SS: *Not Hitchcock, though?*

JMH: Hitch always said, "When we finish in the office, the picture is made. All I do now, is sit on the set and make sure they do what we've told them to do." Hitch shot sparingly. When he finished the picture, all of the film that was cut out was in one wastebasket. They'd have directors who'd shoot 10 times the amount of film they needed, so they'd have something to cut to if they wanted to change their minds.

SS: *Did this become your standard way of working with Hitchcock?*

JMH: That became our work process. We had some script fights, but I always lost. (Laughs)

SS: *Was Raymond Burr made up to look like Hitchcock's old boss, David O. Selznick, in *REAR WINDOW*? Was that a deliberate joke?*

JMH: Oh, I don't think so. First they brought in a lot of "broken nose" villains. Now you knew when you looked at these guys that they'd been killers all their lives; they looked like the kind of guys who would do it.



We wanted somebody who would have a kind of bland, innocent look, so that you would say, "Well, I'm not sure. This looks too much like an ordinary guy to have done this." This was a technique of Hitch's, even for his villains—making them people next door that you wouldn't suspect.

SS: When Burr finally comes into Stewart's apartment at the end of the film, he's rather sad and pathetic.

JMH: Yes, he is, because he knows somebody's got something on him. That was my idea with the flashbulb, by the way, but it became Hitchcock's. That's all right. I was hired to write for him, whatever I wrote, he had the right to claim that it was an Alfred Hitchcock Production. But he didn't want to share credit. He didn't mind sharing it with the stars, because he couldn't hide them! (Laughs) But not with the writers ...

SS: Was it also your idea to make the neighbors reflect different aspects of relationships between men and women?

JMH: It was my idea and Hitch's together. In the story, Cornell Woolrich mentions a couple that danced all the time, and it gave me the idea of creating a neighborhood. We worked them out together.

SS: Let's hear all about making TO CATCH A THIEF.

JMH: Oh, we had troubles on TO CATCH A THIEF. We went to Cannes and it rained for 10 days. We had 100 people sitting around in hotel rooms, getting double salary, and having nothing to shoot. We had to rewrite a great deal, because we were going to have a big Mardi Gras parade. That was the opening, but we couldn't do it. We'd spent \$50,000 before we'd shot any film. Now, that doesn't sound like much money today. Today, you can't make the main titles for that! (Laughs)

SS: Location work must have been a problem for Hitchcock, since so much was planned. You can't plan weather.

JMH: We did another interesting thing. We translated the script into French for the French crew, and then we translated the French script back into English for the French actors, so they would have English with French idiom. That's the kind of thoroughness Hitch wanted. We had fun on the picture. It was suspenseful, but it was more love story/suspense.

SS: On your first two Hitchcock films, you worked with the two stars most as-

sociated with him, Jimmy Stewart and Cary Grant. You knew that Stewart was interested in REAR WINDOW. Did you know that Grant was going to star in TO CATCH A THIEF?

JMH: Yes, I did. It helped me immensely to be able to write for them. When you're writing, you can hear them saying it, and you target what they do best. Cary Grant was so suave and confident and very much the ladies man. Jimmy Stewart was more the fumbling, bumbling fellow next door. The fact that Jimmy Stewart had this kind of uncertainty to his delivery made it more interesting in

thing untoward or improper. I've heard about his preoccupation with his stars, but I never saw it—and I worked with him with Doris Day and Shirley MacLaine. It happened before and after I knew him. I'm not being evasive, but it's true.

SS: The most famous sequence in TO CATCH A THIEF is the one with the "orgasmic" fireworks.

JMH: That was my idea for the fireworks, I must say, but it was carried farther than I ever thought it was going to be. (Laughs) Hitch moved the camera in and out in an undulating way that I thought was unnecessary.

But it was fun, that scene

SS: Any other stories about making TO CATCH A THIEF?

*JMH: When Ian Fleming wrote his first James Bond book, which was called *Casino Royale*, he submitted it to Hitchcock. Hitch didn't want to do it; he said, "We just did a picture on the Riviera." Fleming was upset, because he thought he was writing in the Hitchcock tradition, and offered Hitch options on all future books. Hitch didn't take it. Actually, I don't think it was his type of material. Hitchcock's stock and trade was extraordinary things that happened to ordinary people. Now, I know Cary Grant isn't ordinary, but he played ordinary people. They were not supermen like James Bond. They were not super detectives who could solve everything. When Hitch made *TOPAZ*, he lost the Hitchcock touch. The picture got too big and shiny and modern; it just wasn't Hitch at all.*

SS: Ordinary people is what THE TROUBLE WITH HARRY is all about. Small-town people in extraordinary circumstances

JMH: That's right. That was really Hitch's material. An ordinary, working guy who gets caught up in something. Hitch looked for challenges. He went up on the Statue of Liberty, he went up on Mount Rushmore. He had a guy in a wheelchair as his protagonist. He had THE BIRDS. He was willing to try things; he didn't take the easy way out at all.

SS: Certainly, THE TROUBLE WITH HARRY is a departure.

JMH: It is a departure. It wasn't successful commercially when it was first released in this country, because, when people saw it, they said, "Is that all?" They expected bigger things from Hitch. It went to Europe and played a long time there. In Lon-



John Michael Hayes, wife Mildred "Mel" Hayes, and an Edgar for REAR WINDOW (1954).

REAR WINDOW, because it was such a difficult thing to convince people. He was a guy who was fiddling around and bored, and everybody said, "He's just bored, he has nothing to do." It took him such a long time to convince anybody. Cary Grant wouldn't have been right for that part.

SS: In Donald Spoto's Hitchcock biography, he writes about the director's obsession with Grace Kelly. Let's have an eyewitness account.

JMH: It really wasn't very evident. I mean, he fawned on her, and was taken with her, but I had no idea of his preoccupation with recreating Madeleine Carroll. I didn't see any-

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don for a year, Rome for a year . . . then it was rereleased and got sort of a cult following. My wife enjoyed it more than the other pictures; in fact, she enjoyed it more than *REAR WINDOW*.

SS: For many, *THE TROUBLE WITH HARRY* is an acquired taste.

JMH: But Hitch wanted to do it. It was a small book, a novella by a man named Jack Trevor Story. Hitch always liked it. Paramount didn't want him to do it. But they had to let him; he'd two or three successful pictures, and they figured, "This isn't going to cost much, so let him do it." Originally, he was going to do it with Cary Grant. In that case, it would have been a bigger picture. But, he didn't want to give Cary Grant all that money, and ownership of the negative after eight years—which was Cary Grant's deal. Besides, Hitch wanted a release from the pressure of big stars; he wanted to have some fun. And then, as it turned out, we had terrible trouble on that movie.



Director Alfred Hitchcock, scripter John Michael Hayes, and star Grace Kelly discuss *TO CATCH A THIEF* (1955).

NEXT ISSUE: THE TROUBLE WITH THE TROUBLE WITH HARRY.

NIGHTWALKERS



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The Case of the Fabricated Family



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LEFT: Raymond Burr in his early acting days. RIGHT: Raymond Burr played the lead on stage in **GAUGUIN**. Also in the cast: Isabella Ward, Madge Blake, Dabbs Greer, and Norman Burr.

Though press accounts of Burr's life are often contradictory, there's no question that his early years were restless. Born in New Westminster, British Columbia, on May 21, 1917, Raymond William Stacy Burr spent the majority of his first six years in China, and then moved with his mother to Vallejo, California, after his parents divorced. His first taste of show business was as a 12-year-old radio actor in San Francisco (or on stage in Vancouver, depending on the report) and he attended San Rafael Military Academy until dropping out at age 13. He eked out a Depression-era living by working on a cattle and sheep

ranch in New Mexico, running a weather station for the Forest Service, managing a J. C. Penney store, and working family-owned land in China. His education was completed through extension courses.

Burr's professional acting debut occurred in Toronto in 1936, and his dues were paid in British repertory. His first major success came in 1939, in the leading role of Danny in **NIGHT MUST FALL**, both in London and Australia. He had breezed through Hollywood a couple of times before ending up on Broadway in 1941, in the musical **CRAZY WITH THE HEAT**. The next year he joined the

LEFT: Raymond Burr on stage in the play **MURDER WITHOUT CRIME**. RIGHT: On stage again at the Pasadena Playhouse, this time in that old comic warhorse, **CHARLEY'S AUNT**.





Inset ©1956 Godzilla Releasing Co. / Photost



Raymond Burr starred in footage especially shot for the American release of the Japanese film GOJIRA (1954), better known as GODZILLA, KING OF THE MONSTERS (1956).

Pasadena Playhouse in California, where he would become something of a fixture over the next decade, both acting and teaching. The Playhouse's 1942 production of ARSENIC AND OLD LACE, which featured Burr in the Karloff-inspired role of Jonathan Brewster, toured World War II military camps.

Like most beginning actors, Burr survived by taking menial day jobs. It was while laying bricks at a Hollywood eatery in the early '40s that he made an important and powerful friend. His work was impeded by the feet of a female diner, and Burr growled, "Move your damn feet!" Only then did he discover that the well-heeled dogs belonged to the feared columnist Hedda Hopper. Rather than taking offense, Hopper (the mother of William Hopper, PERRY MASON'S Paul Drake) took a liking to the brusque young man and began to follow his career. Like most of Burr's friendships, this one lasted for life.

According to the actor's official biography, sometime within this period of bicoastal activity, Raymond Burr married an English actress named Annette Sutherland. No wedding date can be found in any published record, but the union is said to have produced a son named Michael Evan Burr.

When Burr died on September 12, 1993, nearly every tribute dwelt on the tragedies of his personal life, among them the death of Annette Sutherland, who supposedly perished in 1943 when her plane was shot down by German fighters. Some accounts even stated that it was the very same air crash that took the life of British actor Leslie Howard. This is simply untrue.

A detailed account of the last voyage of KLM flight 2L272 can be found in *In Search of My Father* (St. Martin's,

1981), Ronald Howard's biography of his father, Leslie. Of the 14 passengers on the plane, shot down June 1, 1943, over the Bay of Biscay, five were women and two were children. None was named Sutherland or Burr, and none had anything to do with the acting profession.

Who, then, was Annette Sutherland, and what happened to her? There is no listing in any source book of an actress by that name, English or otherwise, nor can any press clippings be found regarding her death. Neither the Screen Actors Guild nor British Equity shows a record of an Annette Sutherland ever having been a member. In truth, no hard evidence can be found to prove that there ever was such a person. (For the record, a 75-year-old American stage actress named Annie Sutherland—obviously neither Burr's wife nor the mother of an infant—died in June 1942.)

What the story of poor Annette does have is a well-known and genuinely tragic precedent. Actress Carole Lombard, wife of Clark Gable, was killed in a plane crash in 1942 while returning from a war-bond selling tour.

With or without a wife, by 1943 Raymond Burr's Hollywood career was going nowhere. Having placed the burly 6'2" actor under contract, RKO Pictures could not then figure out what to do with him. While waiting to be cast, he formed a friendship with a fellow contractee, a young starlet named Barbara Hale. Later that year, he returned to New York for rehearsals of THE DUKE OF DARKNESS, which opened on Broadway in January 1944.

There is some confusion in the published record over Burr's military service, which started after THE DUKE OF DARKNESS closed. At various times it was reported

that he enlisted in the Navy, the Marines, and the Coast Guard, and either saw action and suffered injuries or spent his two-year hitch stateside. Whatever the truth of his own service record, Raymond Burr would go on to spend more time touring bases and camps in Korea and Vietnam than any other entertainer, except Bob Hope.

After he was mustered out of whichever branch of the military he had joined, Burr's film debut finally came via a wordless walk-on as Paul Gill in *WITHOUT RESERVATIONS* (1946), with John Wayne and Claudette Colbert. Over the next year, he worked out his RKO contract with appearances in *SAN QUENTIN*, *CODE OF THE WEST*, and *DESPERATE*.

In January 1948, Raymond Burr really did get married, to a former Pasadena Playhouse student named Isabella Ward. On paper, the marriage lasted four years, though in an interview after the actor's death (albeit in a supermarket tabloid) Ward stated that the actual union had ended within six months. She would divorce Burr in August 1952.

Despite a steady stream of film appearances in the late '40s, including *PITFALL* (1948) with Dick Powell; such costume epics as *ADVENTURES OF DON JUAN* (1948); *BRIDE OF VENGEANCE* and *BLACK MAGIC* (both 1949); and the final Marx Brothers film, *LOVE HAPPY* (1949), Raymond Burr faced bankruptcy in 1949. A loan of \$1,085 dollars from a Beverly Hills grocer named George Shaheen got him through, but that debt would come back to haunt him 14 years later while the actor was in Phoenix, Arizona for a charity telethon. Shaheen (then an Arizona resident) sued Burr for nonpayment of the loan. With five seasons of *PERRY MASON* under his belt, Burr decided to act as his own attorney. He filed the proper motions, correctly citing the expiration of the statute of limitations, and argued that his 1949 bankruptcy had eradicated the debt. Unfortunately, Burr defaulted the case by failing to reappear for a deposition in Arizona. A judgement of \$1,885 was awarded to Shaheen, and the press had a field day with "Perry Mason's" first defeat.

The performance that made Raymond Burr a contender was his turn as (ironically) a lawyer for the prosecution in 1951's *A PLACE IN THE SUN*. But films of this quality continued to be offset by such potboilers as *BRIDE OF THE GORILLA* and *FBI GIRL* (both 1951). His next notable role was as the white-haired wife murderer in Alfred Hitchcock's *REAR WINDOW* (1954). Since the majority of Burr's role is seen through the binocular POV of James Stewart, he was forced to suggest a complex character practically through pantomime alone. This talent for fully inhabiting underwritten characters would serve him well in television.

Much of the early 1950s Burr spent in Korea, meeting and entertaining the American G. I.s. Burr's fascination with Korea led him to write a screenplay, *LISTEN*

WORLD, set in that country. It was one of three pictures he planned to produce through Bursal, a production company that he formed in 1955 with agent Lester Salikow. Though treatments of the two other scripts, *THE BLACK WIND* and *THE DAY THE SKY WENT OUT OF ITS MIND*, were prepared, he was unable to secure financing for any of them. That sent him back on the journeyman trail in such pictures as *CODZILLA*, *KING OF THE MONSTERS* (1956), which took Japan's *GOJIRA* (1954) and retrofitted in new scenes with Burr as intrepid reporter Steve Martin.

That same year he was called in to read for the role of D. A. Hamilton Burger in the pilot for *PERRY MASON*. CBS was thinking of William Holden for the title role, or at least Efrem Zimbalist Jr., but Raymond Burr cleverly offered the producers a deal: he would test for Burger if he could also test for Mason. The rest is history.

PERRY MASON turned out to be a mixed blessing for the actor. After years of languishing in thug and heavy roles that rarely challenged his talent, he suddenly found fame and fortune. But just as suddenly he found himself staggering under an enormous workload that left precious little time for his many other passions and causes. Moreover, there was no way to avoid the harsh spotlight that shines on celebrity. Raymond Burr quickly became the most popular actor on television, and the folks at home wanted to know more about him.

The interviews Burr gave at this time tended to concentrate on his career, his travels, his passion for orchids, his love of art (he once owned a gallery in Beverly Hills), and his many charitable activities. Increasingly, they came to include complaints about the amount of time he had to spend at the studio. For a while, Burr actually lived in

his dressing room/bachelor apartment at General Service Studios, where *MASON* was filmed, spending each night learning the 15 pages of dialogue he had to know for the next day's shooting.

Conspicuously absent from these early articles was any information on the actor's home life. A feature story in the October 10, 1961, issue of *Look* contains what appears to be the first published chronicle of Raymond Burr's marital history. It gives the story of Annette Sutherland and talks about his divorce from Isabella Ward, but also mentions a third ex-wife, one Laura Andrina Morgan, who supposedly died of cancer just weeks after their wedding.

According to *Look*, Laura and Raymond married in 1950—an impossibility, as Burr was still legally wed to Isabella Ward, and would be for two years more. The official biography now claims 1955 as the year of their marriage and Laura's death, yet no mention can be found in any press source for either occurrence. Surely the same Hollywood press that published Burr's divorce decree in 1952 would have something to say about these events.



Raymond Burr was the sympathetic murderer in Alfred Hitchcock's *REAR WINDOW* (1954).



LEFT: Clash of the Titans! Perry Mason (Raymond Burr) versus Hamilton Burger (William Talman). CENTER: Raymond Burr and Barbara Payton in *BRIDE OF THE CORILLA* (1951). RIGHT: Barbara Hale was television's most famous secretary and Raymond Burr's lifelong friend.

More puzzling is the case of 10-year-old Michael Evan Burr, who, according to *Look*, died from leukemia in 1953. Presuming that the actor did have a natural son whose mother died while the boy was an infant (as opposed to 23 foster children whom he supported), where did the boy live out his short life? Why had Burr never even mentioned him before? Why do there seem to be no photos of him?

In recent years, Burr spoke of taking time off during the last year of the dying boy's life to tour the country with him. Once again, however, the record implies otherwise. The actor spent February through August 1953 in Korea and still managed to appear in five pictures that year, a schedule that hardly leaves enough time to travel around with a sick child.

Not surprisingly, the press record is completely silent regarding the death of Michael Evan Burr. To be fair, it could be that one of Raymond's foster children succumbed to the disease, paving the way for the story and explaining his future work for leukemia research. But, as with Annette Sutherland, there is also a precedent for the story: Red Skelton's nine-year-old son Richard died of leukemia in 1958, a tragedy widely reported in the national press three years prior to the *Look* article that first mentions Michael Evan Burr. Also widely reported were the travels through America and Europe that the Skeltons had taken with Richard in his final year.

Annette Sutherland, Laura Morgan, and Michael Burr: all figments of Burr's—or a press agent's—imagination, stories that may have been fleshed out by the real-life tragedies of others. But why?

From a Hollywood standpoint, the obvious theory is that tales of past wives and children counteracted the

implications of Raymond Burr's bachelor lifestyle. During the run of *PERRY MASON*, Burr began a 30-year living partnership with another man; though that is certainly not a crime, then or now, it was not the sort of information that assured TV sponsors a good night's sleep. The aforementioned close call with William Talman might have been enough to make *MASON* producers and network brass want to take steps to prevent further rumors about one of their stars. But that still does not provide the rationalization for creating a fictitious dead child.

The key to that puzzle might just lie in Burr's known desire for privacy. Remember, this was a man who bought his own island in Fiji in order to get away. Such stories of a terrible personal loss might have scared the press out of probing deeper into his personal life. Many journalists of that more-respectful era would have backed off immediately upon hearing such tales of tragedy, particularly if they had "happened" only recently. Planting this information would have made it much easier and more understandable for Burr to refuse to talk about his personal life—which, for the most part, he did.

The actor who achieved his greatest fame through playing a character who is always on the job, who seems to have no private or personal life, whom we only think we know but still love, managed to pull off the same stunt in real life. As a result, the Case of the Fabricated Family remains a mystery that even Perry Mason would have a hard time wrapping up.



Michael Mallory has written for everything from the Washington Post to Soap Opera Digest. He is the former editor of Animation Magazine.

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The Scarlet Street Review of Books

MEMNOCH THE DEVIL

Anne Rice
Alfred A. Knopf, 1995
354 pages—\$25.00

In *Memnoch the Devil*, billed as the final volume of the Vampire Chronicles (but don't bet on it), Anne Rice brings the phantasmagoric sensibility of artist Hieronymous Bosch to the theological inquiries of John Milton and William Blake. The fast-moving novel makes a fine bedtime story for troublemakers who savor memories of "innocently" asking Sunday school teachers, "If God can do anything, can He make a rock He can't lift?" This is one Hell of a good book!

As usual, Rice breaks contemporary prose conventions. The Vampire Lestat's visions of Heaven and Hell sound like the dreams of a surrealist on acid. He even addresses the audience directly in the Victorian style, as "Dear Reader." For such larger-than-life subject matter, however, the fervid prose style works.

Rice, who watched her young daughter die slowly of leukemia, brings special insight to what C. S. Lewis called "the problem of pain." Why would a just and loving God allow so much suffering? Does something that demands to be worshipped deserve to be worshipped? If God exists, should we hate Him? Such questions come to life for Lestat when the ghost of a victim, Roger, persuades the vampire to protect Roger's daughter, Dora, an evangelist preacher.

"You've got quite a swagger, don't you," [Roger] said acidly. "But you're nothing as shallow as you pretend to be." Indeed, Lestat has grown so much since we first met him in *Interview With the Vampire* (1976) that now both God and the Devil try to recruit him into the war between Heaven and Hell.

The Devil says, "Satan means in Hebrew 'the accuser.'" Memnoch shows Lestat revelations of the ascent of humankind as God's experimental animals evolve to resemble their Maker. They develop faces, then intellect, then immortal souls, shut out of Heaven by God's Jim

Crow laws: Heaven is for angels only
Not fair! cries Memnoch the Devil.

God challenges his accuser to present 10 of these lower life forms worthy of passing through the Pearly Gates. The Devil rouses a multitude of worthy souls: "Come . . . Let's try to enter Heaven. Let's give it all our strength! How many are we? A thousand times ten? A million? What does it matter? God said ten but not ten only. God meant at least ten. Come, let's go!"

Next, this crusading angel disputes God's cruel new plan to teach humankind redemption through suffering. That's when all Hell breaks loose. Let's just say that the communion in Christ's blood takes on a whole new meaning when the communicant is a vampire.

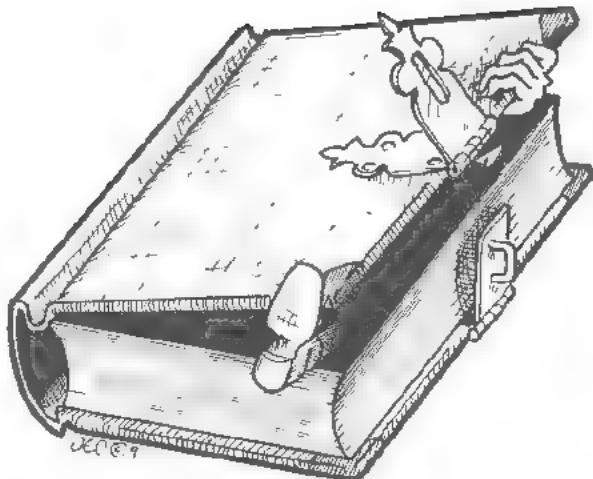
—Lelia Loban

THE CHARM OF EVIL: THE LIFE AND FILMS OF TERENCE FISHER

Wheeler Winston Dixon
Scarecrow Press, 1991
588 pages—\$59.50

Before the emergence of John Carpenter, Joe Dante, George Romero, or any of the other horror-film directors who got us through the '70s, '80s, and into the '90s, there existed a mild-mannered gentleman, who, in 1957, changed the course of the fright film as we know it today. Terence Fisher, the British director long overlooked by the more "serious" students of cinema, finally gets his due with this well-researched and knowledgeable study by Wheeler Winston Dixon. It is, as Dixon points out in the opening chapter, the first book (in English) devoted entirely to Fisher's films as a distinct body of work.

Of course, fans of the man whose name became synonymous with Britain's Hammer Films will delight in this tome, rich in detail as it is with information and tidbits covering his years with that famed house of fright—not to mention the healthy



helping of Fisher quotes culled from numerous interviews, and the generous selection of rare photographs, many supplied by Morag Fisher, the director's widow. But the book is more than just another rehash of *THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN* (1957) and *HORROR OF DRACULA* (1958), the two movies for which Fisher is probably best known. The author delves into the filmmaker's pre-Hammer career, filling in several blanks regarding his humble beginnings as a film industry clapper boy to his stints as assistant director, editor, and, ultimately, to the position we remember him for today. For the fan who thought that Fisher's filmed output consisted only of man-made monsters, vampires, gorgons, and Egyptian mummies, this information will be a real eye-opener.

Fisher, who died in 1980 at age 76, has often been described as a "journeyman" or "workmanlike" director, while other, higher-profile names are easily dubbed "auteurs." Snobbish film historians will snuff at the comparisons made between Fisher and the canonized John Ford. But Dixon creates a good argument for his views. On the other hand, placing *FOUR SIDED TRIANGLE*, Fisher's 1952 sci fi foray, in a class above *THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL* (1951) and *FORBIDDEN PLANET* (1956) borders on the ludicrous. Overall, though, Dixon's views are balanced and thought-provoking.

Perhaps director John Carpenter puts it best in the book's introduction: "Terence Fisher transformed and redefined cinematic horror in the postwar era. He changed the rules and set the standards." Hopefully, this book will let the uninitiated in on this well-kept secret.

—Randy Vest

CORNELL WOOLRICH

Continued from page 57

other for an aunt and uncle, and the third for his father. The reason for the fourth crypt, Abend maintains, is that Woolrich "left a mystery calculated to survive his death." The bank had found very few proofs or manuscripts among Woolrich's effects after he died; remarkable for a prolific writer who recycled themes and incidents from earlier novels and stories. Abend believes that the novelist arranged to have his manuscripts interred with him in the fourth vault.

Acting on this deduction, Abend went to Fernwood and had the third and fourth crypts opened. The third was empty. (Woolrich always claimed his father disappeared in a political disturbance in Mexico sometime in the early 1920s.) The fourth was vacant as well, save for a single, half-smoked Kool filter cigarette.

Remembering perhaps the Sherlockian canon and the tales tobacco can relate, Abend carefully bagged this evidence and sent it off to the manufacturers, Brown and Williams, for analysis. The head of research and development at the tobacco company put the age of the cigarette at under five years. This, for Abend, is proof that some one else, thinking along the same lines, managed to steal the invaluable originals. "This case is not over yet," the lawyer insists, and he is now trying to establish the provenance of a Woolrich manuscript recently unearthed by a rare book dealer in San Francisco.

Biographer Nevins theorized that a neglectful Woolrich simply gave away his scores of manuscripts and proofs to friends and casual acquaintances. Perhaps. It certainly sorts well with his theory that the writer placed little value on his work. Still, any literary figure prescient

enough to leave behind a thick memoir such as *Blues of a Lifetime* (in addition to various handwritten messages and epigrammatic self-analyses like the one mentioned above) must have known that the world he was departing would become curious about him. His twin legacies, his stories and the money they make, have long since parted from each other, each to create fresh paradoxes. And so, with a bitter wit sharpened by the certainty of his impending death, Woolrich may have left behind a wickedly barbed jest at the expense of those who might seek to unravel his life and know his pain. An empty crypt may be nothing but a distressingly literal metaphor for an empty life.



Ronald Dale Garmon is a graduate student at the University of California at San Diego. His interests include radical politics, 1960s America, and the genre films of American International and Hammer. He can be reached at rgarmon@ucsd.edu.

INVADERS FROM MARS

Continued from page 88

in this particular mind at the age of eight: that frightening backyard and its crooked fence, picturesque and dreadful at the same time; the eerie hum in the sand pit created by some awful, otherworldly technology; the orange-eyed Martian intelligence in its glass dome; the fused and seared earth with its phosphorescent bubbles hanging in obscene clusters from the walls; the earth boiling under the heat of the Martian ray; little Kathy in the distance disappearing beneath the ground while innocently picking flowers, the metallic brain implement, slowly whirling, descending toward the neck of the unconscious Dr.

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Blake; and perhaps the most frightening images of all, the cold anger and bellowing voice of a once-loving father, and the icy stare of a mother as she holds her trusting son in her arms.

INVADERS FROM MARS may indeed have been a minor entry in the parade of sci-fi films to come, but few cinematic creations of its calibre manage to paint as intriguing a picture.

THE "MONSTER" IN THE CLOSET

Continued from page 70

plays the gruesome segment in which a gay man is murdered in all of its gory detail.

Between clips are some terrific reminiscences from such celebrated actors and writers as Tony Curtis, Whoopi Goldberg, Quentin Crisp, Harvey Fierstein, Vidal, and Maupin. Some of these segments are more entertaining than the films themselves. Especially endearing are the contributions of Curtis and Vidal. Curtis won my admiration while describing the censored scene in SPARTACUS (1960), in which Laurence Olivier tries to seduce his "body servant," Antoninus (Curtis). Curtis states that he liked the character for holding out "for at least dinner and a few drinks."

Vidal, whose contribution to film is almost as formidable as his body of literary work, tells the hilarious story

Bob Madison's examination of ED WOOD appears in *Midnight Marquee Actors Series #1: Bela Lugosi (Midnight Marquee Press, 1995).*

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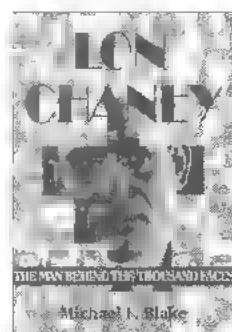
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of his infusing BEN HUR (1959) with gay subtext. Vidal persuaded director William Wyler and actor Stephen Boyd to treat the film as the story of Messina's love of Ben-Hur, and his efforts to win him. All the major players in the film knew about this subplot . . . all except Charlton Heston, Ben-Hur himself.

Perhaps someday, some of the people involved in the mystery and horror fields will do a major retrospective on the gay text and subtext in both genres. With such films as DRACULA'S DAUGHTER (pictured below), THE PRIVATE LIFE OF SHERLOCK HOLMES (1970), and SON OF FRANKENSTEIN (1939) to draw from, a champion little documentary could be made.



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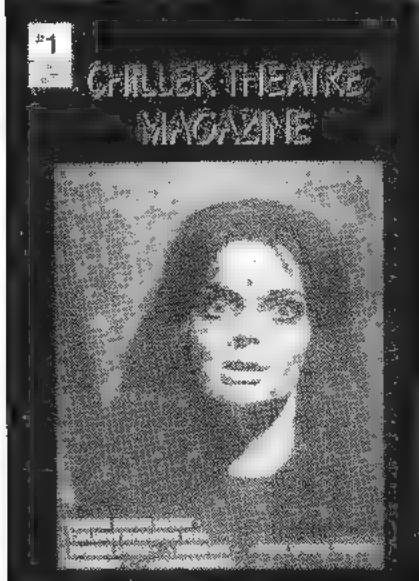


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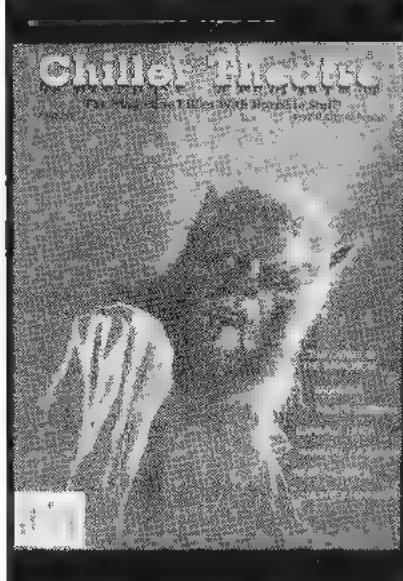
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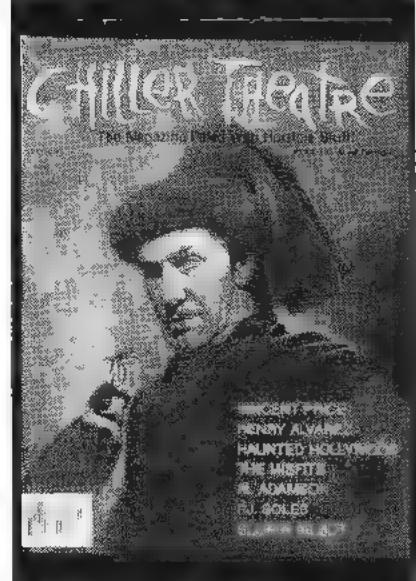
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